

anc

JOAN *of* ARC



starring **INGRID
BERGMAN**

10¢

Adapted from the Maxwell Anderson and Andrew Solt screenplay, "Joan of Arc," a Sierra Pictures Inc. production, released by RKO.





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JOAN

Maid of France

JOAN OF ARC (A-1 No. 21). Published by Magazine Enterprises, Inc., 11 Park Place, New York 7, N. Y. Vincent Sullivan, Publisher; Raymond C. Krank, Editor. Adapted from the Maxwell Anderson-Andrew Solt screenplay of the same name, with permission to use the likenesses of the players granted by Sierra Pictures, Inc. This presentation copyrighted 1949 by Magazine Enterprises, Inc. All rights reserved throughout the world. Reproduction in whole or in part is strictly prohibited except by specific written permission of the copyright owner. Printed in U. S. A.

JOAN of ARC



THIS IS THE AUTHORIZED PICTORIAL
ADAPTATION OF THE SIERRA PICTURES, INC.
PRODUCTION "JOAN OF ARC"
STARRING INGRID BERGMAN

SCREEN PLAY BY MAXWELL ANDERSON
AND ANDREW SOLT

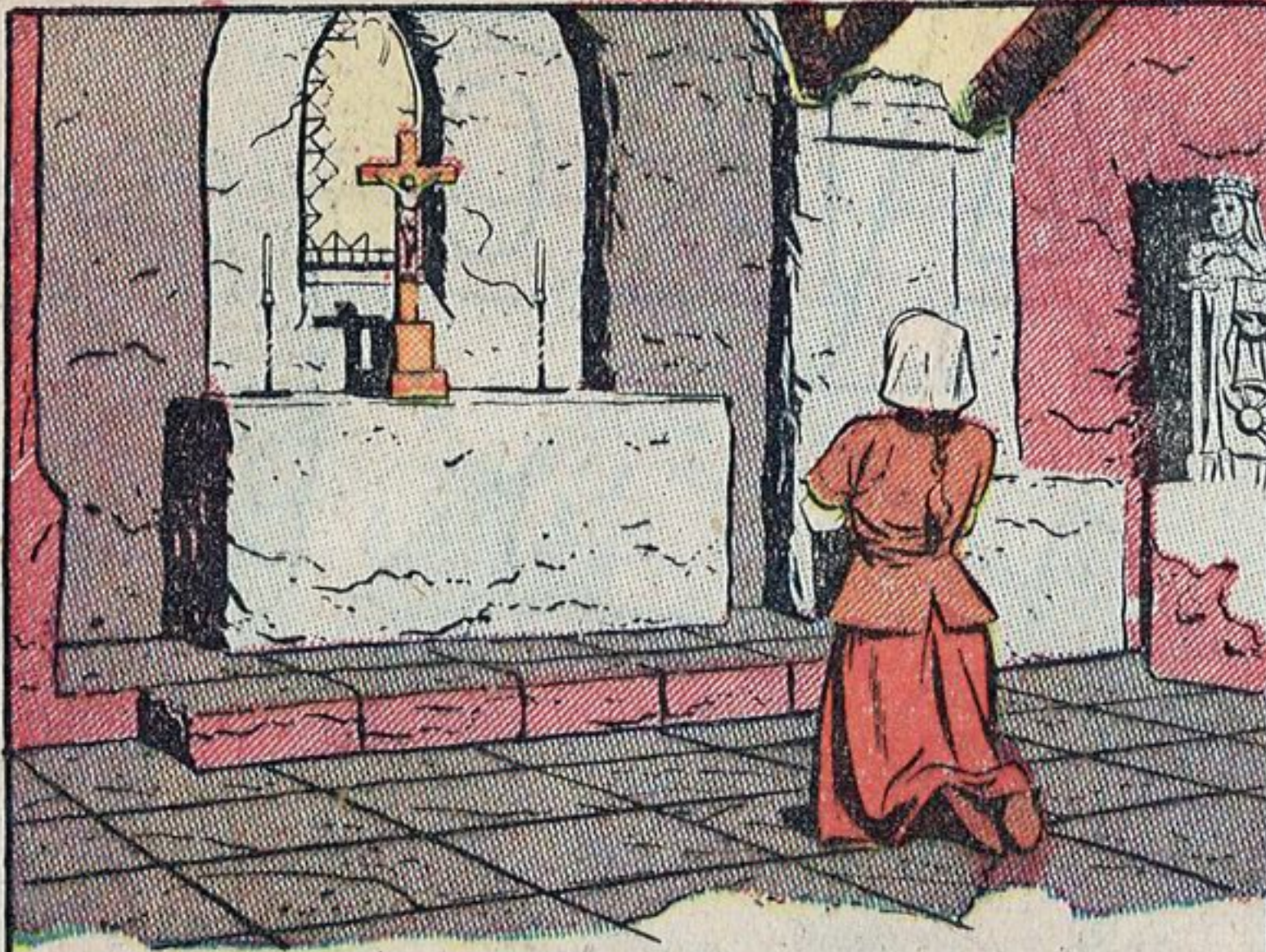
ST. JOAN OF ARC, WHOSE HISTORY IS RECORDED HERE, LIVED ONLY NINETEEN YEARS ON THIS EARTH. SHE WAS BORN IN 1412 IN THE VILLAGE OF DOMREMY, ON THE MARSHES OF LORRAINE, AT A TIME WHEN FRANCE, LOSING THE HUNDRED YEARS WAR, WAS OVERRUN BY HER ENEMIES, HER CITIES RUINED, HER FARMS STRIPPED BARE, HER PEOPLE HOPELESS...

BUT THE ENEMIES OF FRANCE DID NOT RECKON ON THE GIRL JOAN, PRAYING IN THE LITTLE RUINED CHURCH OF HER VILLAGE. AS SHE KNELT THERE, THE VOICES OF HER SAINTS SPOKE TO HER AGAIN AND AGAIN, URGING HER TO BECOME A SOLDIER, TO LEAD THE ARMIES OF FRANCE TO VICTORY, TO CROWN THE DAUPHIN AT RHEIMS. IMPORTANT THINGS THEY ASKED OF HER—AND ASKED AGAIN...

STORY ADAPTATION BY
GARDNER F. FOX

ILLUSTRATED BY
Ogden Whitney

JOAN OF ARC



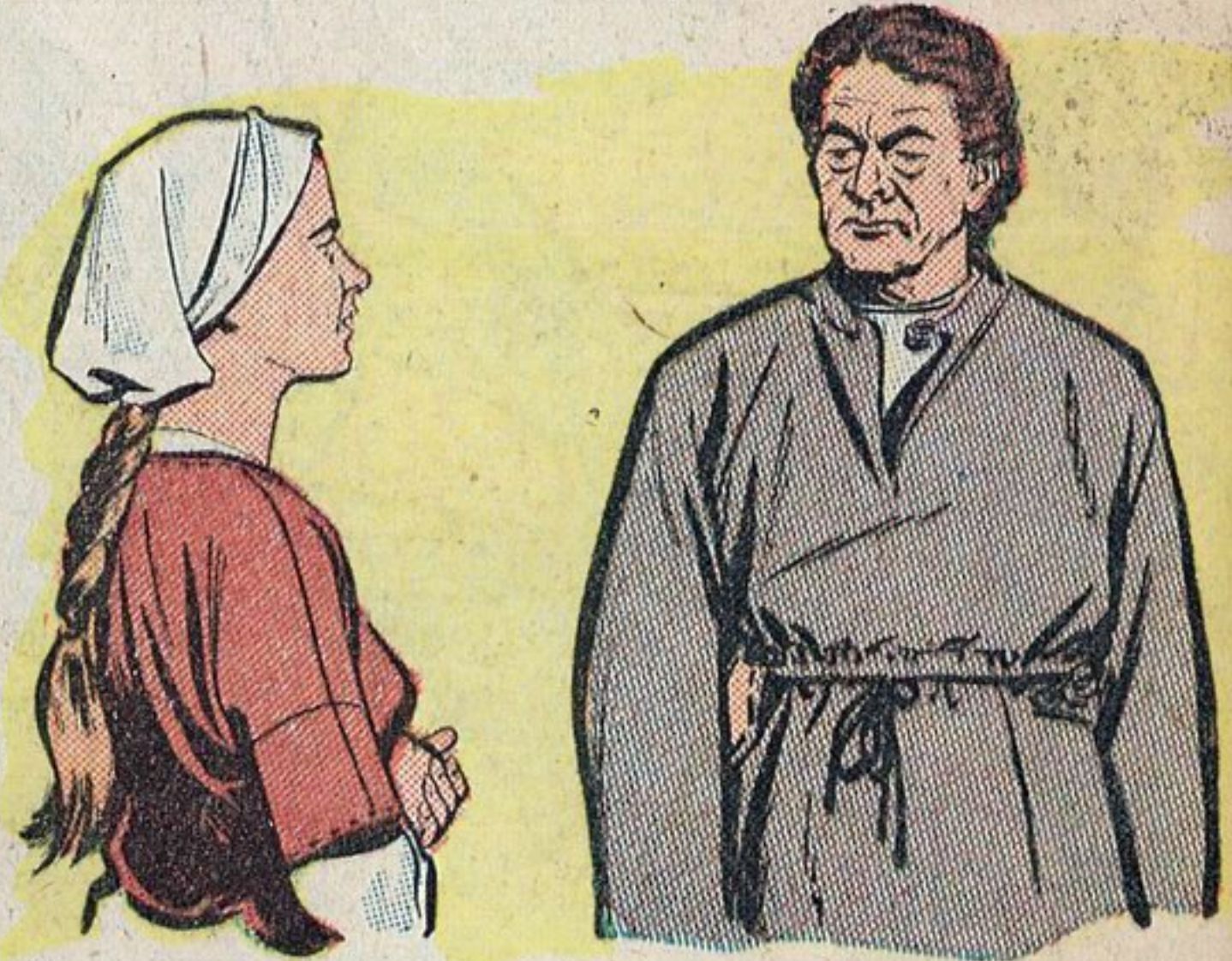
LONG BEFORE HER SAINTHOOD, JOAN D'ARC WAS BUT A YOUNG GIRL, PRAYING IN HER RUINED CHURCH IN DOMREMY...



SOFTLY, HER HEART BURSTING WITH SORROW, SHE WHISPERS, "OH, THE PITY... THE PITY THAT IS THE KINGDOM OF FRANCE!"



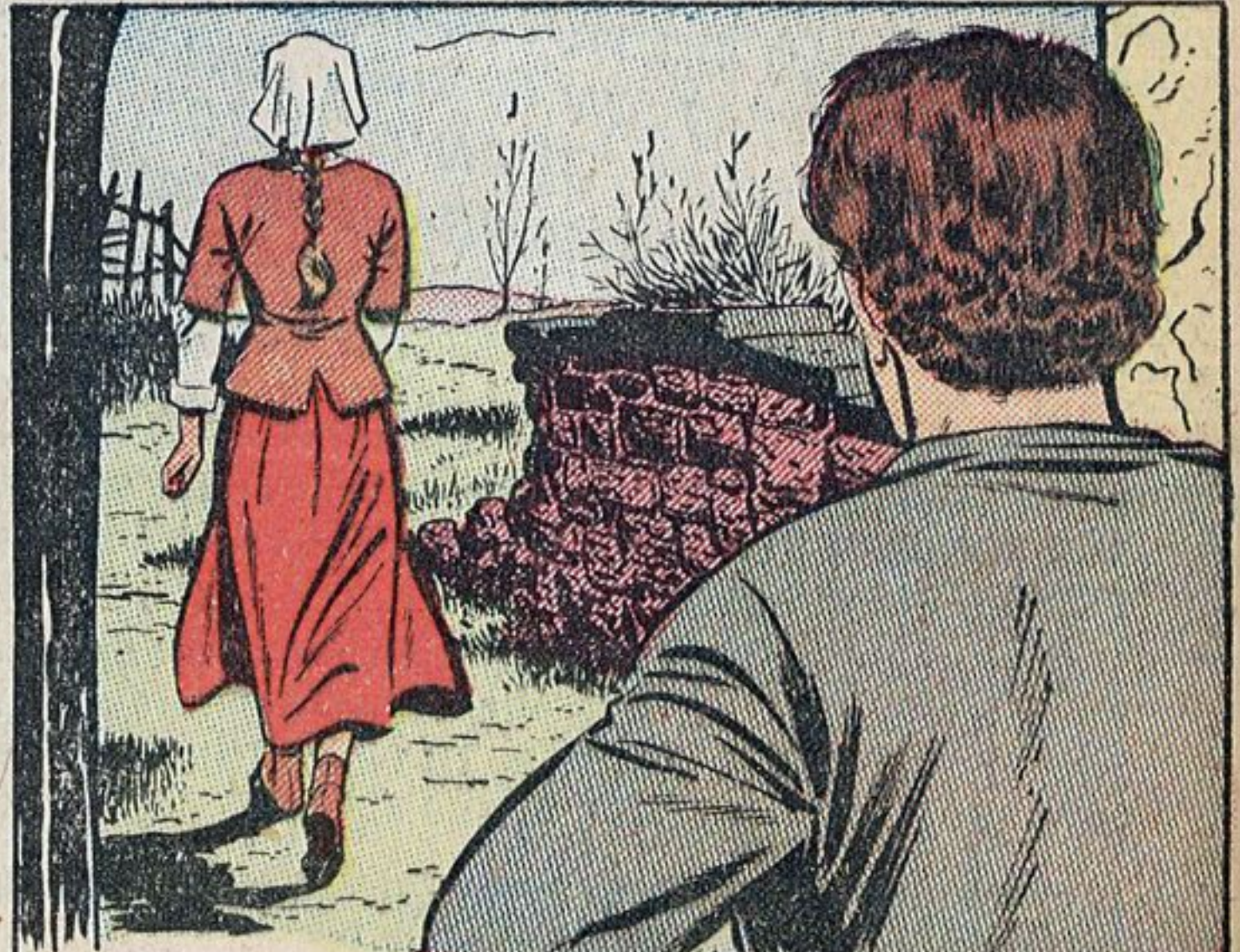
SHE WHIRLS, FRIGHTENED, AS HER FATHER'S VOICE CALLS TO HER, FOR JACQUES D'ARC IS A STRONG, STRICT MAN...



"JEANNETTE," SAYS HER FATHER, "YOUR UNCLE DURAND IS HERE. WE'RE TO GIVE HIM BREAKFAST. SEE TO IT..."

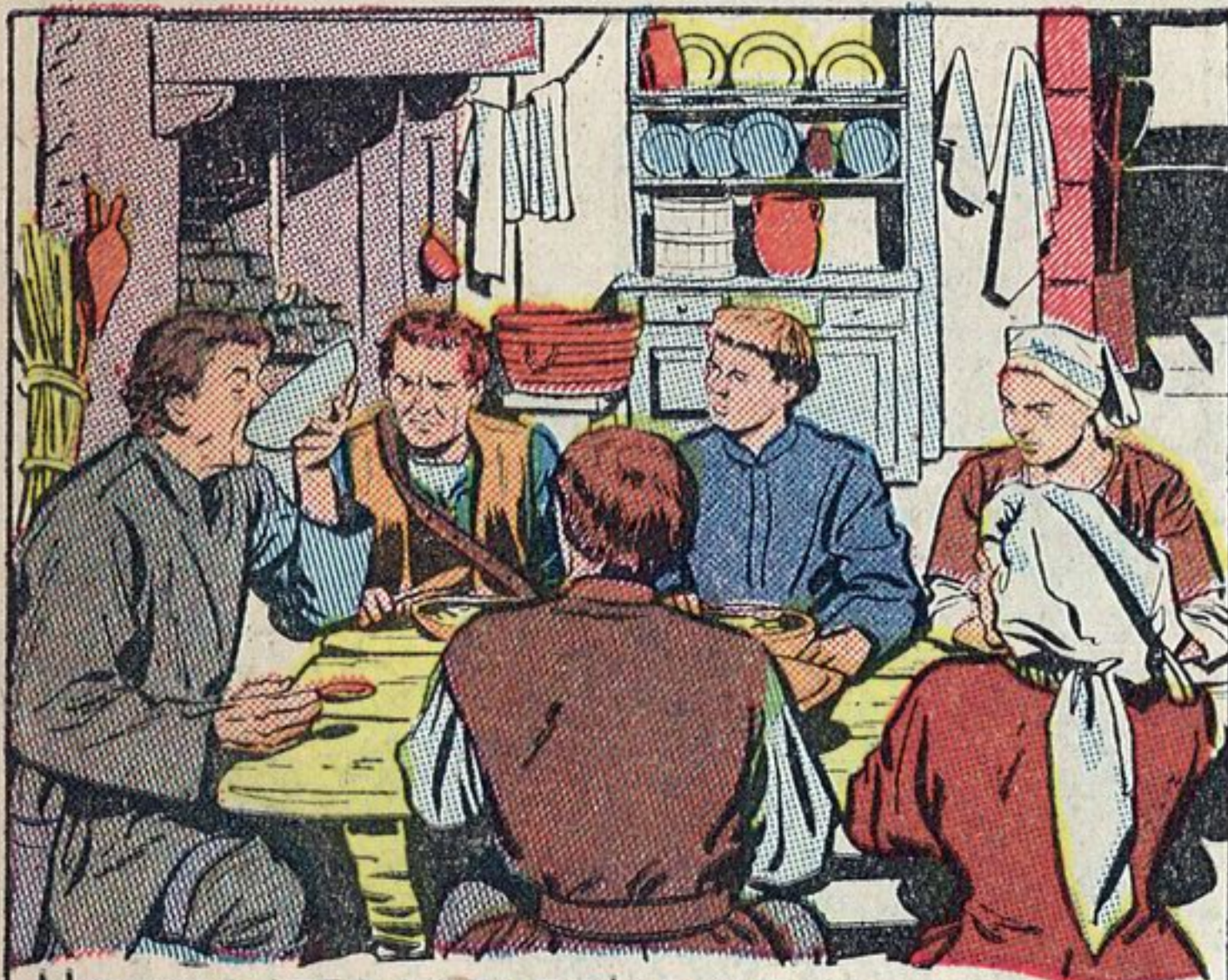


"WHAT AILS YOU, GIRL?" ASKS HER FATHER SEVERELY, AS JOAN MEEKLY APPROACHES. "IT'S WELL TO LOVE YOUR CHURCH, BUT TO THINK OF NOTHING ELSE—"



THEN, AS IF DESPAIRING OF THIS STRANGE DAUGHTER, JACQUES D'ARC SAYS, "GO AND MAKE BREAKFAST!"

JOAN OF ARC



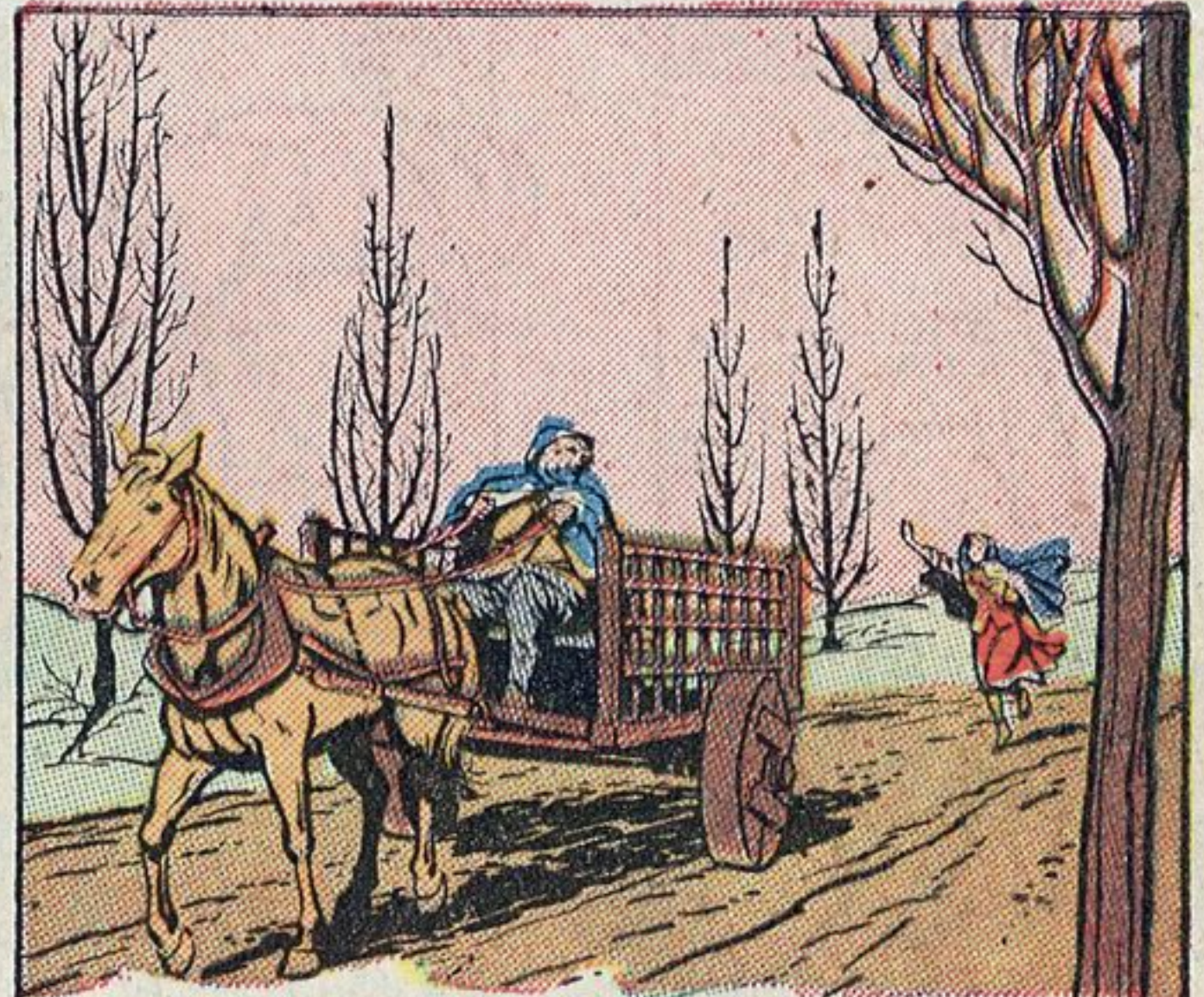
HOURS LATER, IN THE D'ARC HOME, UNCLE DURAND SAYS GRIMLY, "EVEN OUR COUNTRYMEN, THE BURGUNDIANS, BETRAY US BY SIDING WITH THE ENGLISH!"



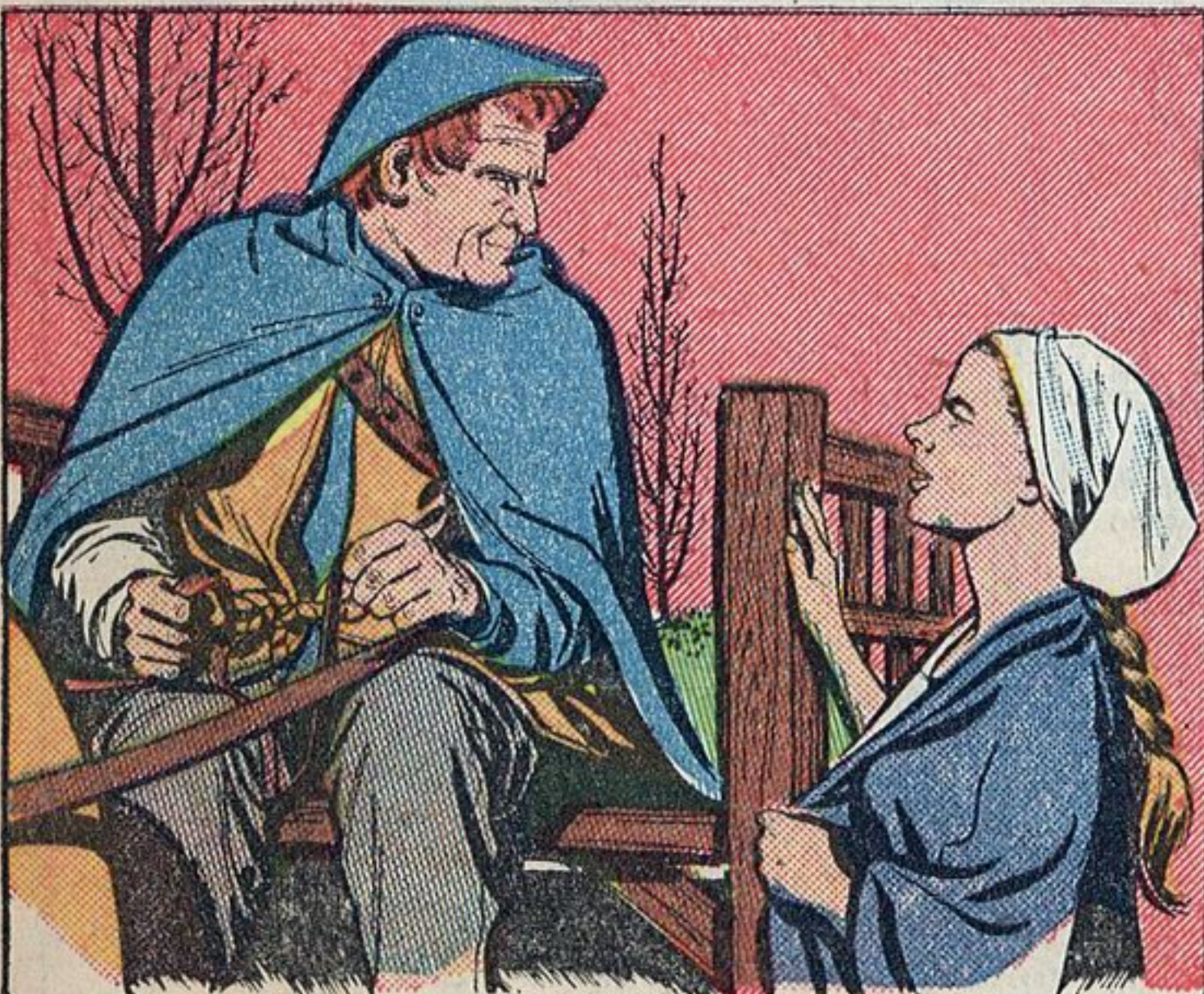
JACQUES REPLIES "THE QUEEN MOTHER SOLD US OUT FOR ENGLISH GOLD! OUR LORDS FIGHT AMONG THEMSELVES. OUR DAUPHIN IS TOO WEAK TO KEEP ORDER!"



UNCLE DURAND CHUCKLES GRIMLY, "NOT ONLY THAT. THE ENGLISH HAVE SURROUNDED ORLEANS! THE PEOPLE INSIDE ITS WALLS ARE STARVING!" JACQUES NODS, "IF ORLEANS FALLS, IT'S THE END OF FRANCE!"



THE SUN IS WELL UP AS DURAND LAXART TAKES THE ROAD TOWARD HOME. A VOICE CALLS HIM...



JOAN PLEADS, "I'M TO GO TO VAUCOULEURS. PLEASE TAKE ME WITH YOU... I'M TO SPEAK TO SIR ROBERT DE BAUDRICOURT."



SEEING THAT HER UNCLE IS ABOUT TO REFUSE, JOAN CRIES, "EVEN IF I WEAR MY LEGS TO THE KNEES, I MUST GO!" SHRUGGING, HER UNCLE MOVES OVER...

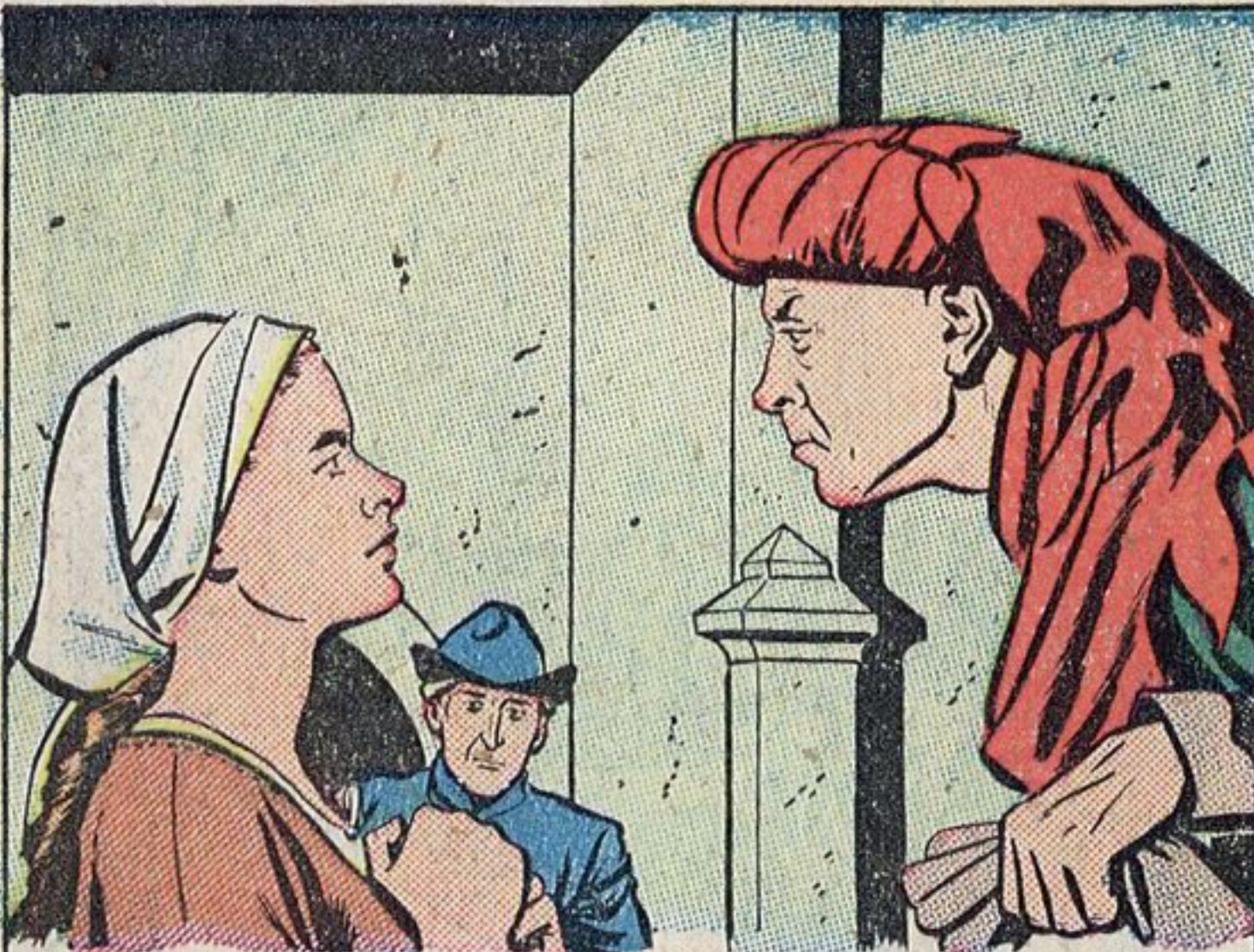
JOAN OF ARC



NEXT DAY, IN THE HALL OF SIR ROBERT DE BAUDRICOURT'S CASTLE IN THE CITY OF VAUCOULEURS...



"THIS IS MY NIECE, SIR ROBERT," SAYS UNCLE DURAND. "SHE WOULD SPEAK WITH YOU." BUT YOUNG JOAN IS FRIGHTENED. SHE OPENS HER MOUTH, YET NO SOUND COMES FORTH...



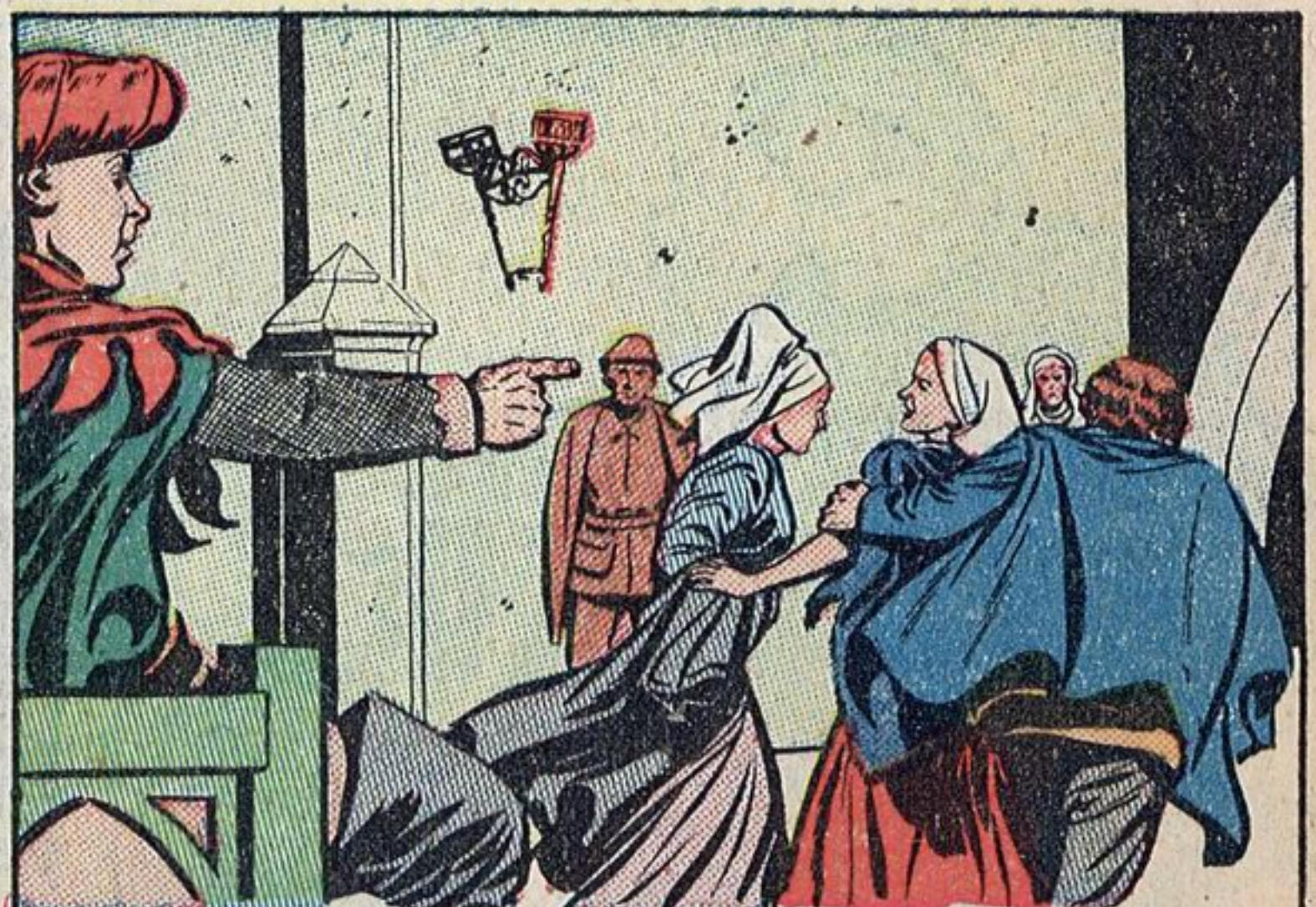
GRUFFLY, DE BAUDRICOURT BIDS JOAN SPEAK UP. JOAN WHISPERS, "YOU MUST SEND ME TO THE DAUPHIN I AM—TO LEAD THE KING'S ARMIES! I AM TO SAVE FRANCE!"



SIR ROBERT HOWLS WITH DELIGHT. "SINCE WHEN DID THE DAUPHIN HAVE AN ARMY? GO HOME, GIRL! DON'T BE AN IDIOT! NOBODY CAN SAVE FRANCE. IT'S TOO LATE FOR THAT..."

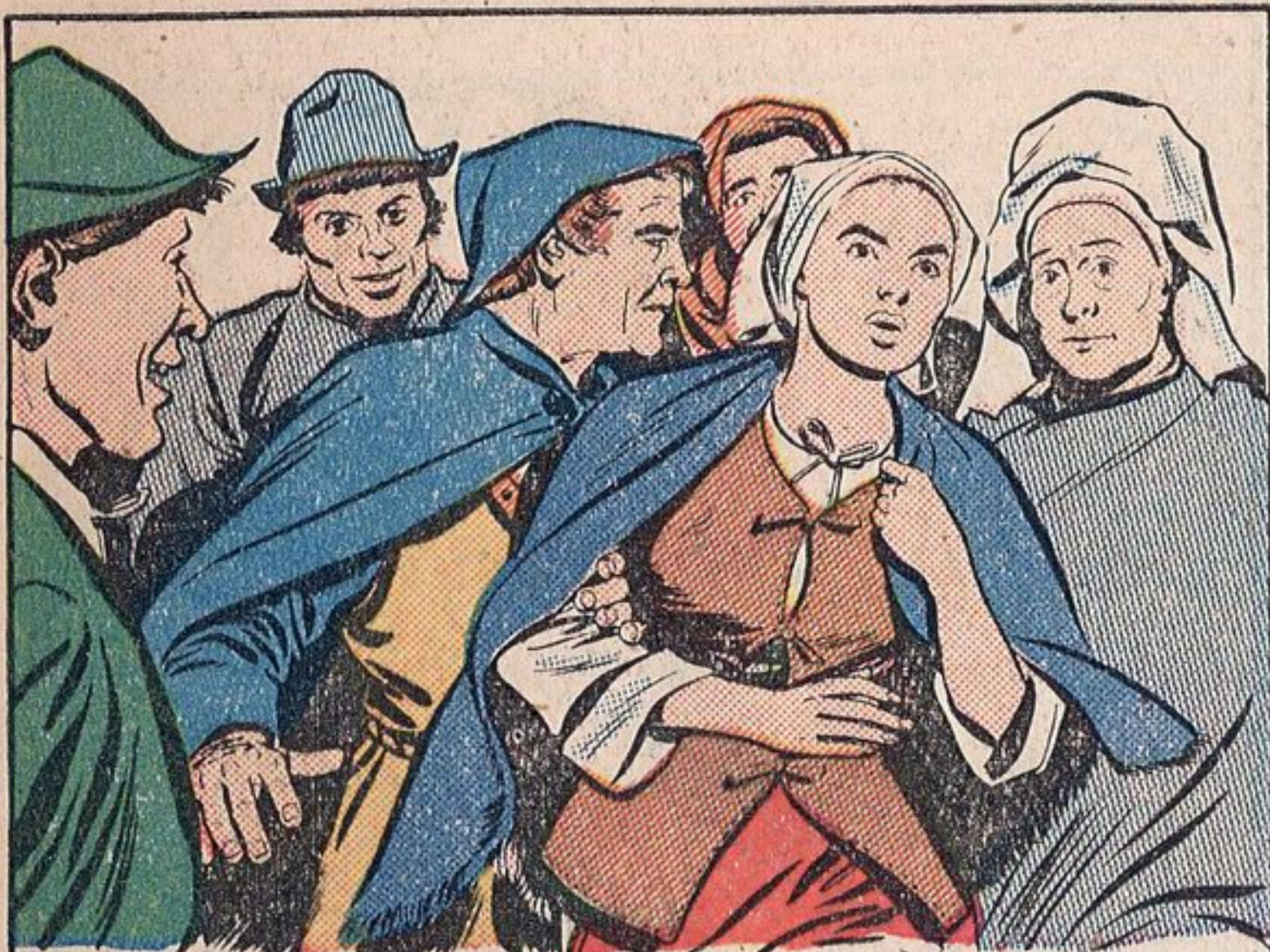


WITH TEARS IN HER EYES, JOAN PLEADS, "THE WAR WILL CHANGE WHEN I GO TO AID THE DAUPHIN. I SHALL CROWN HIM AT RHEIMS."



DE BAUDRICOURT ROARS ANGRILY, "SEND THIS MOONY GIRL HOME AND TELL HER FATHER TO THRASH THIS NONSENSE OUT OF HER!" MUTTERING APOLOGETICALLY, DURAND LAXART DRAGS HIS NIECE AWAY...

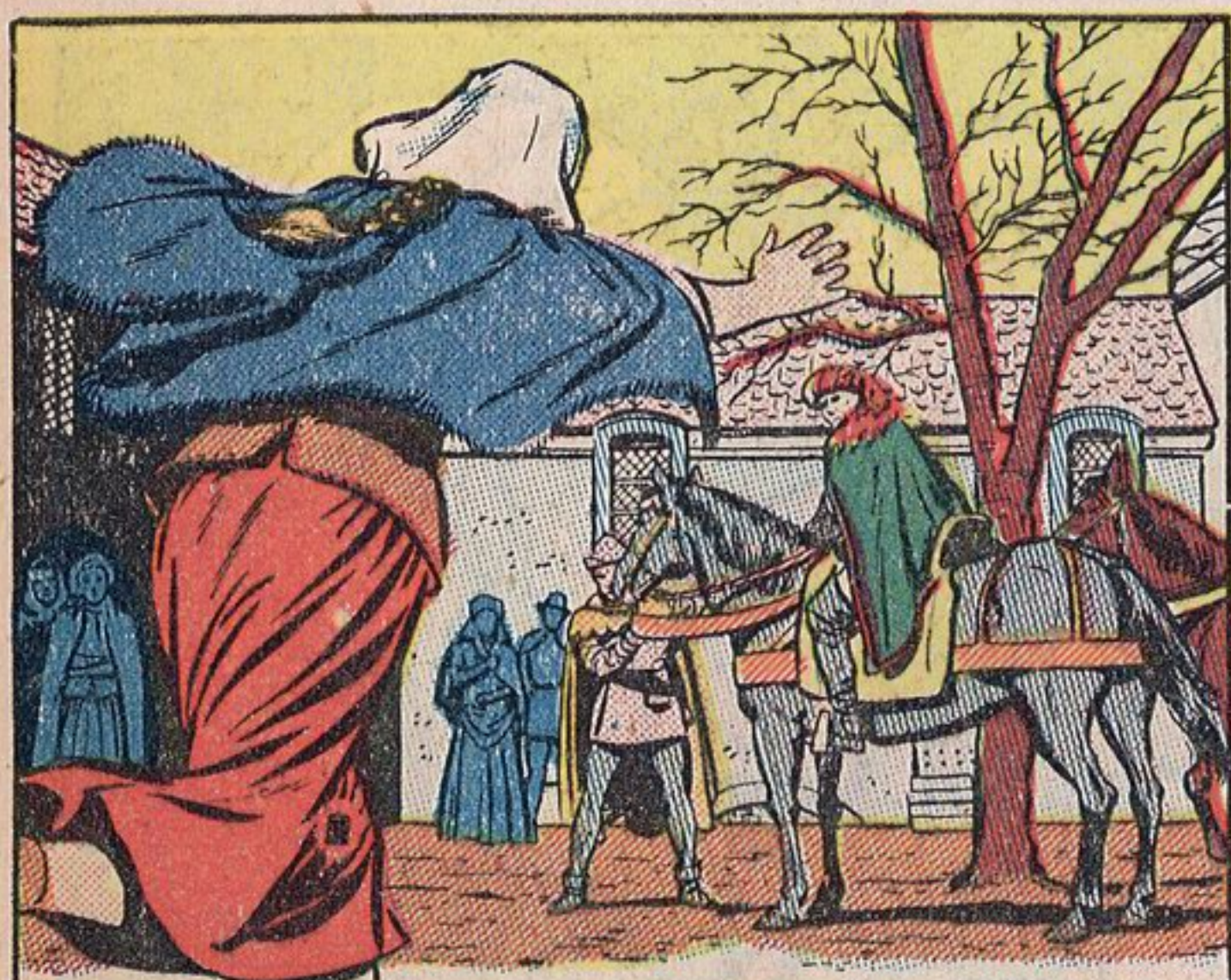
JOAN OF ARC



HER UNCLE SHOUTING ANGRILY IN HER EAR, JOAN IS DRAGGED THROUGH A CIRCLE OF GRINNING PEASANTS. BUT BEYOND THEM SHE SEES DE BAUDRICOURT, ABOUT TO MOUNT...



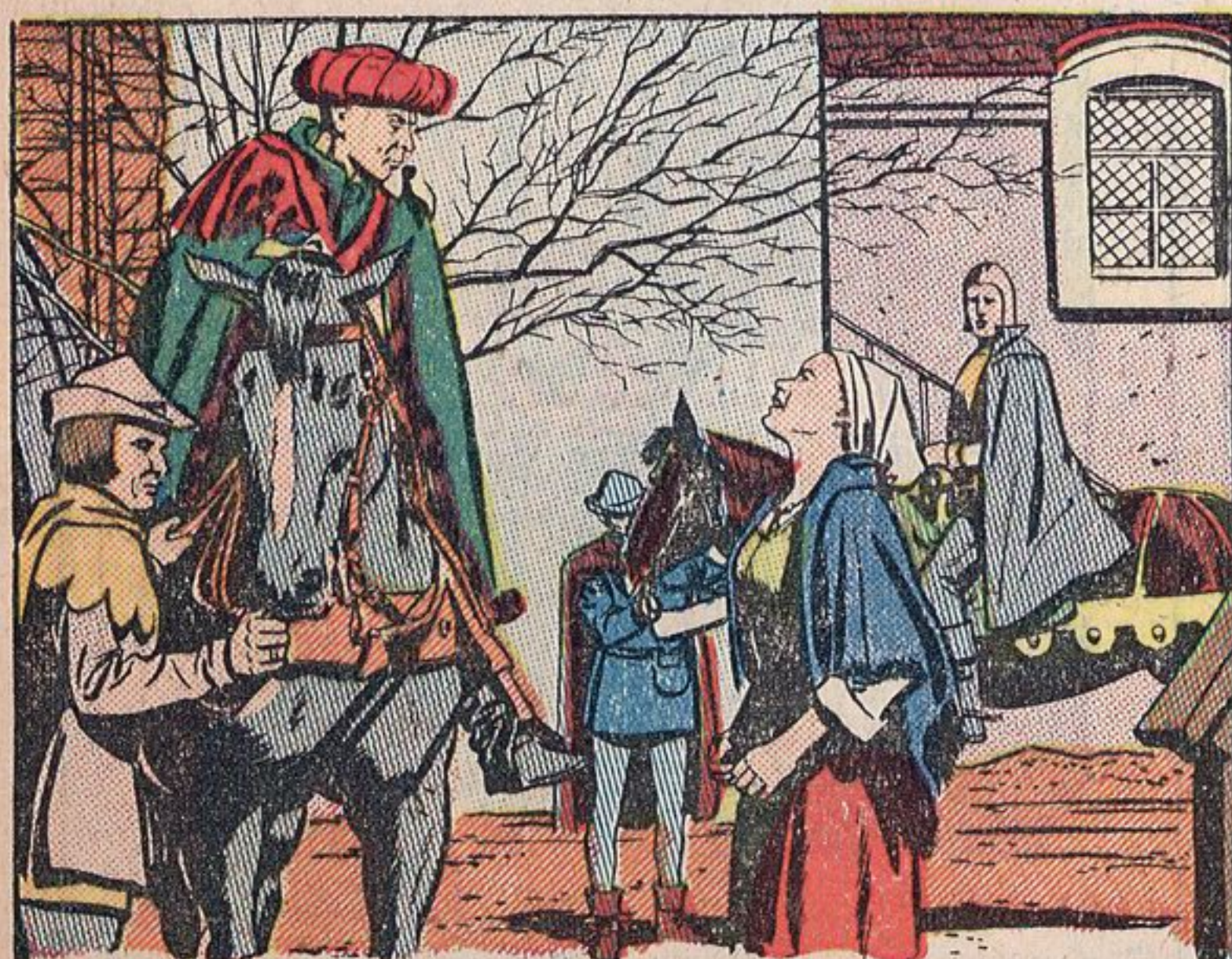
FURIOUSLY JOAN STRUGGLES TO FREE HERSELF. SOBBING IN HER ANXIETY, SHE THRUSTS HER UNCLE AWAY...



IN A RINGING VOICE JOAN CRIES, "SIR ROBERT! YOU MUST SEND ME TO TAKE PART IN THE WAR. I MUST RESCUE ORLEANS! EVEN TODAY—A BATTLE IS RAGING!"



AS HIS MEN CLEAR A PATH, DE BAUDRICOURT SHOUTS, "ORLEANS IS TWO HUNDRED LEAGUES AWAY. NOBODY KNOWS WHAT IS HAPPENING THERE!"

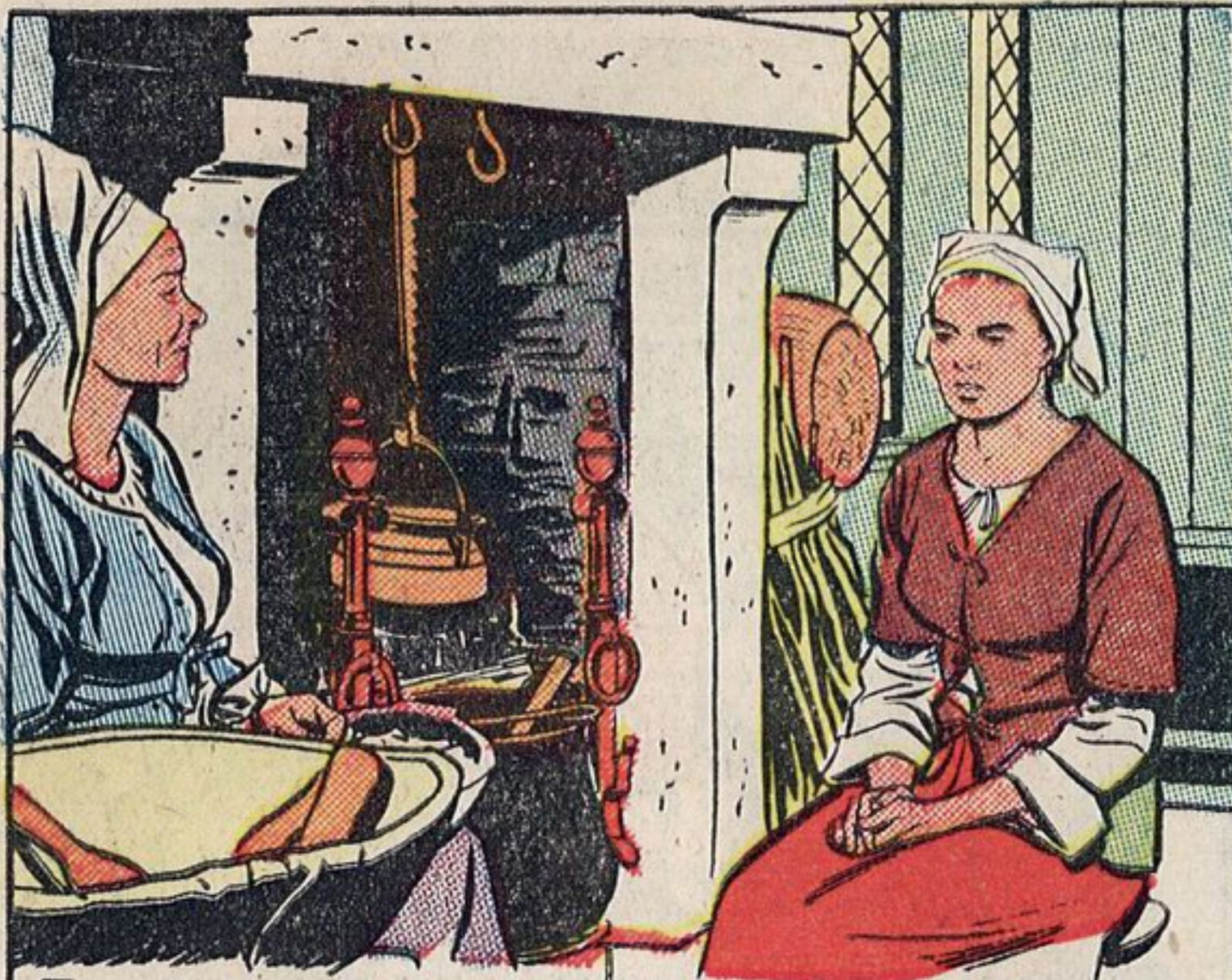


"I TELL YOU THERE'S FIGHTING THIS VERY DAY AND IT GOES AGAINST US!" CRIES JOAN. BUT SIR ROBERT SHOUTS, "GO HOME TO YOUR FATHER!"



WITH THE JEERS OF THE THRONG RINGING IN HER EARS, JOAN IS HURRIED AWAY BY HER UNCLE.

JOAN OF ARC



THAT NIGHT IN THE ROYER HOME, JOAN SAYS, "I BEGGED GOD TO SEND SOMEONE MORE WORTHY. STILL...I WAS TOLD I MUST SAVE ORLEANS..."



"I MUST STAY HERE! I MUST! I'LL STAND AT THE GATE AS HE PASSES. I'LL SLEEP IN THE FIELDS, IF NEED BE!"



DAY AFTER DAY, PEASANTS FROM THE SURROUNDING COUNTRYSIDE COME TO STARE AT JOAN, TO WHISPER REASSURANCES. "WE BELIEVE IN YOU," THEY SAY. "WE HAD MASSES SAID LAST SUNDAY..."



AS JOAN OPENS THE DOOR, SHE COMES FACE TO FACE WITH HER MOTHER. AND SHE LEARNS THAT HER NAME IS NOT SPOKEN 'T HOME, THAT HER FATHER WILL NOT FORGIVE HER!

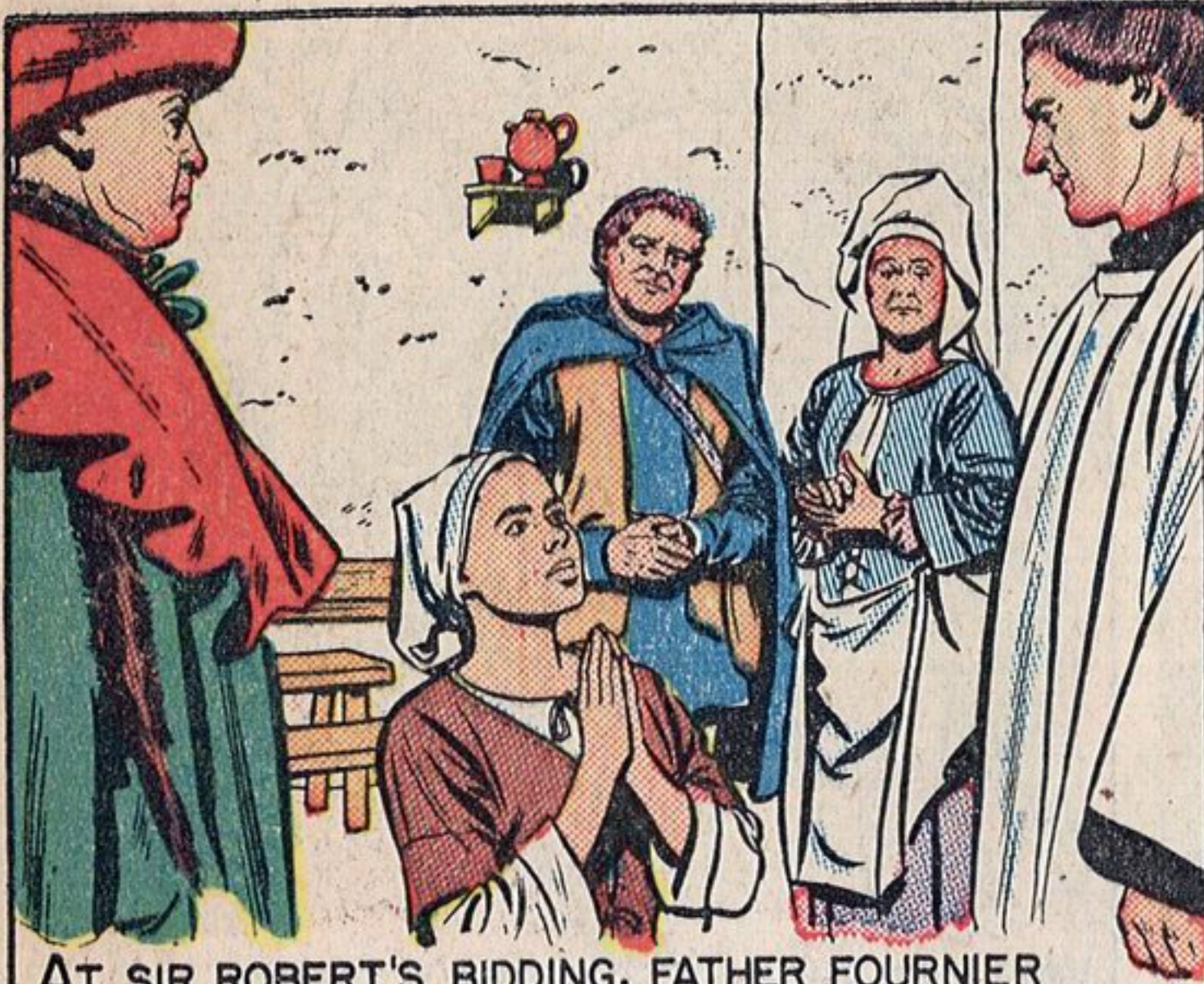


A KNOCK SOUNDS ON THE THICK OAKEN DOOR. STARTLED, JOAN WHIRLS AROUND. IN THE DOORWAY STANDS SIR ROBERT DE BAUDRICOURT, A DAZED LOOK IN HIS EYES...

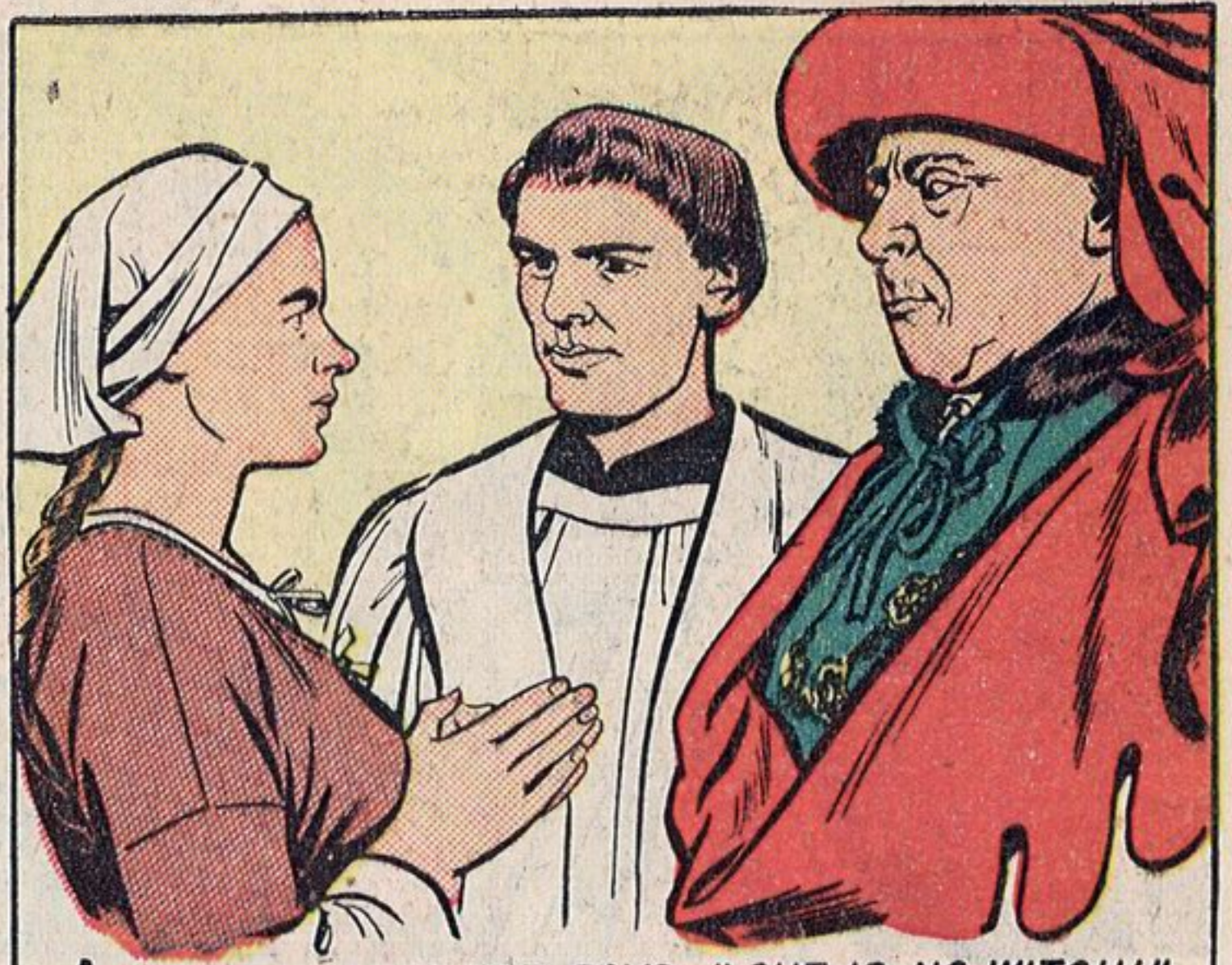


SIR ROBERT SAYS, "TWO WEEKS AGO YOU SAID THE DAUPHIN WAS IN A BATTLE. TODAY CAME DISPATCHES CONFIRMING THIS. IT WAS A BAD DEFEAT. ARE YOU—A WITCH?"

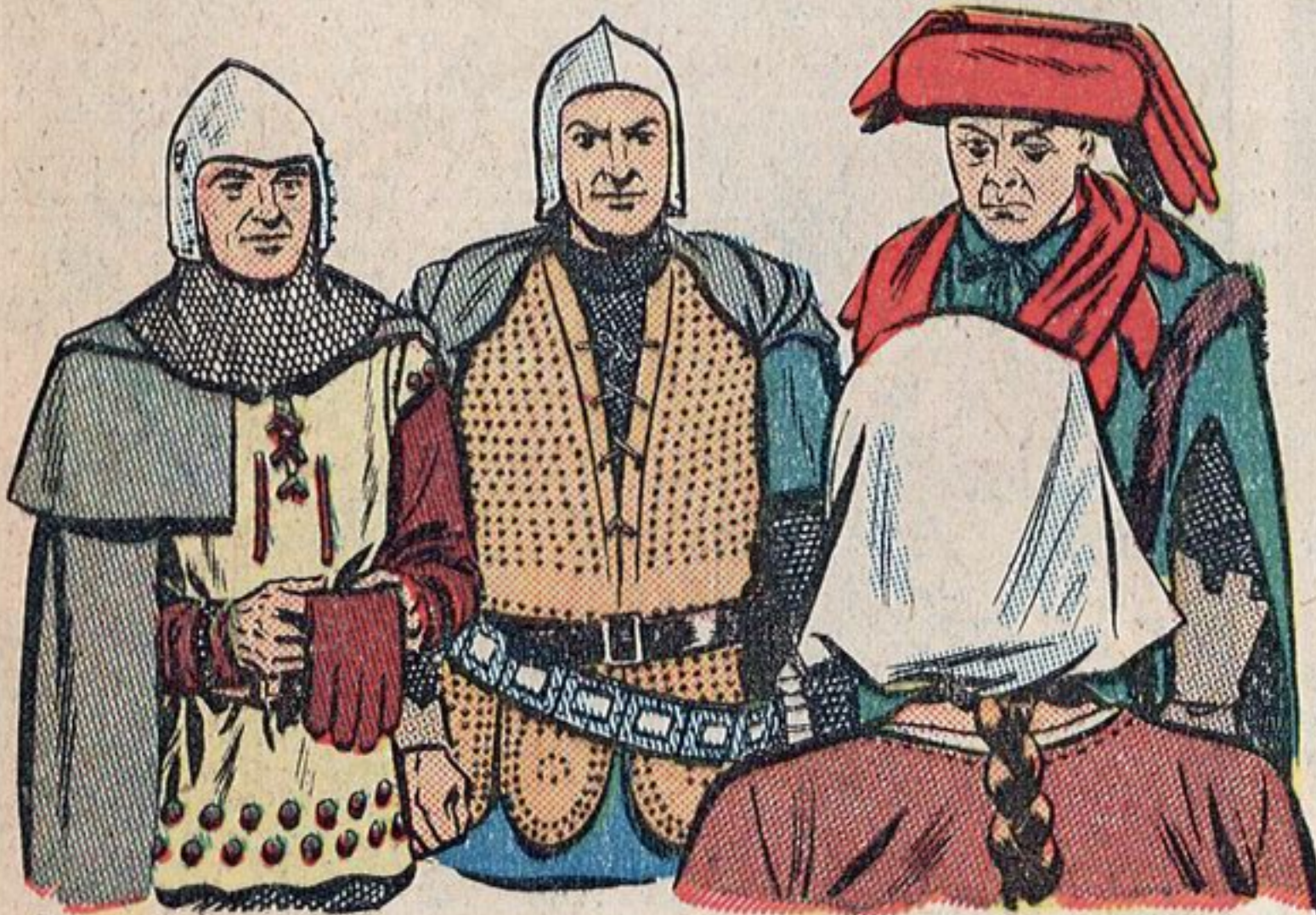
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AT SIR ROBERT'S BIDDING, FATHER FOURNIER QUESTIONS THE MAID. KNEELING, JOAN WHISPERS, "I ASK EVIL TO FLY FROM ME, AND WHATEVER IS GOOD TO STAY AND HELP THE CAUSE OF FRANCE!"



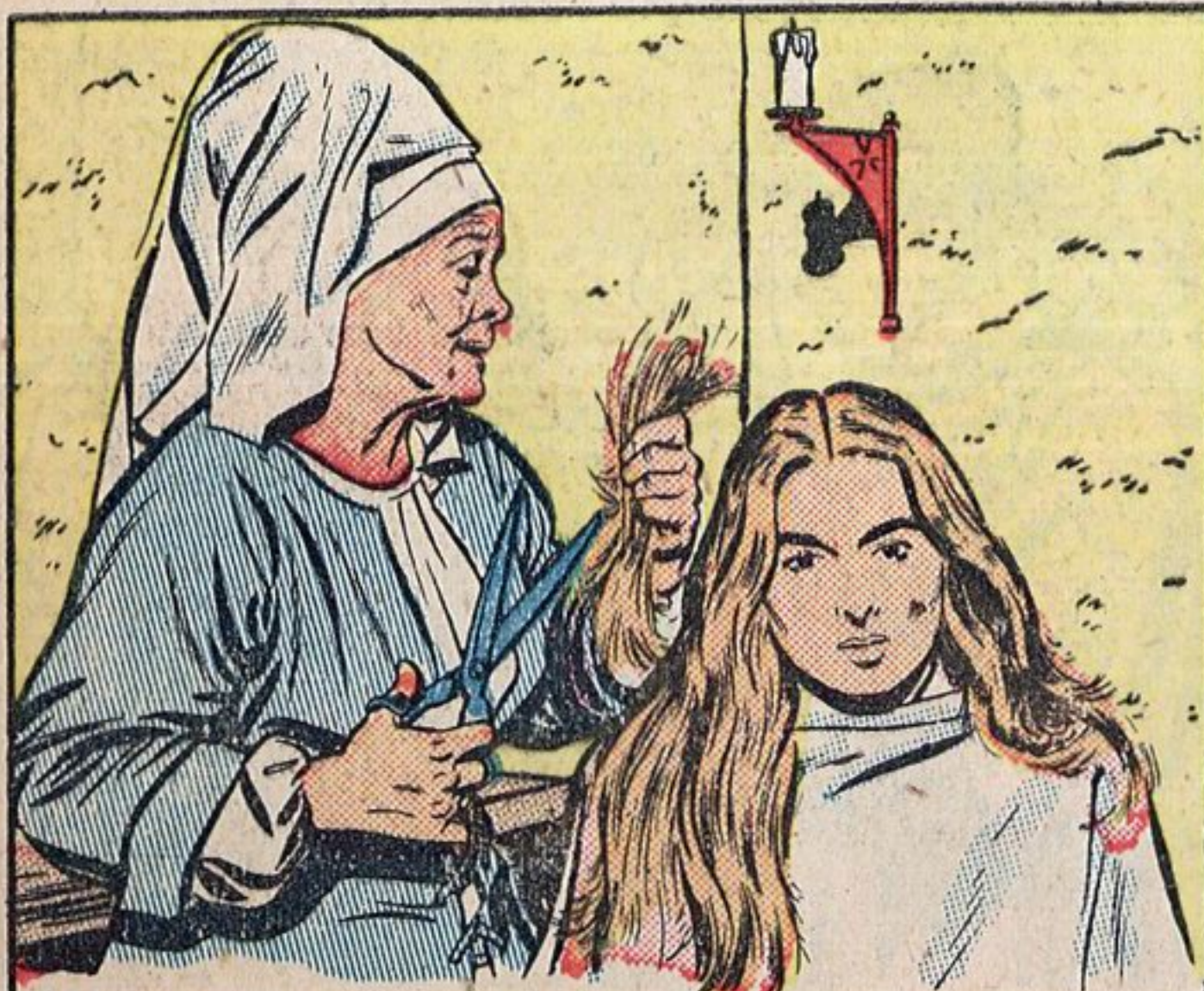
AS FATHER FOURNIER SAYS, "SHE IS NO WITCH!" SIR ROBERT GROWLS, "YOU STILL WISH TO GO TO THE DAUPHIN?" AND JOAN ANSWERS, "MY LORD HAS COMMANDED ME TO GO."



BAUDRICOURT GROWLS, "TO ME IT'S A FOOL'S ERRAND — BUT THESE TWO GENTLEMEN HAVE ASKED ME TO SEND YOU ON THIS WILD MISSION."



EVERYONE IS SHOCKED WHEN JOAN SAYS SUDDENLY, "FETCH ME A BOY'S CLOTHING. I AM TO DRESS AS A MAN."

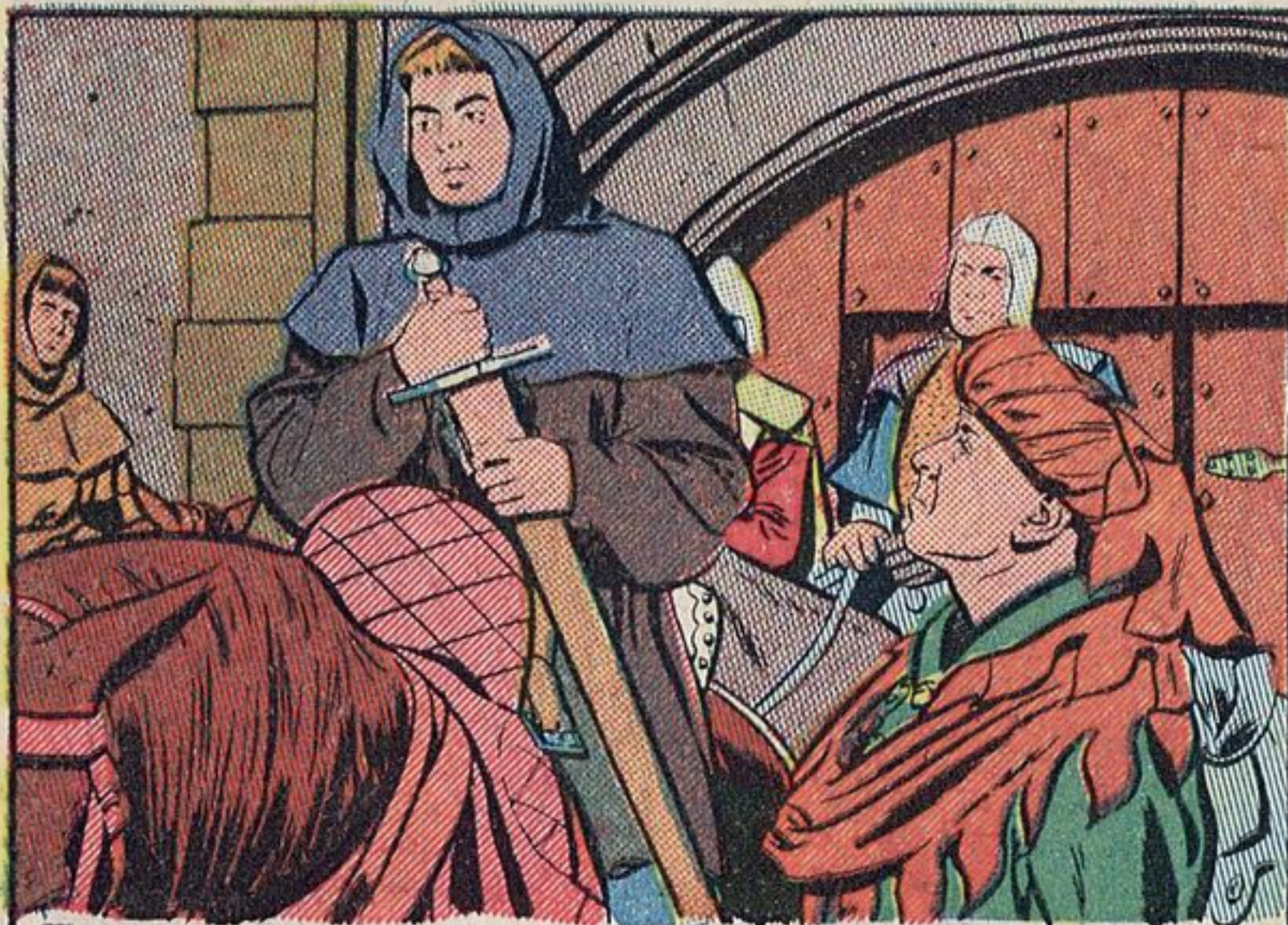


WITH TEARS IN HER EYES, CATHERINE LE ROYER STARTS TO CUT JOAN'S HAIR. JOAN SAYS STERNLY, "CUT IT STRAIGHT ACROSS — LIKE A BOY'S!"



JOAN'S MOTHER TAKES THE SHEARS. SHE WHISPERS, "YOUR MOTHER WILL CUT IT! BUT IT'S WRONG, AND I'LL ALWAYS KNOW IT WAS WRONG..."

JOAN OF ARC



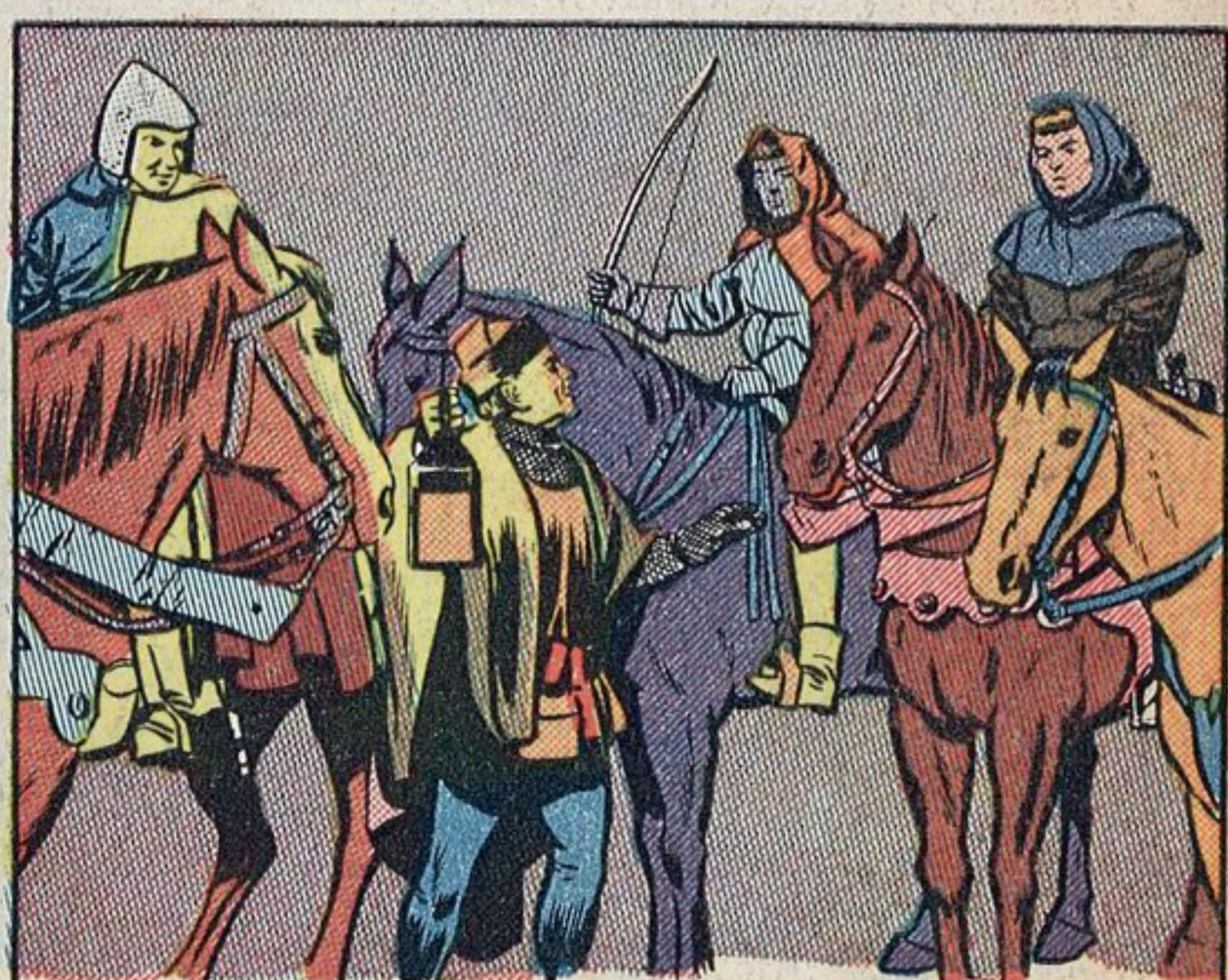
THAT EVENING IN THE CASTLE COURTYARD, PREPARATIONS ARE MADE FOR THE JOURNEY. BAUDRICOURT WARNS, "THE ENEMY WILL BE ON THE WATCH FOR YOU."



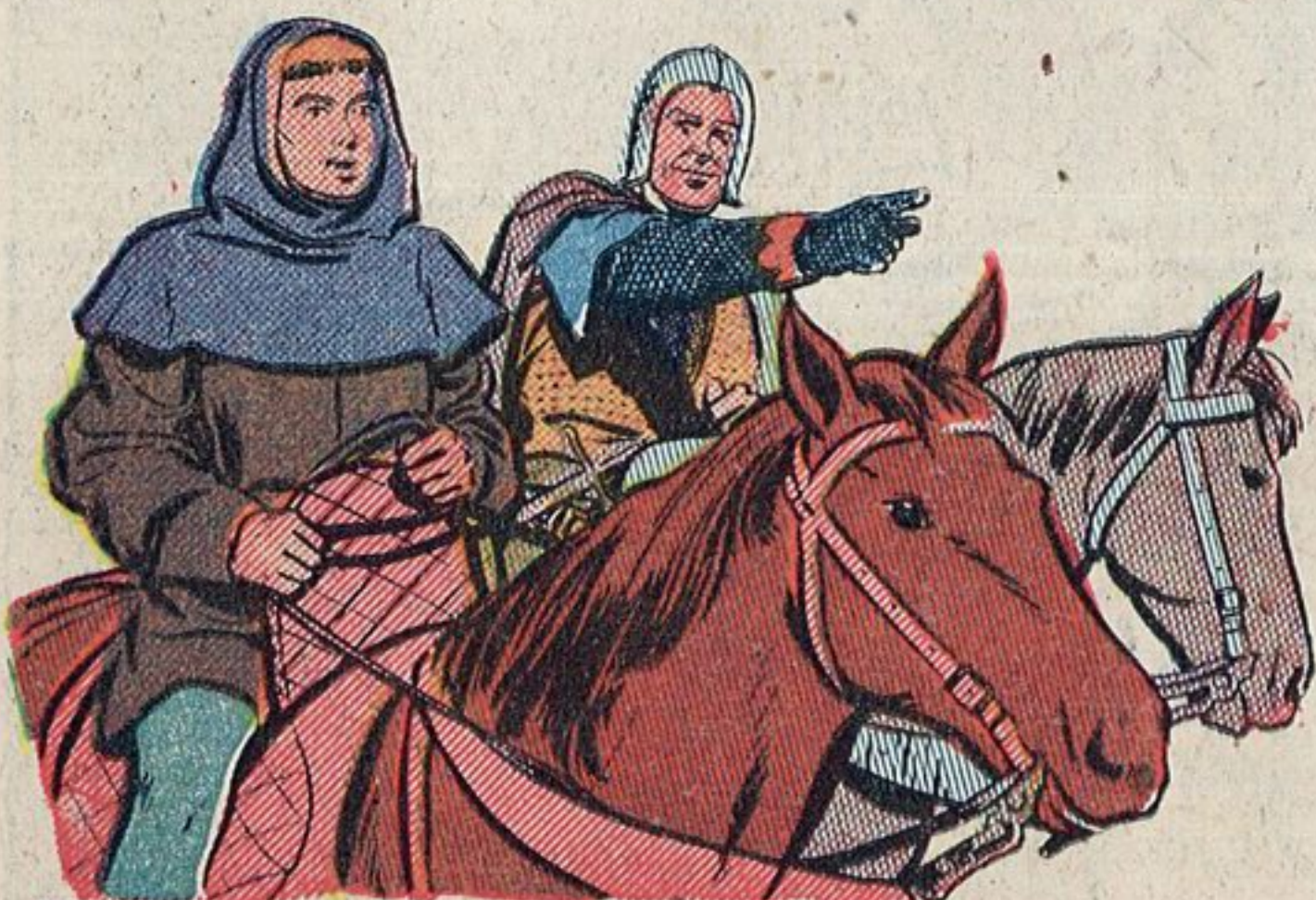
WEARING DE BAUDRICOURT'S SWORD, AND HER MOTHER'S RING, JOAN LEADS HER LITTLE CONTINGENT THROUGH THE GATHERED THROG...



ACROSS THE COUNTRYSIDE THE MAID RIDES WITH HER FOLLOWERS. WHEN SUDDENLY—A CRY IN THE NIGHT TO HALT!



"THE ENEMY ARE HUNTING FOR THE MAID!" SAYS A HARSH VOICE. "GO AROUND THE VILLAGE... LEST THEY CAPTURE HER!"



ELEVEN DAYS LATER, JOAN AND HER FOLLOWERS REIN IN ON THE BANK OF THE LA VIENNE RIVER. DE METZ CRIES, "THOSE ARE THE TOWERS OF CHINON." AND JOAN LAUGHS, "I SHALL SEE THE DAUPHIN!"



THAT NIGHT, IN HIS CASTLE, THE DAUPHIN'S POET CHARTIER APPROACHES WITH A GRIN. HE SAYS, "THE MAD MAID OF LORRAINE IS HERE. LEND ME YOUR THRONE TO PLAY A TRICK ON HER."

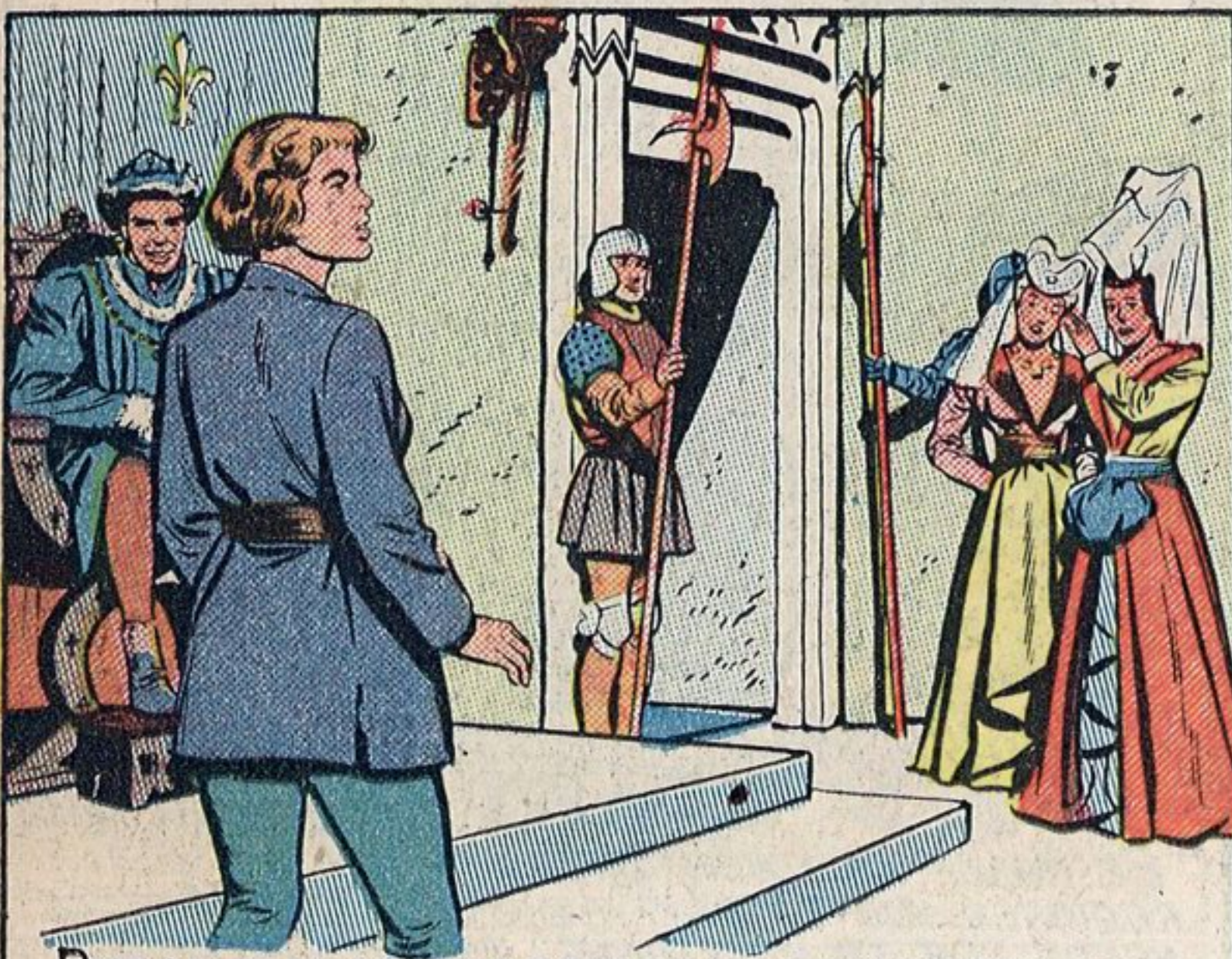
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AS THE DAUPHIN WALKS FROM HIS THRONE, HIS COUSIN ALENCON GROWLS, "I'VE HEARD YOU PLAN TO ABANDON FRANCE! WHAT HAVE WE LEFT IF YOU GO?"



CHARTIER, IN ORDER TO FOOL JOAN, PLACES CLERMONT, A YOUNG NOBLE, ON THE THRONE. THE DAUPHIN, FALLING IN WITH THE JOKE, SLIPS IN AMONG HIS NOBLES. . .



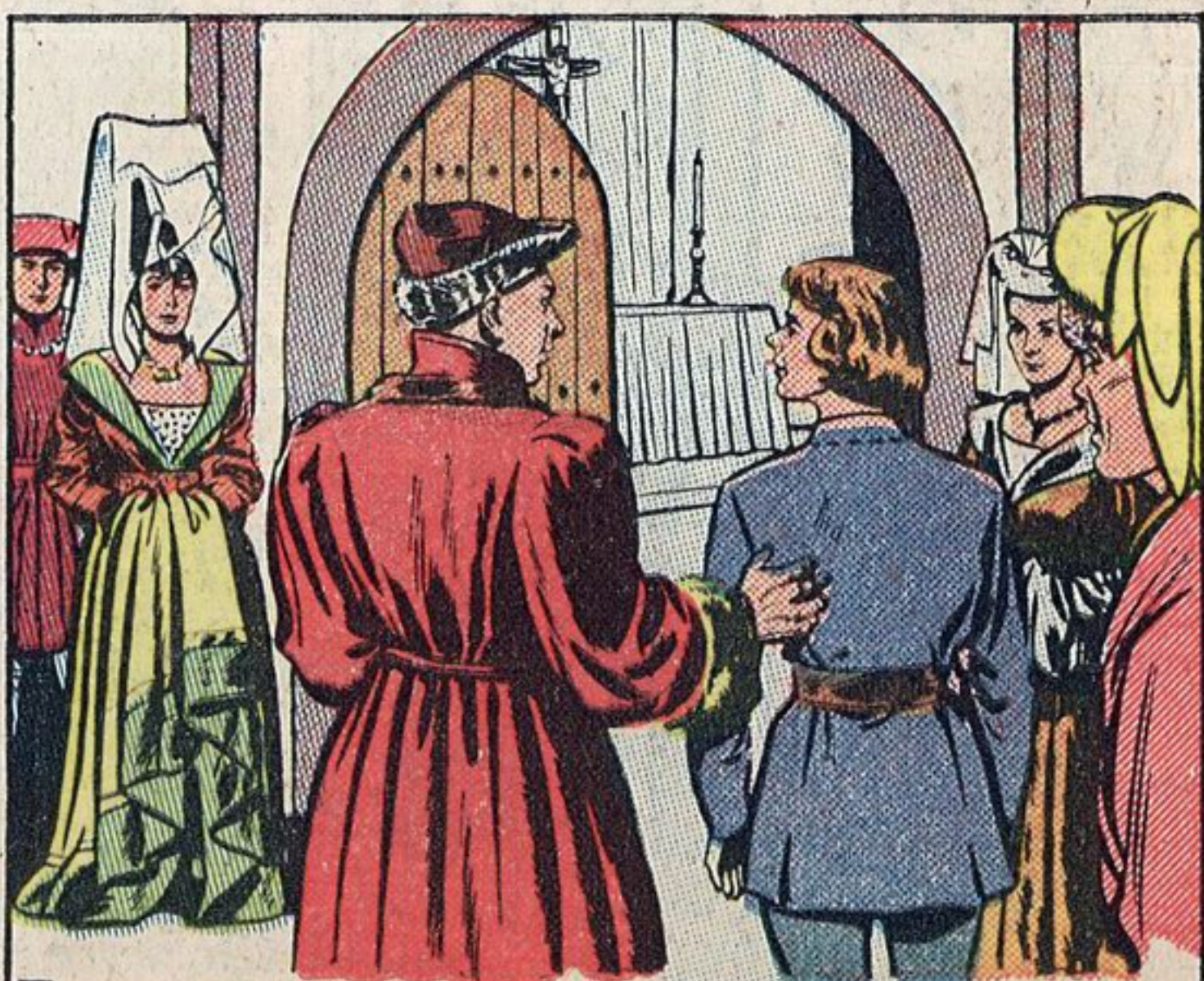
BUT AS JOAN STANDS BEFORE THE FALSE DAUPHIN, SHE PAUSES. . . TURNS AWAY!



IN THE MIDDLE OF THE THRONG, JOAN KNEELS TO THE TRUE DAUPHIN! SHE CRIES, "IT IS GOD'S WILL THAT I COME TO AID YOU AND THAT YOU BE KING OF FRANCE!"



TREMOUILLE WARNS THE DAUPHIN, "DON'T TRUST HER, MY LORD!" BUT THE DAUPHIN REPLIES, "WHEN I LOOK IN HER EYES, I BELIEVE WHAT SHE SAYS IS TRUE!"



THEN THE DAUPHIN SAYS, "COME WITH ME, JOAN!" AND HIS COURT KNOWS THAT HE HAS ACCEPTED HER AS SENT BY GOD!

JOAN OF ARC



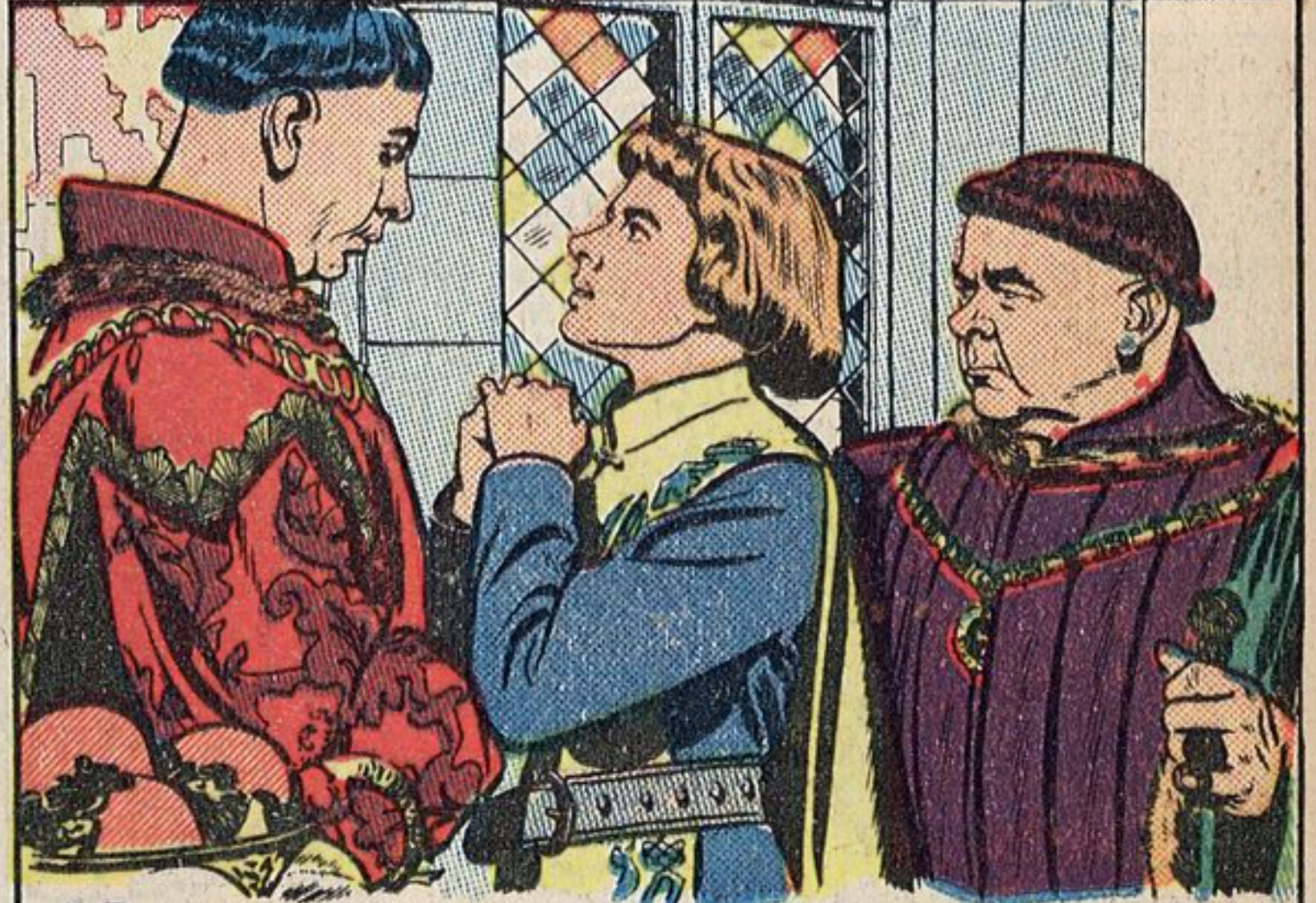
FROM ALL OVER FRANCE MEN LEAVE THEIR PLOWS AND WAGONS. THEY CRY, "COME AND JOIN THE MAID'S ARMY!"



IN AMAZEMENT, THE DAUPHIN SEES AN ARMY GATHER, LEARNS THAT GOLD AND JEWELS ARE GIVEN TO BUY WEAPONS AND ARMOR, THAT GRAIN AND CATTLE ARE SENT AS GIFTS...



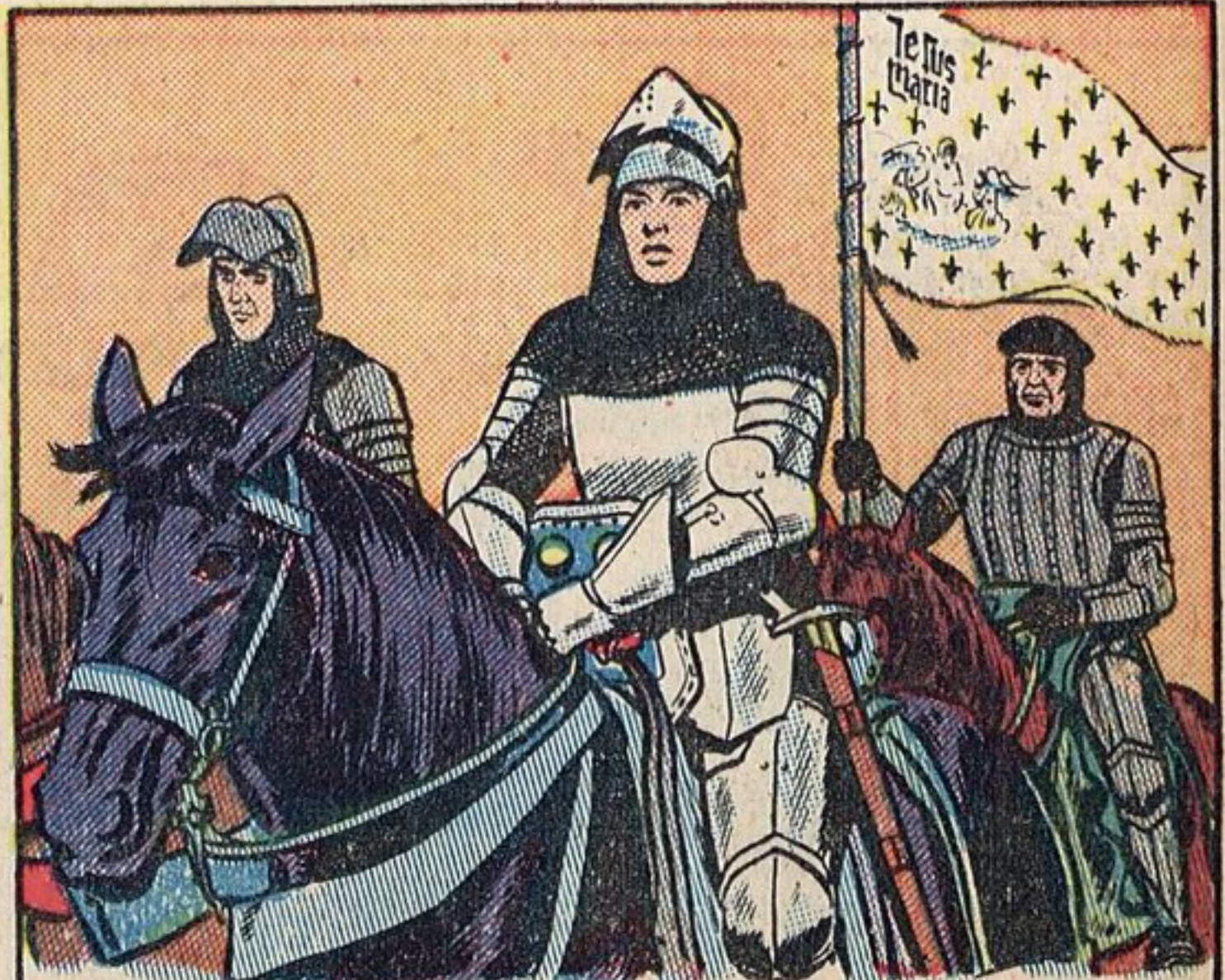
JOAN CRIES, "ALL PREPARATIONS ARE MADE. NOW IS OUR TIME. LET US RIDE TO ORLEANS. GIVE US THE ROYAL CONSENT!" BUT DOUBT GNAWS AT THE WEAK RULER...



"BE NOBLE AS I HAVE DREAMED YOU, AS GOD REQUIRES YOU TO BE!" EXHORTS JOAN. "FRANCE NEEDS YOU TO BE STRONG. TURN YOUR TRUST TO GOD. SAY WE CAN MARCH ON ORLEANS!"



THE DAUPHIN KNOWS THAT THE CHURCH, IN THE COUNCIL AT POITIERS, HAD, AFTER CAREFUL INVESTIGATION, FORMALLY DECLARED JOAN PURE IN HEART, INNOCENT AND RELIGIOUS...

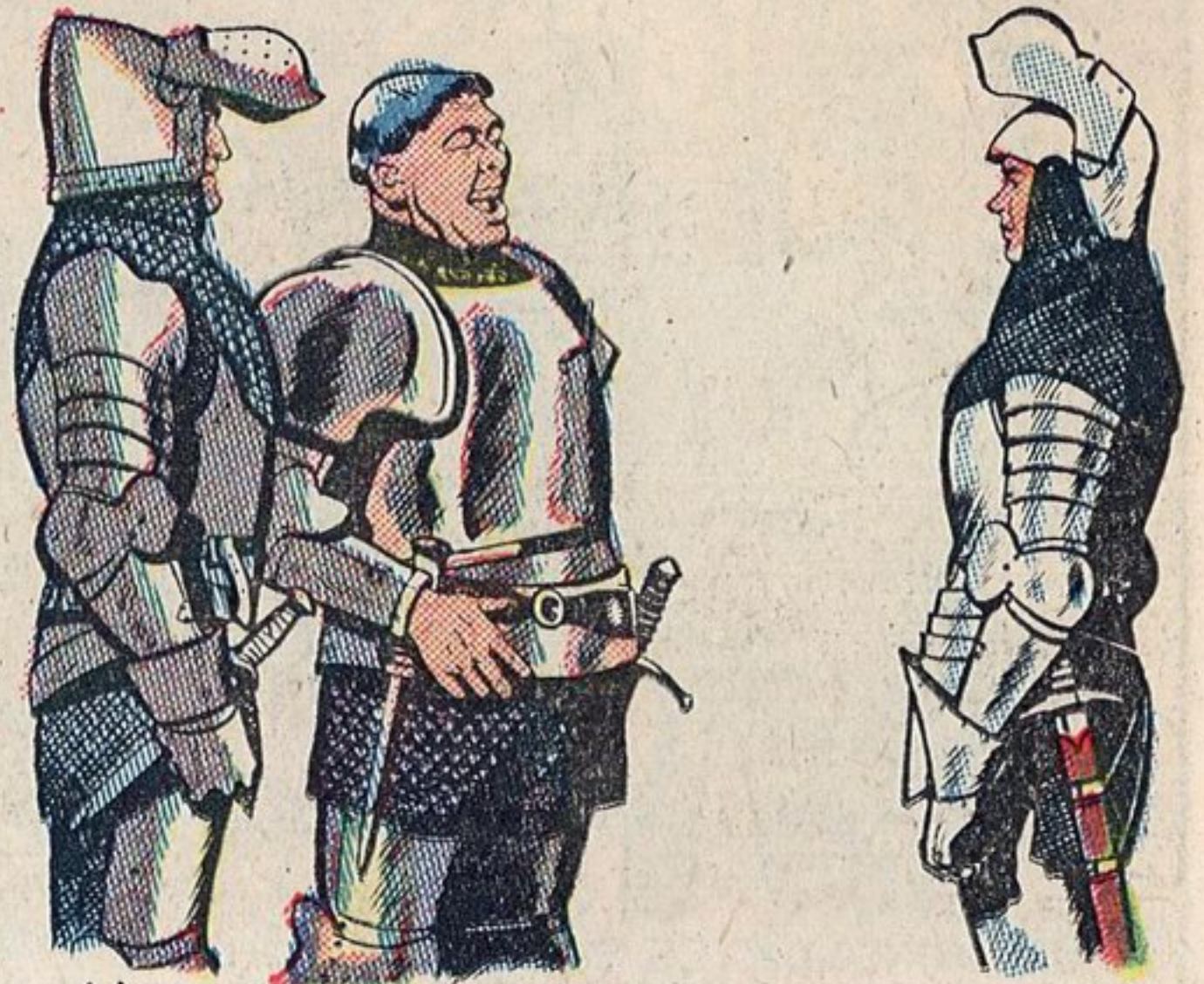


...HE REJECTS TREMOUILLE'S ARGUMENTS AND SAYS: "GOD IS WITH THIS GIRL! MARCH TO ORLEANS!" AND JOAN RIDES PROUDLY FORTH.

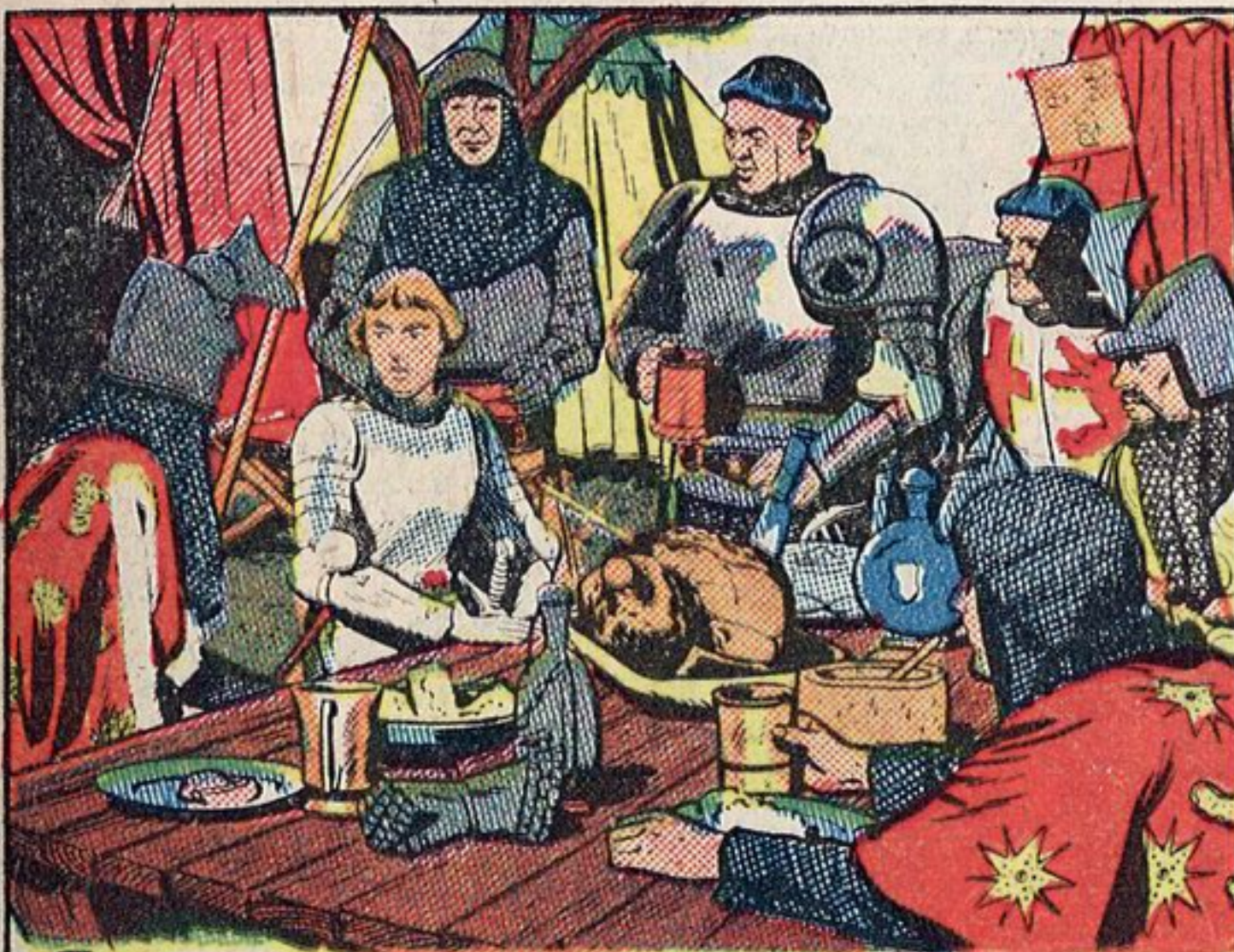
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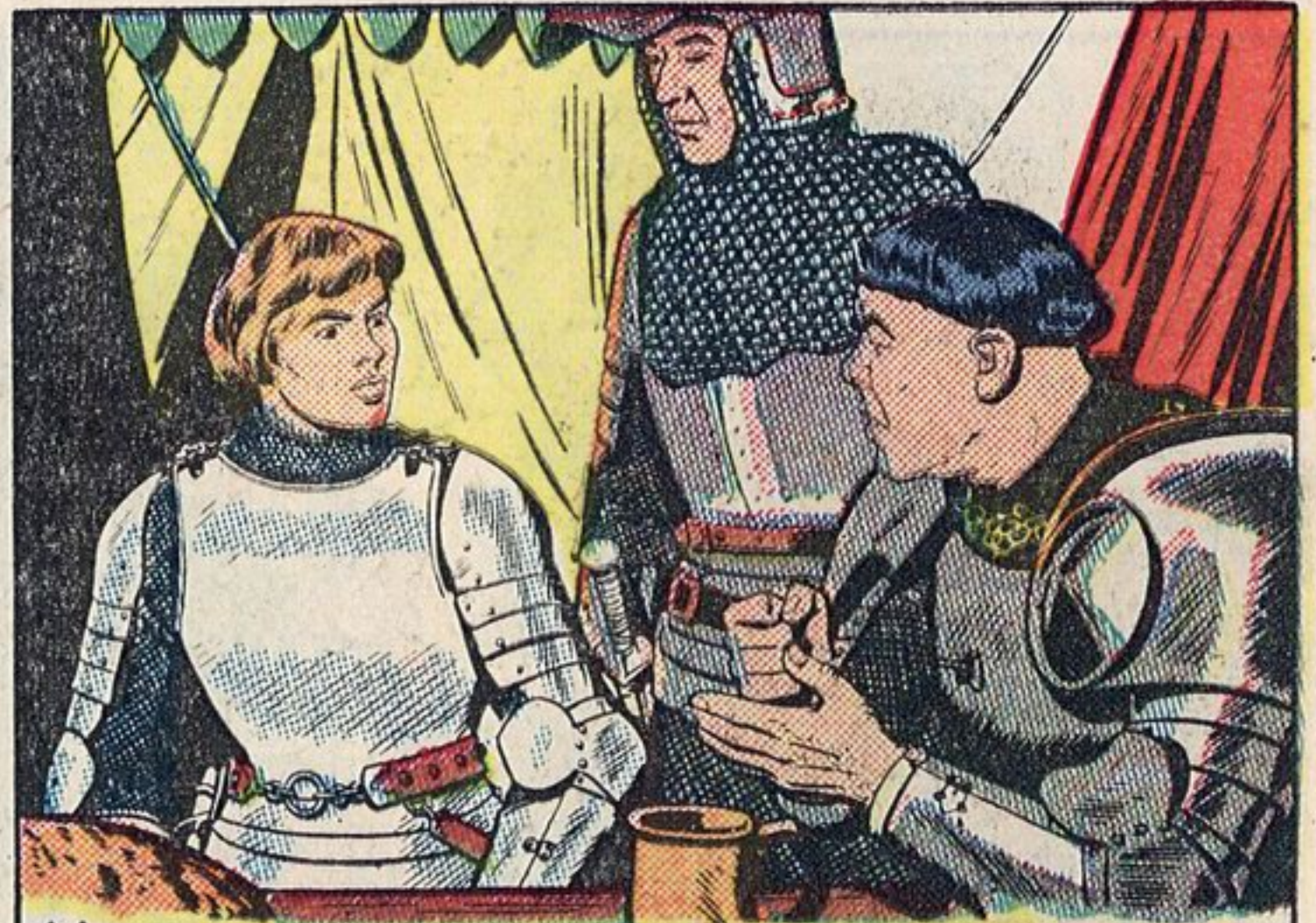
BUT JOAN'S EYES WIDEN IN HORROR AS SHE APPROACHES THE WAR ENCAMPMENT. ON ALL SIDES SHE SEES DISSIPATION, DRUNKENNESS!



HER SOUL IS SICK AT THE SIGHTS SHE HAS SEEN, EVEN AS SHE IS INTRODUCED TO THE GREAT FRENCH GENERAL LA HIRE...



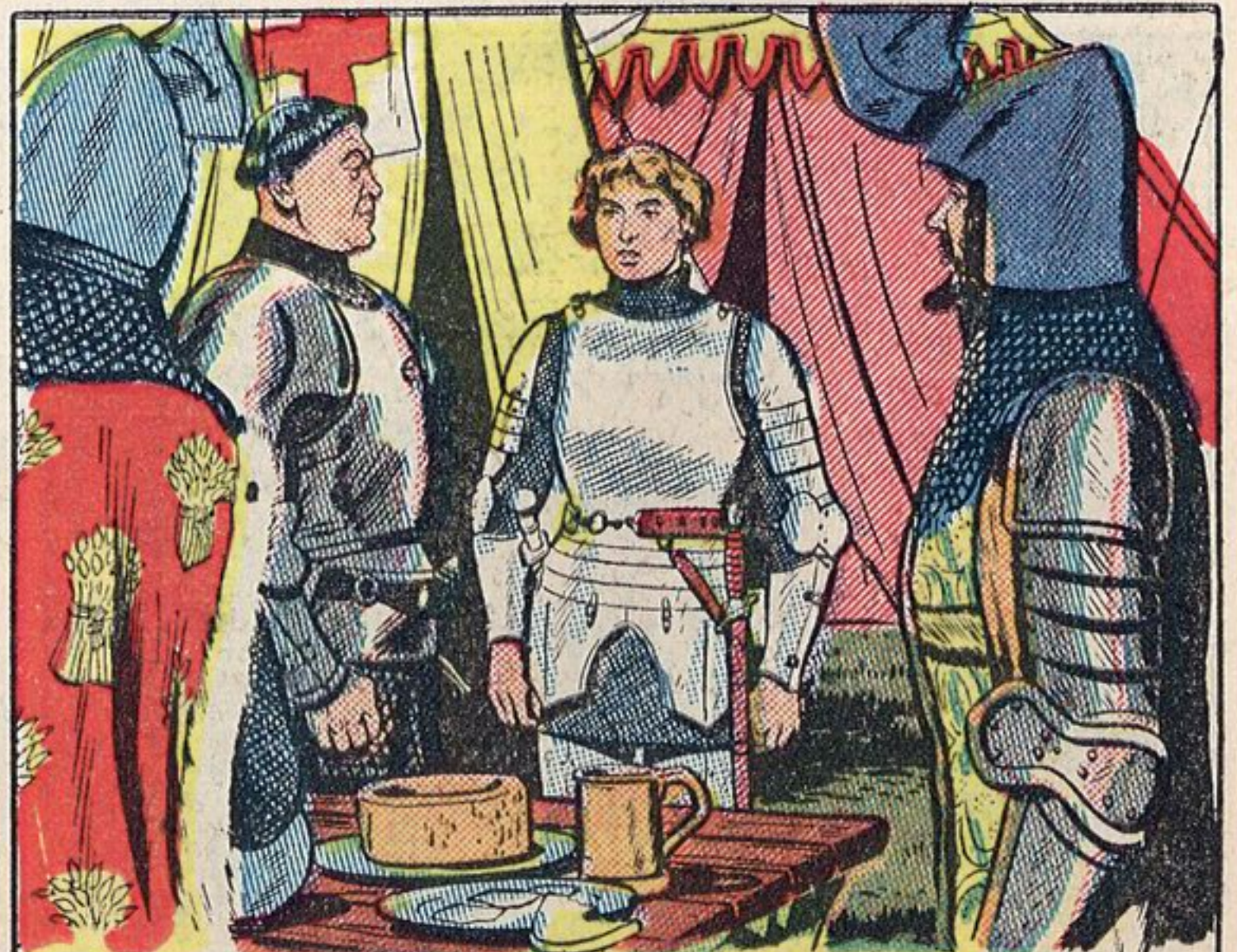
THE WAR CAPTAINS EYE JOAN SKEPTICALLY. AT LAST ONE SAYS, "IN THE HISTORY OF FRANCE NO NAME WAS EVER BUILT UP SO SUDDENLY. SOMEBODY COOKED THIS THING UP!"



HER FRIEND ALENÇON VOUCHES FOR JOAN. AND WHEN JOAN PROMISES TO GIVE NO COMMANDS, LA HIRE IN SUDDEN RELIEF SHOUTS, "BY THE THUNDERS OF GOD! STICK TO THAT, AND THERE'LL BE NO TROUBLE!"

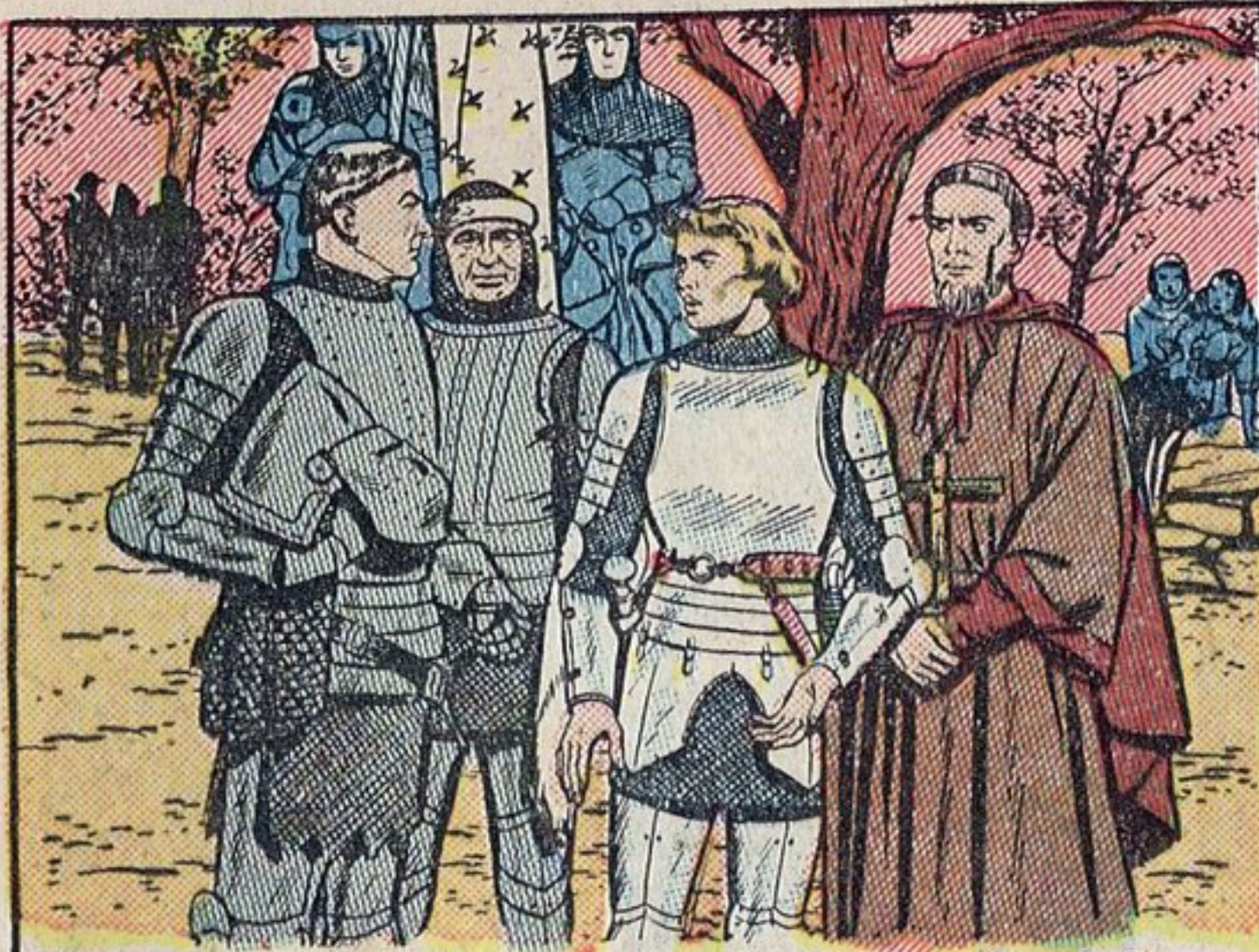


"THERE MUST BE NO SWEARING IN THIS ARMY!" CRIES JOAN. "IT MUST BE CLEANSSED AND PURIFIED. THE MEN MUST BE SENT TO CONFESSION, AND THE WOMEN SENT AWAY..."

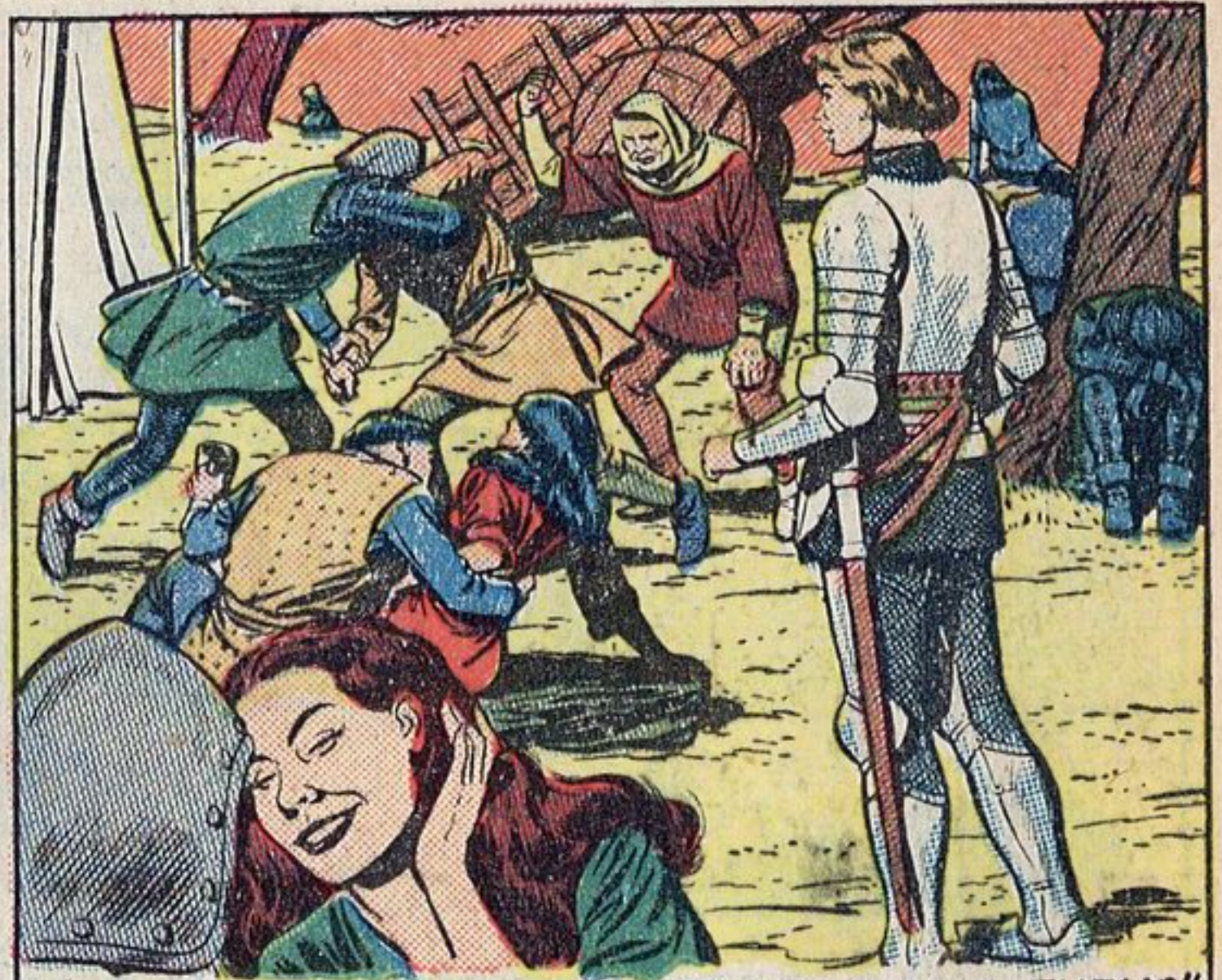


THE GENERALS REFUSE TO GIVE SUCH ORDERS LA HIRE BELLOWS AND STAMPS ANGRILY. JOAN WHISPERS, "THEN I SHALL GIVE THEM..."

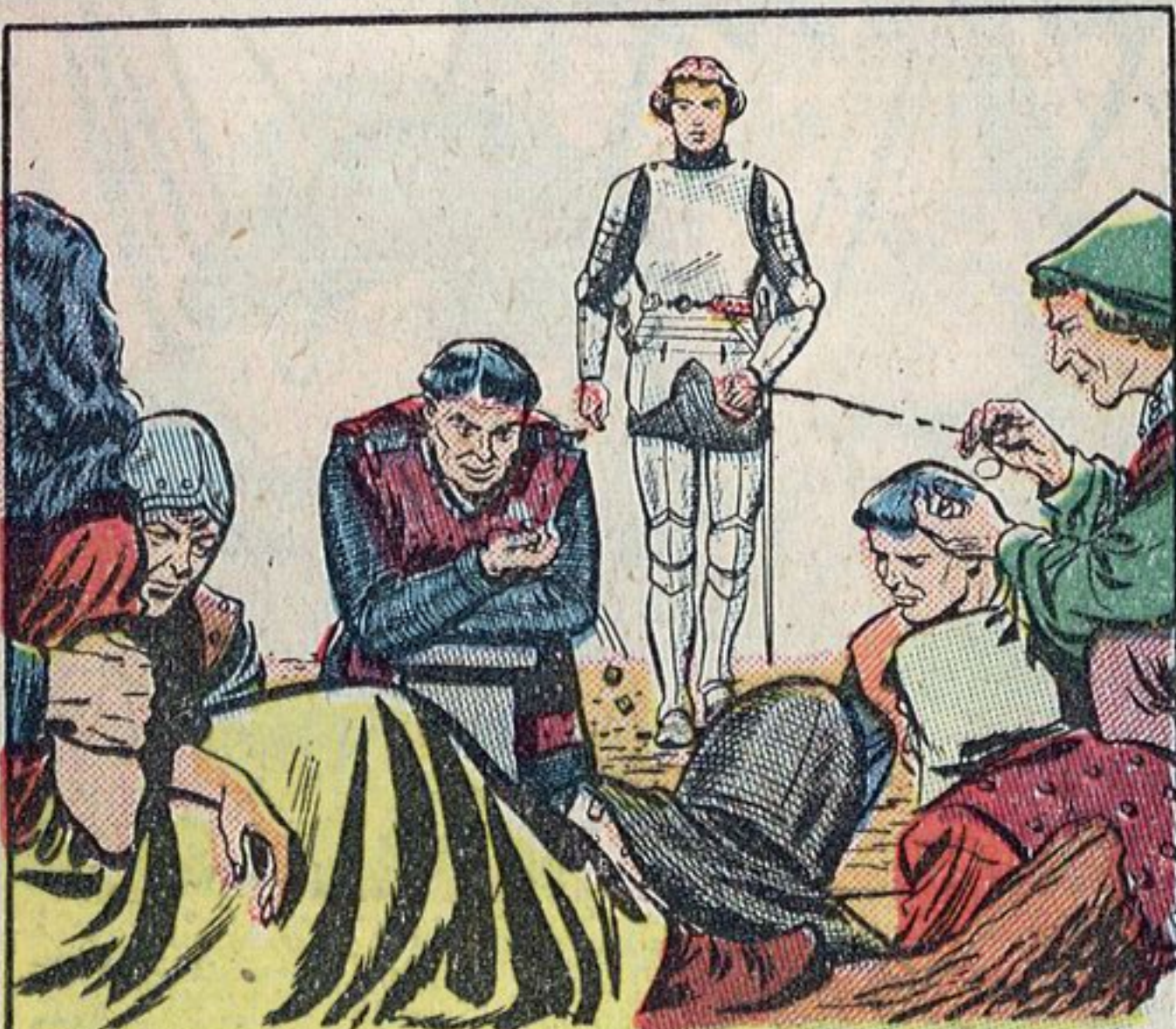
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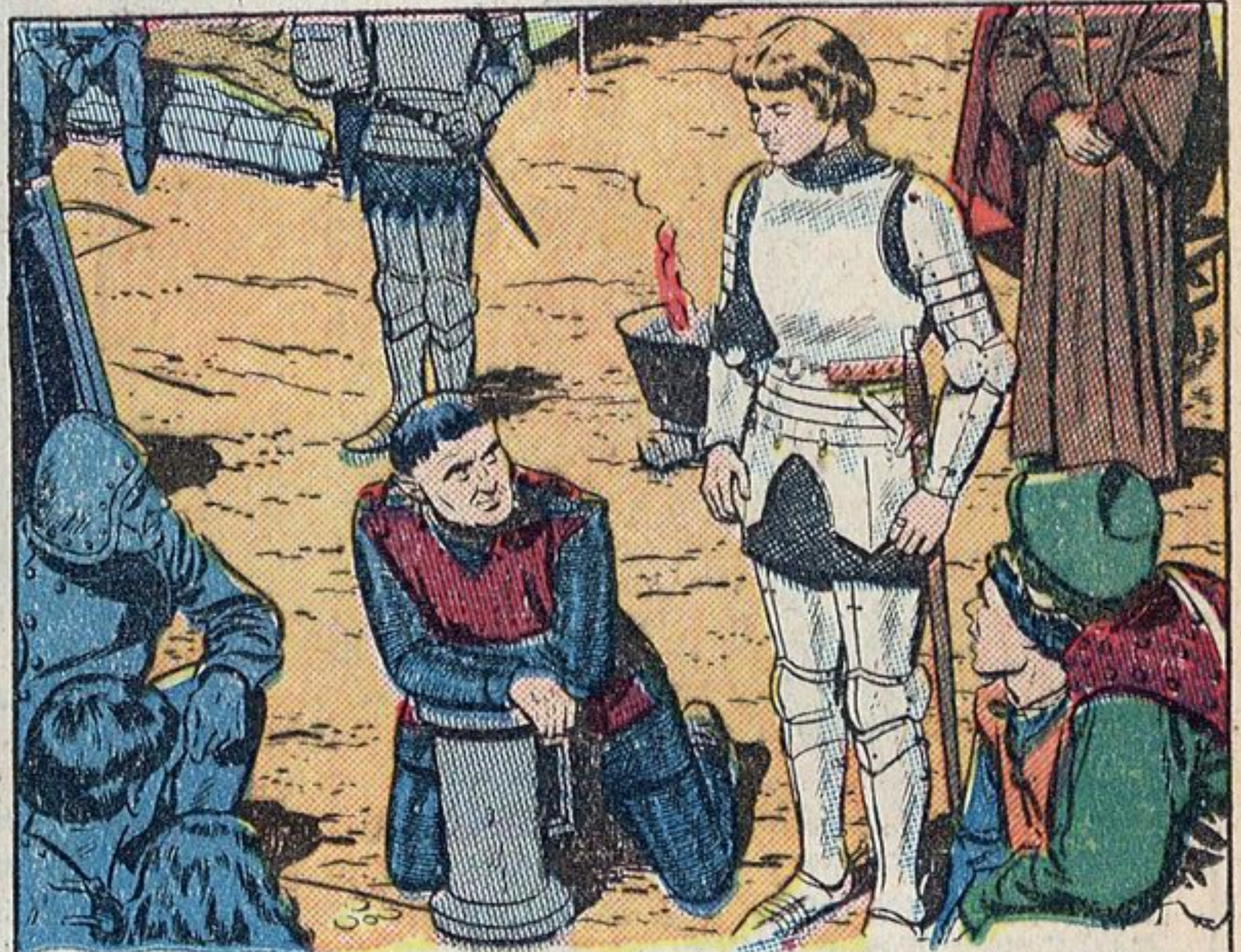
DESPAIRINGLY, EYES SHOCKED BY WHAT SHE SEES, JOAN CRIES, "THERE MUST BE SOME OTHER WAY TO GIVE AN ORDER TO THE WHOLE ARMY!" ALENCON GLOOMS, "ONLY THROUGH THE CAPTAINS — AND THEY'VE REFUSED!"



"OH, HOW CAN I DO THIS? HOW CAN I TELL THEM?" JOAN ASKS HERSELF NUMBLY—AND FINDS NO ANSWER.



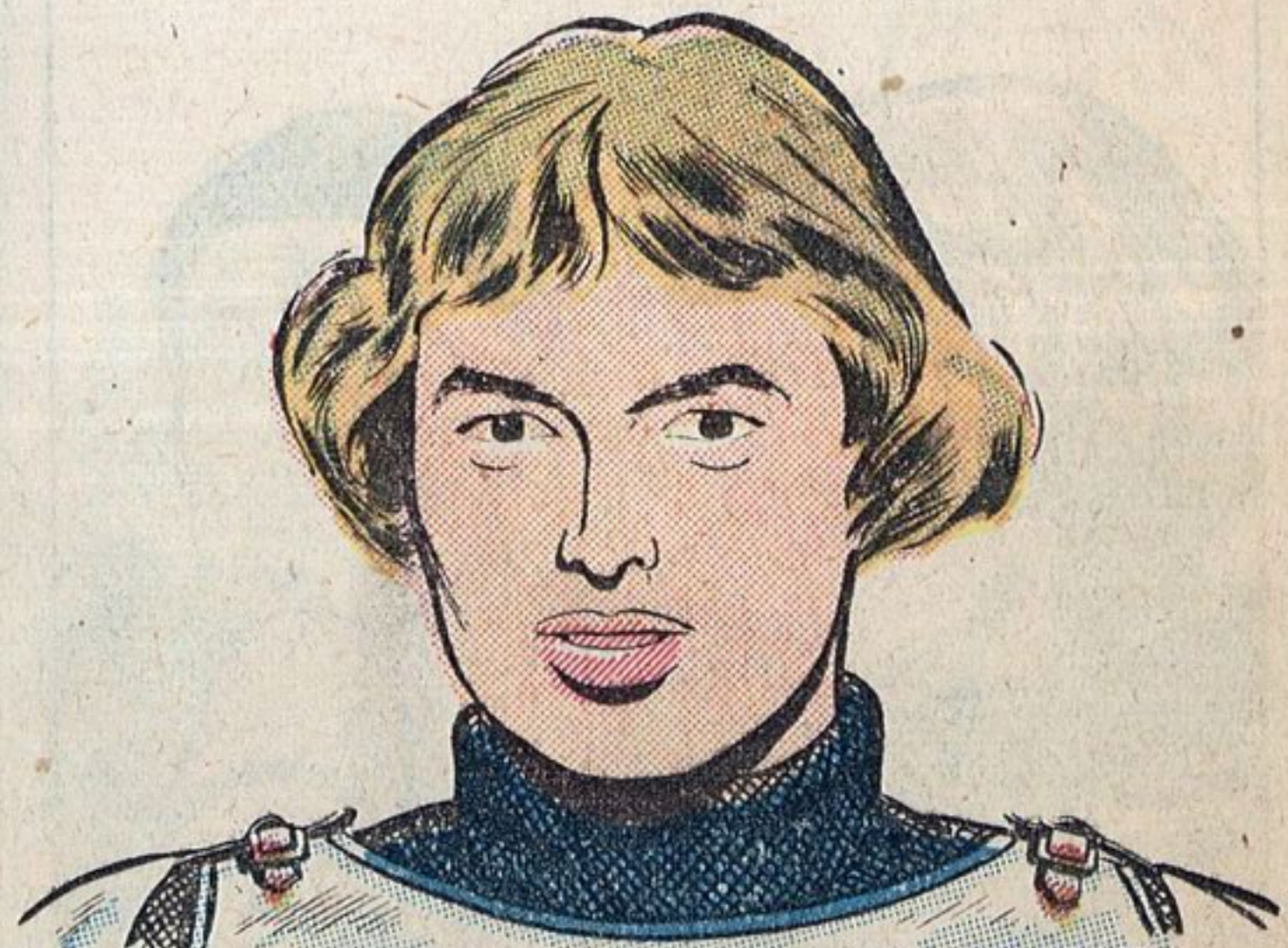
THEN SHE LIFTS HER HEAD. HER LIPS TIGHTEN WITH DETERMINATION. SHE WALKS STRAIGHT AHEAD —



WONDERINGLY THE CRUDE SOLDIERS LOOK UP AS JOAN STOPS AND SAYS, "DO YOU PLAY THIS GAME DAILY?"

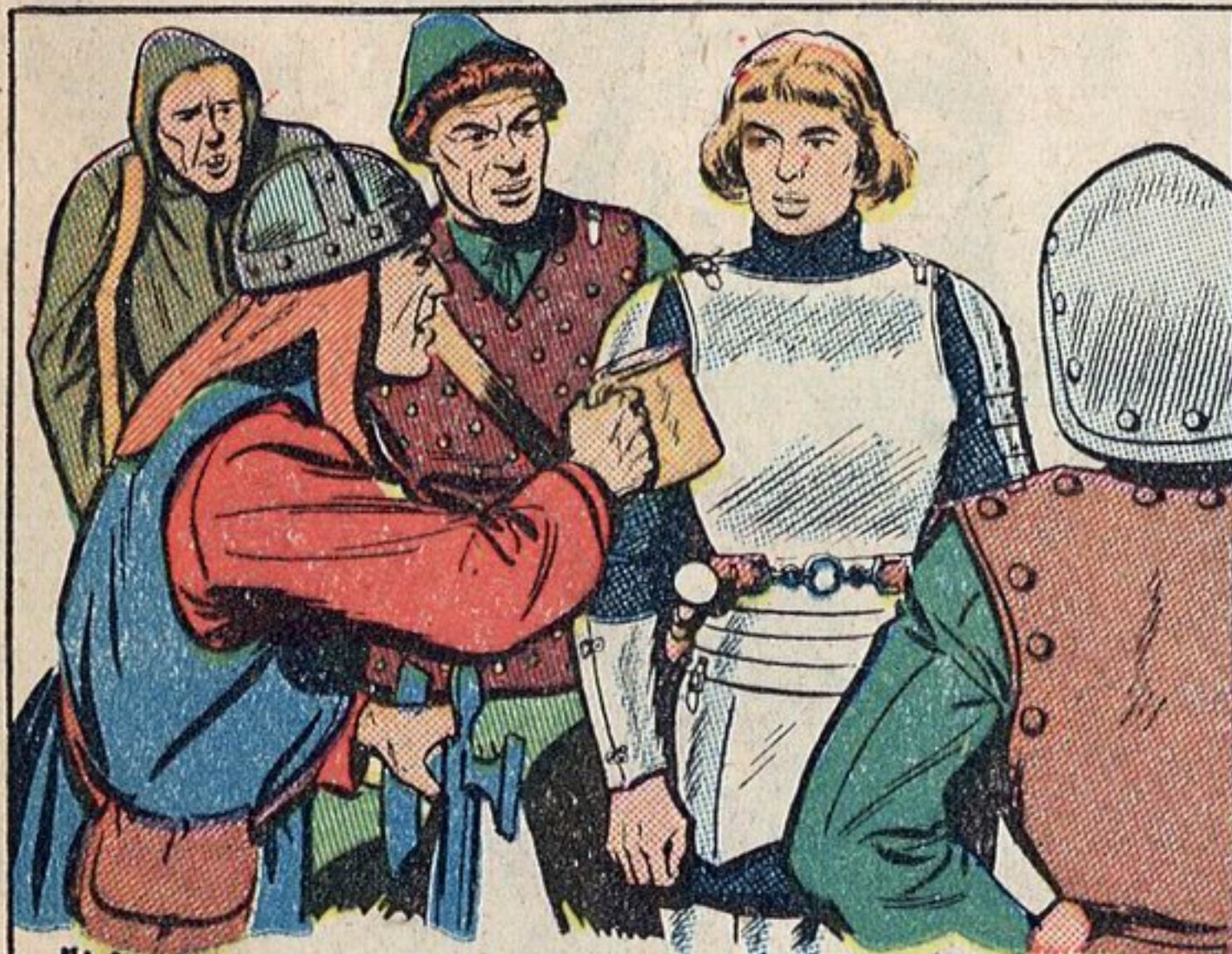


"EVERY DAY, ALL DAY!" GRINS THE SOLDIER. AND JOAN SAYS SOFTLY, "IT'S A GAME WE MUST NOT PLAY IN THIS ARMY!" EYES WIDEN IN SURPRISE, WONDERMENT...

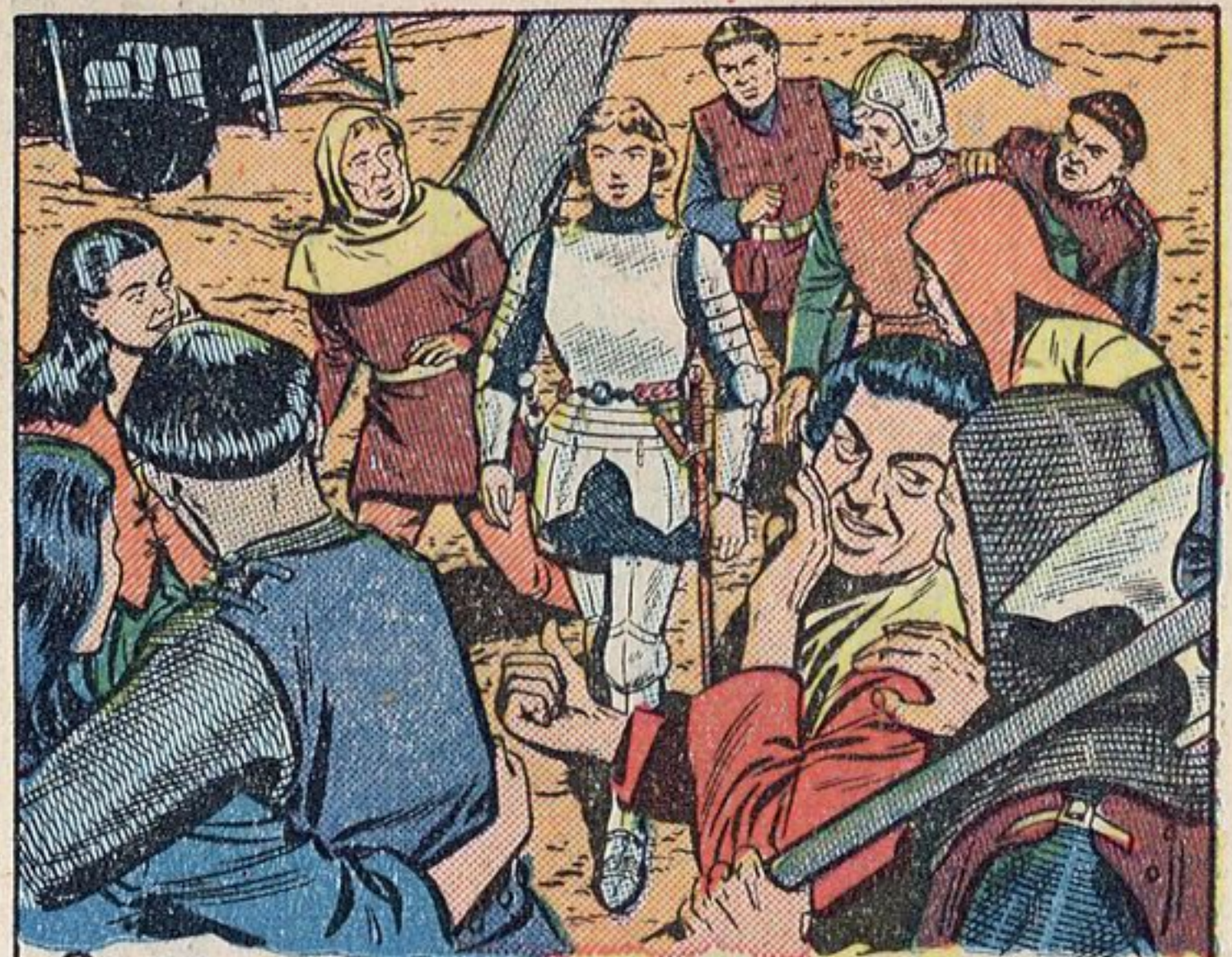


THE ROUGH SOLDIERS RECOGNIZE THE MAID. THEY PUT AWAY THEIR DICE, TURN TO HER AS SHE WHISPERS, "THEY SAY ALL ARMIES ARE LIKE THIS. BUT GOD WILL NOT BE PLEASED WITH US — AND IF HE IS NOT PLEASED, WE SHALL HAVE NO LUCK WHERE WE GO!"

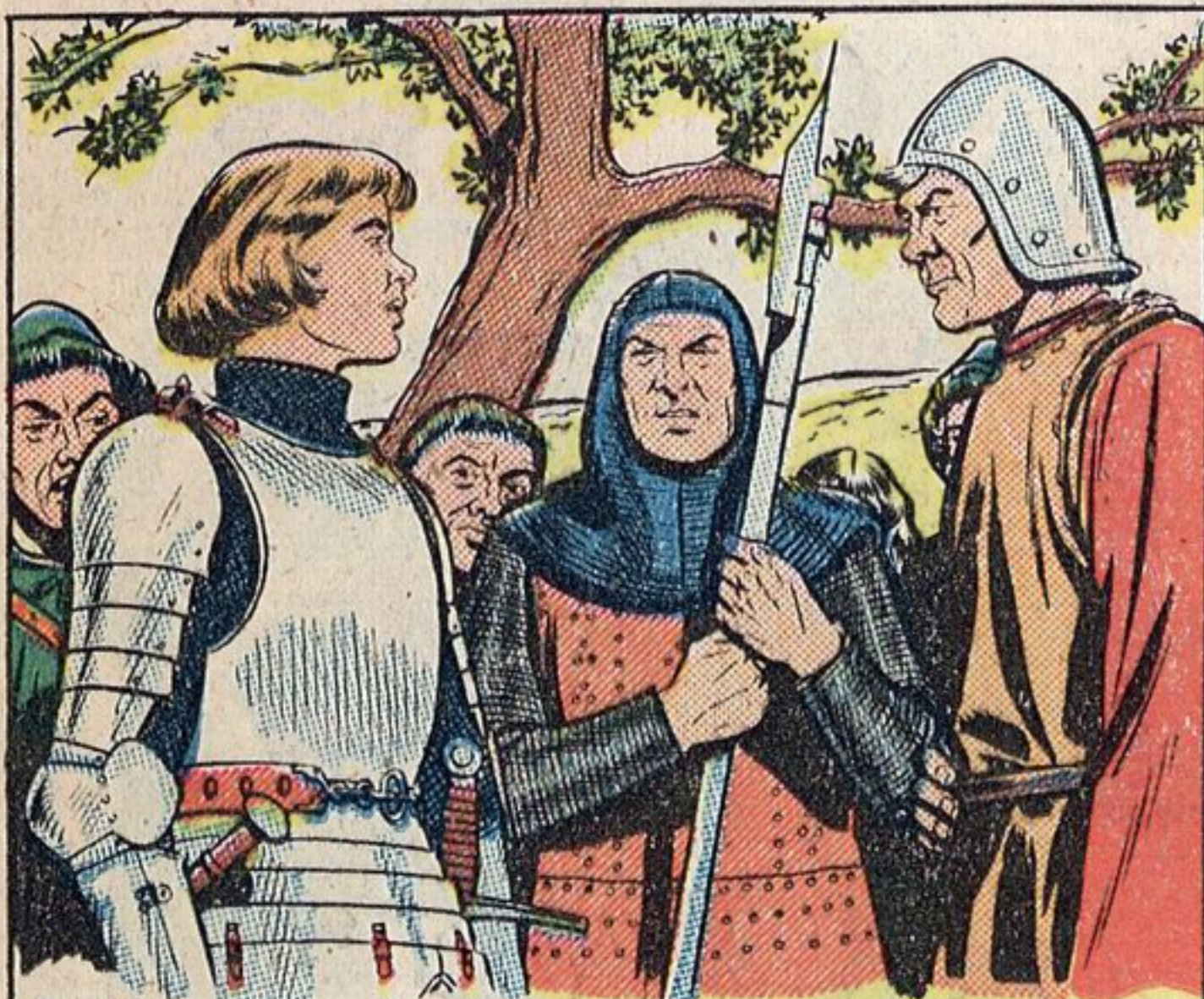
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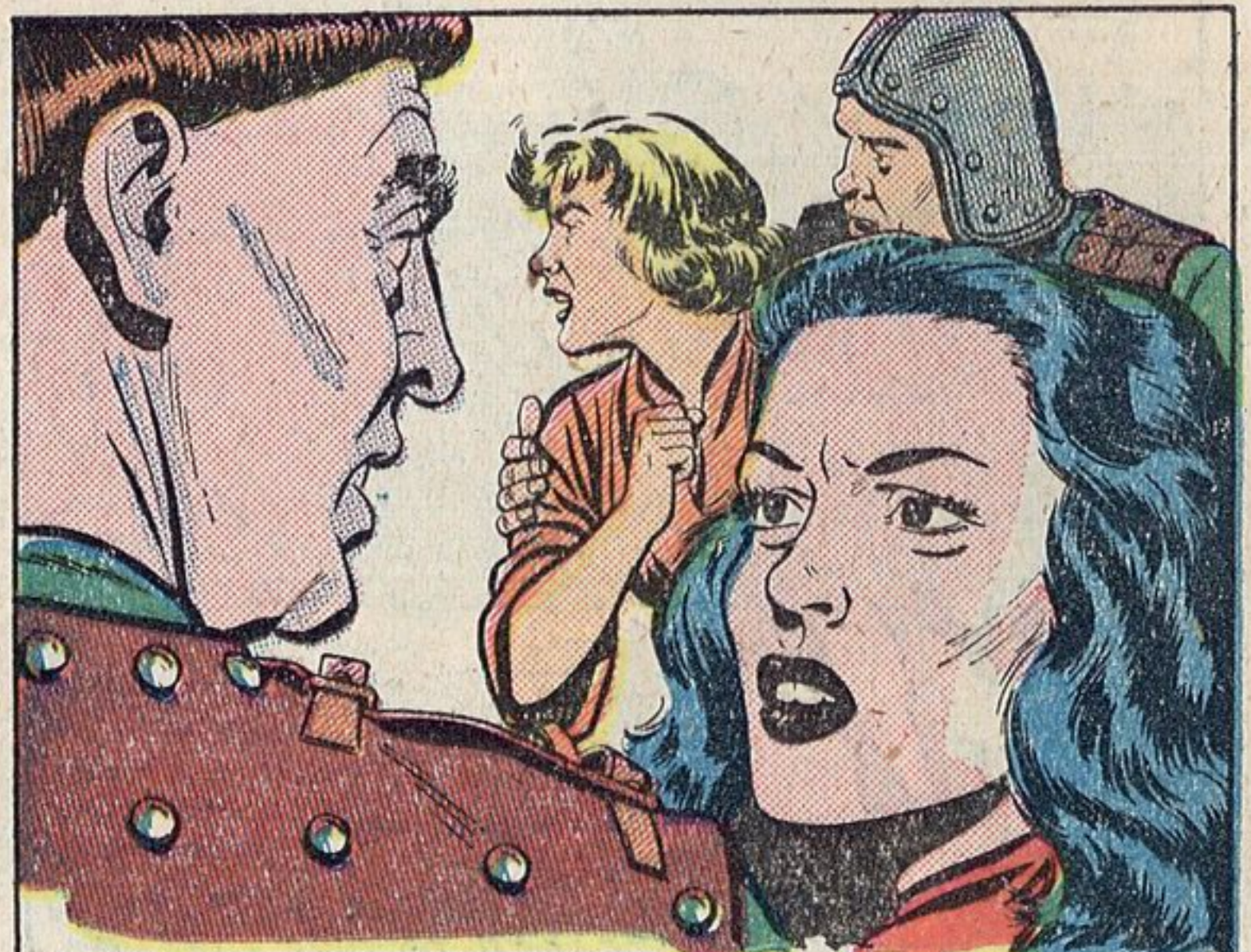
"YOU PROMISED US VICTORY!" SHOUT THE SOLDIERS. JOAN REPLIES FIRMLY, "WE CAN HAVE VICTORY— IF WE ARE WORTHY OF IT! WE MUST BE ON GOD'S SIDE!"



SLOWLY THE GROUP AROUND THE MAID GROWS. HER WORDS RING OUT CLEARLY. "DON'T LAUGH AT ME, PLEASE. BUT— THERE MUST BE NO GAMBLING!"



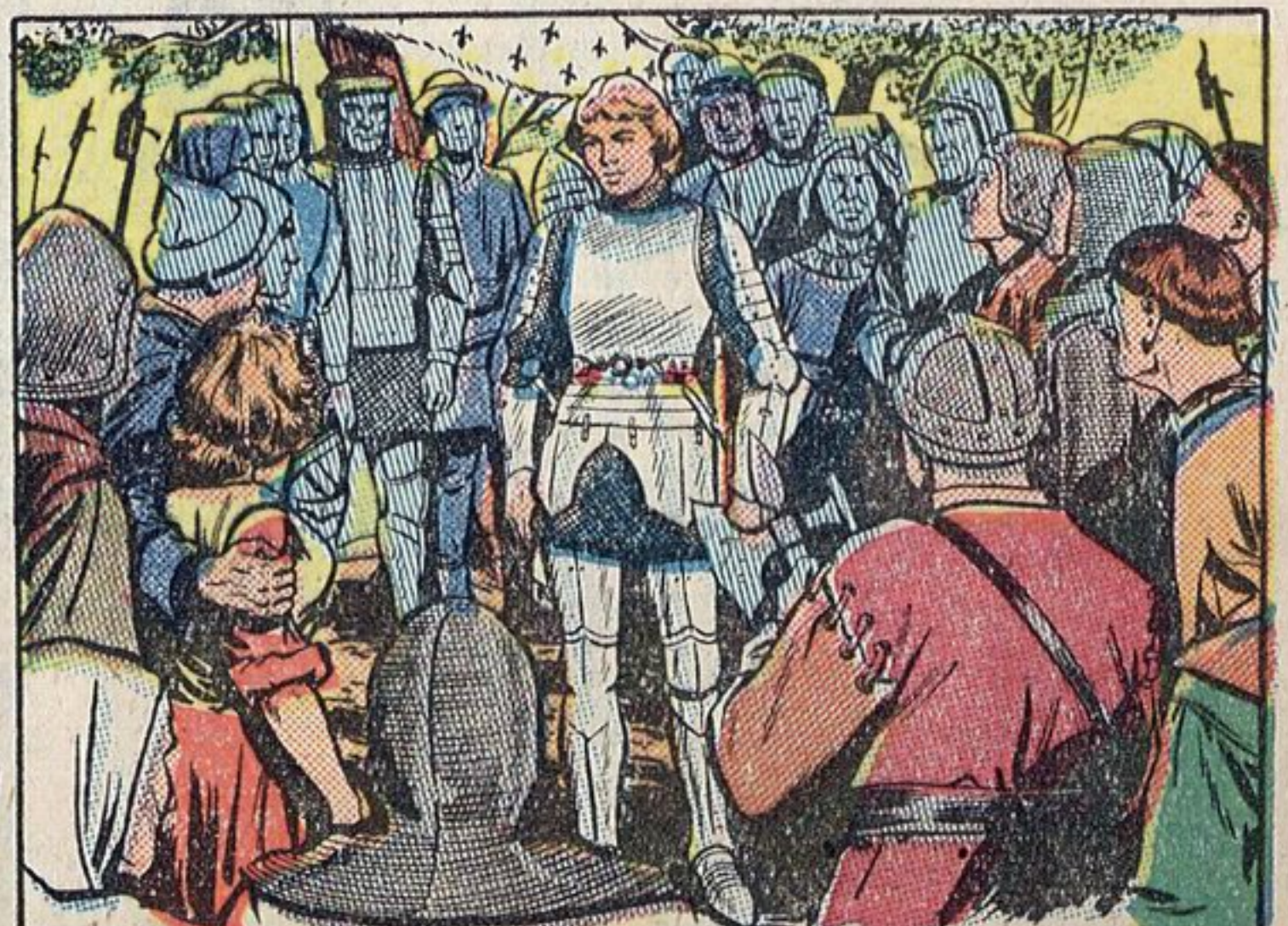
"YOU MUST NOT SWEAR OR TAKE GOD'S NAME IN VAIN!" AN ECHO ANSWERS DAZEDLY... "WE MUST NOT SWEAR?"



MEN AND WOMEN STARE AT ONE ANOTHER AS JOAN CONTINUES HER AMAZING INSTRUCTIONS: "BEFORE WE MARCH, EACH MAN MUST GO TO CONFESSION..."

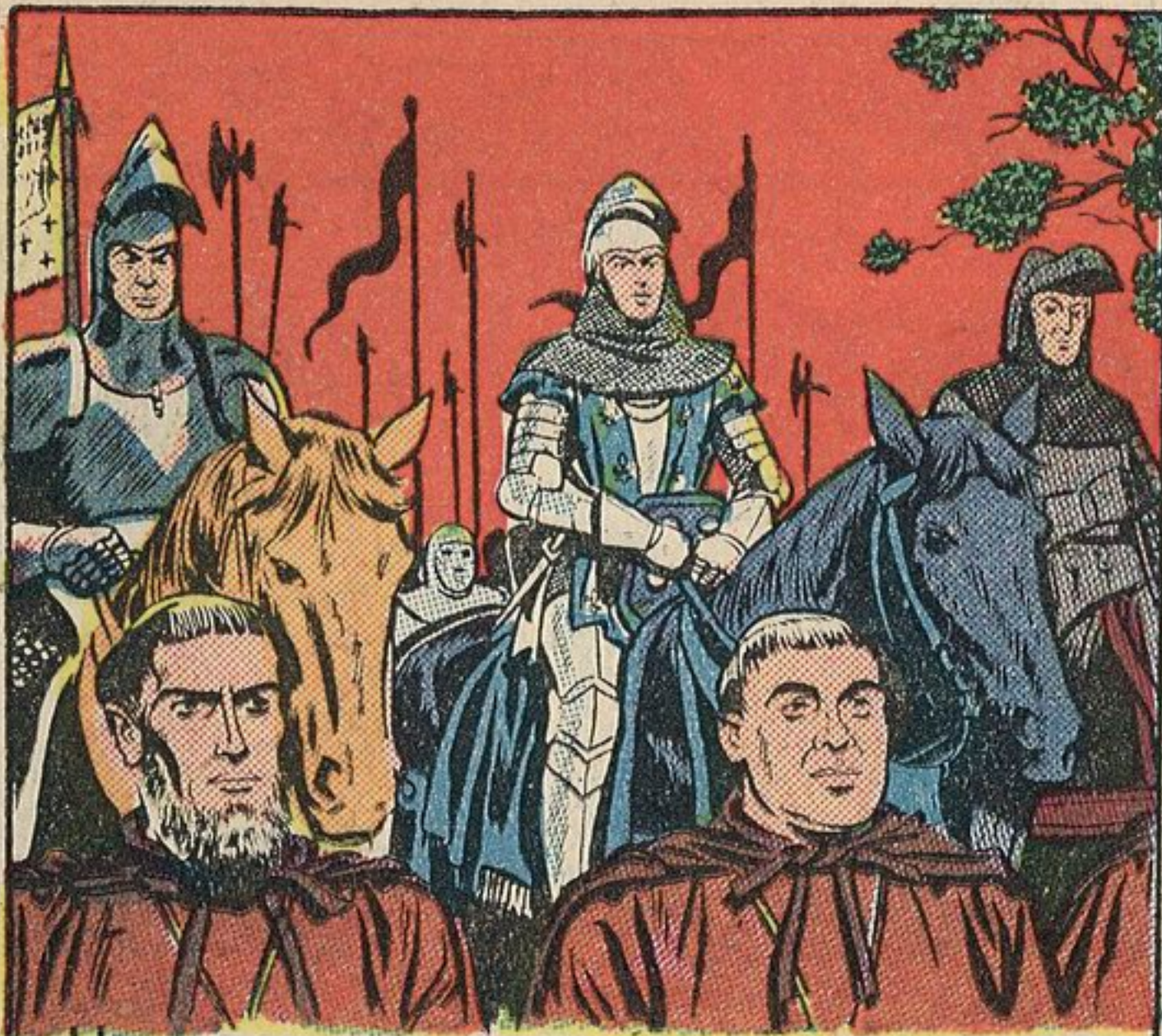


THIS IS AN IMPORTANT MOMENT FOR THE MAID. HER WORDS GROW STRONGER, MORE CLEAR. "OUR STRENGTH IS NOT IN OUR HANDS BUT IN OUR FAITH!"

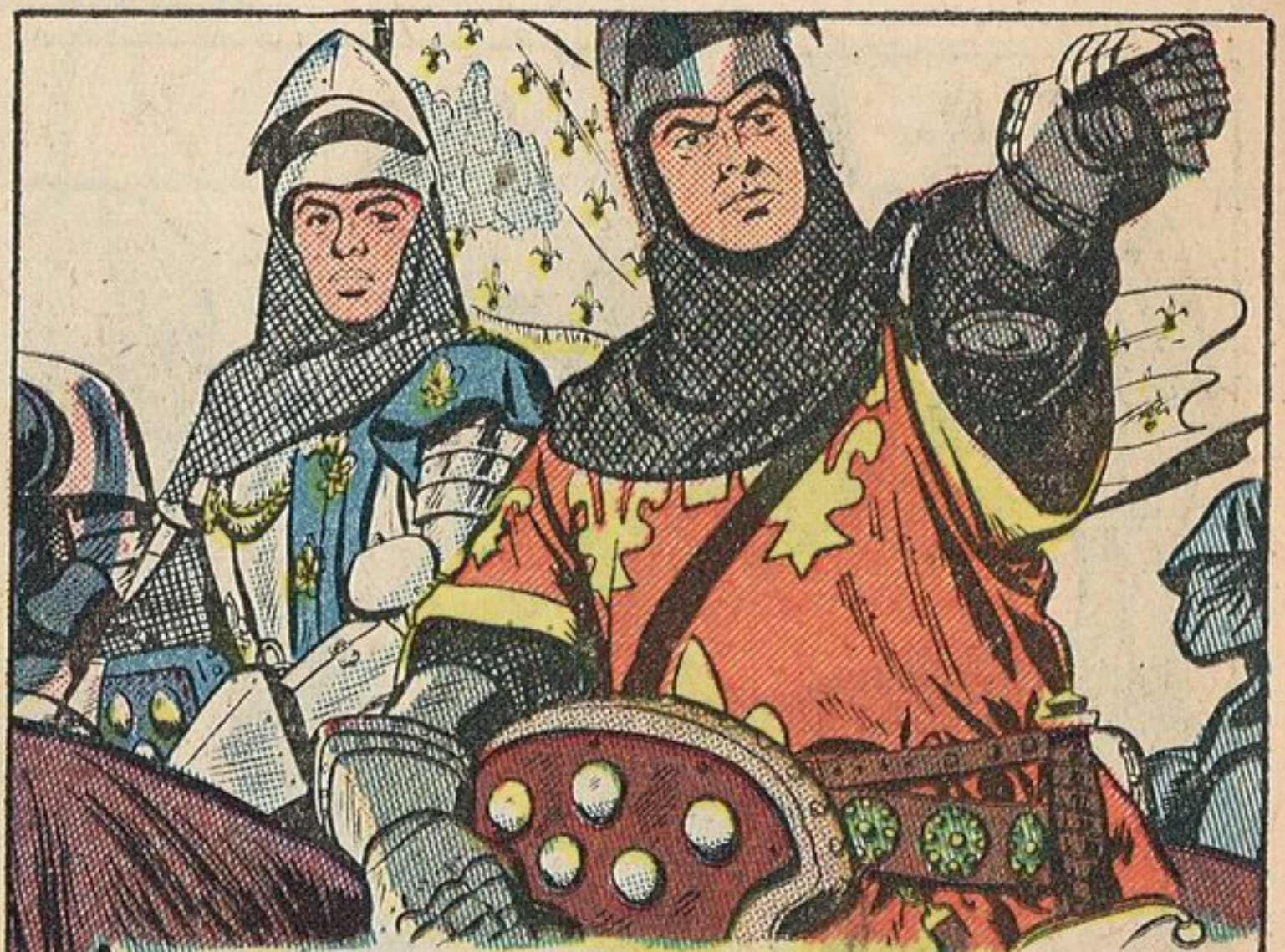


"COME NEAR," JOAN CALLS, AS THE ENTIRE ARMY GATHERS. "WE CAN WIN ONLY IF WE BECOME GOD'S ARMY— ONLY IF WE PURGE OURSELVES OF SIN. OUR FATHER WILL GIVE US OUR VICTORY AND A LAND THAT IS FOREVER FREE!"

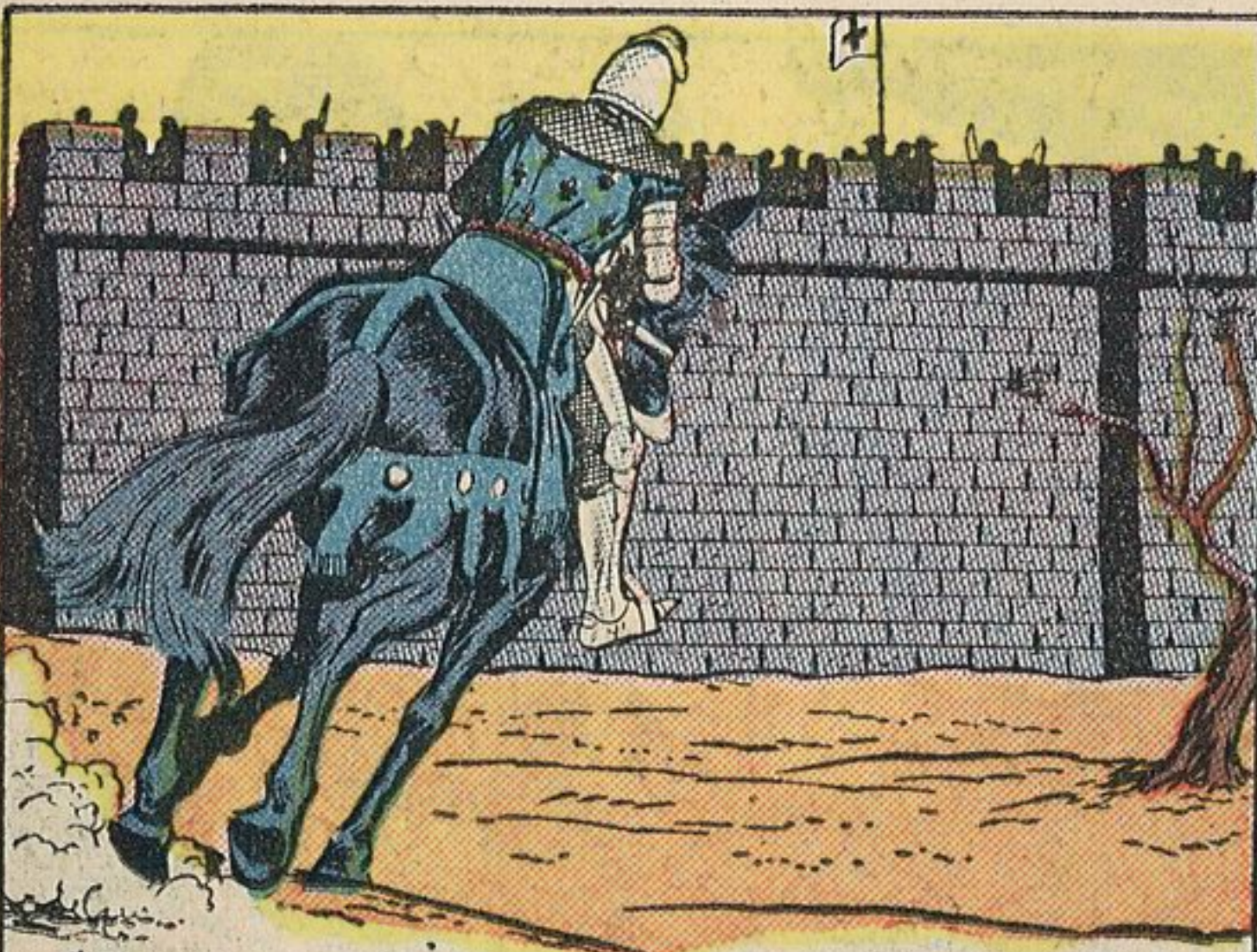
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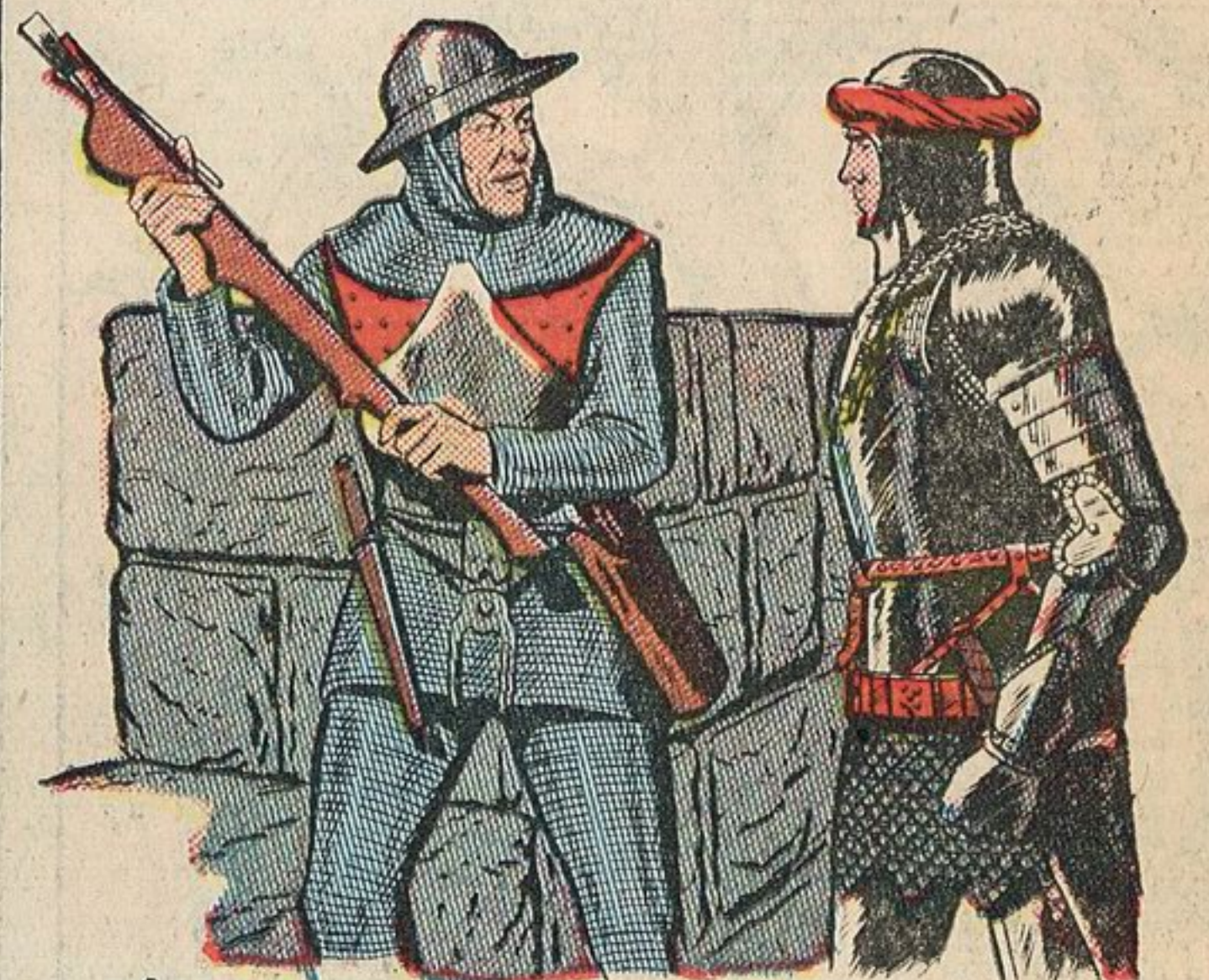
UNITED UNDER GOD, THE ARMY OF THE MAID MOVES FORWARD —



AT THE HEAD OF THE COLUMN, JOAN MEETS JEAN DUNOIS, OF ORLEANS, WHO POINTS OUT TOURELLES, STRONGEST ENGLISH FORT... COMMANDED BY SIR WILLIAM GLASDALE.



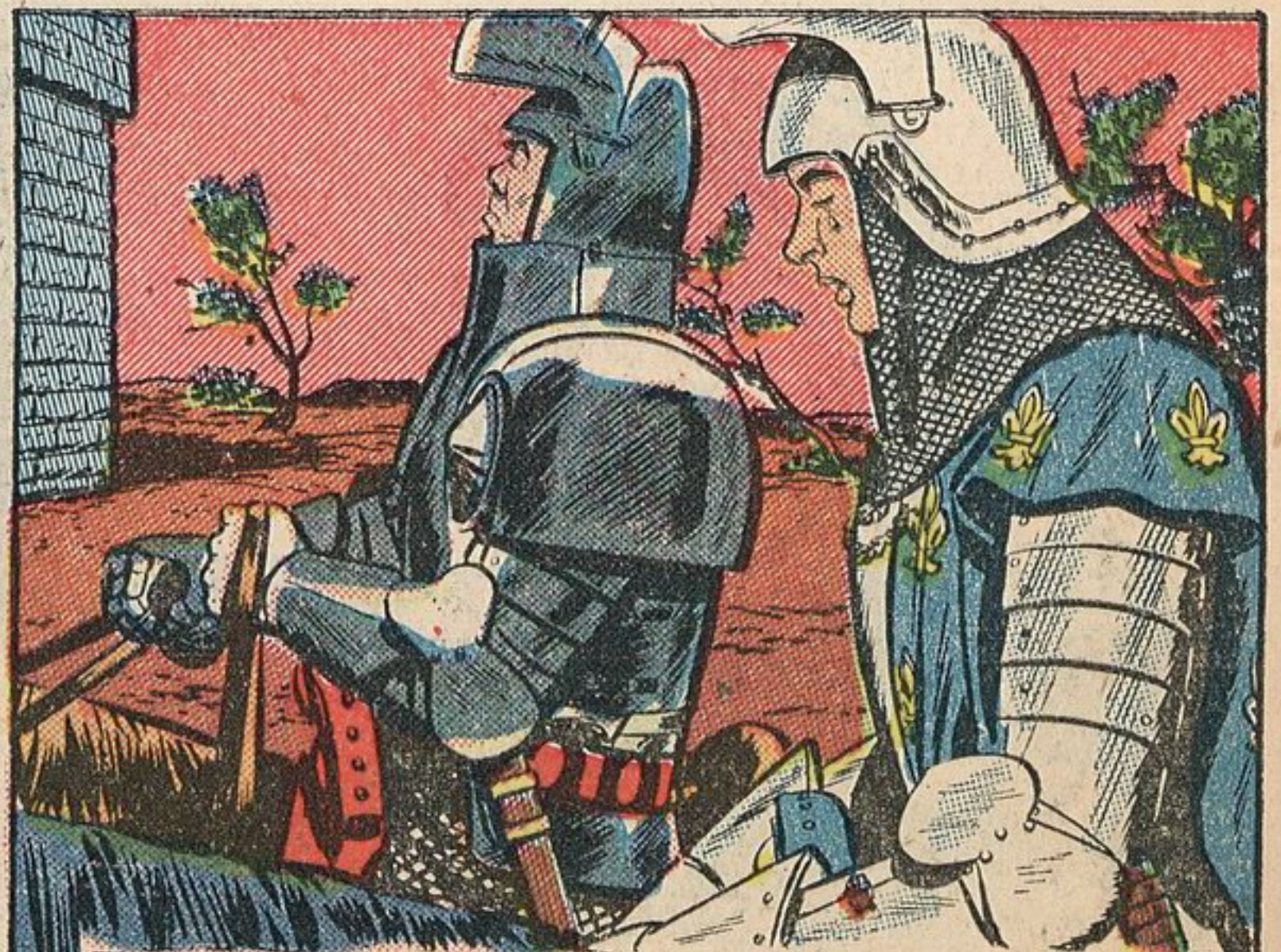
"BEFORE WE ATTACK, I AM COMMANDED TO WARN THE ENGLISH LEADER TO GIVE UP THE FORT TO SAVE HIS LIFE AND THE LIVES OF HIS MEN!" THUS SAYING, JOAN SPURS FORWARD...



AS JOAN REINS IN BEFORE TOURELLES, AN ENGLISH ARCHER GASPS, "IT'S THE WITCH!"



IN HER SWEET VOICE, JOAN CALLS ON SIR WILLIAM TO YIELD, LEST HE AND HIS MEN PERISH IN A LOST CAUSE AND AN EVIL WAR. GLASDALE LAUGHS, THEN, GROWING ANGRY, SHOUTS SHAMEFUL INSULTS AT THE MAID.



TEARS OF SORROW FLOOD HER EYES AS JOAN BOWS HER HEAD AND WHISPERS, "I HAVE MEANT ONLY WELL TO YOU..."

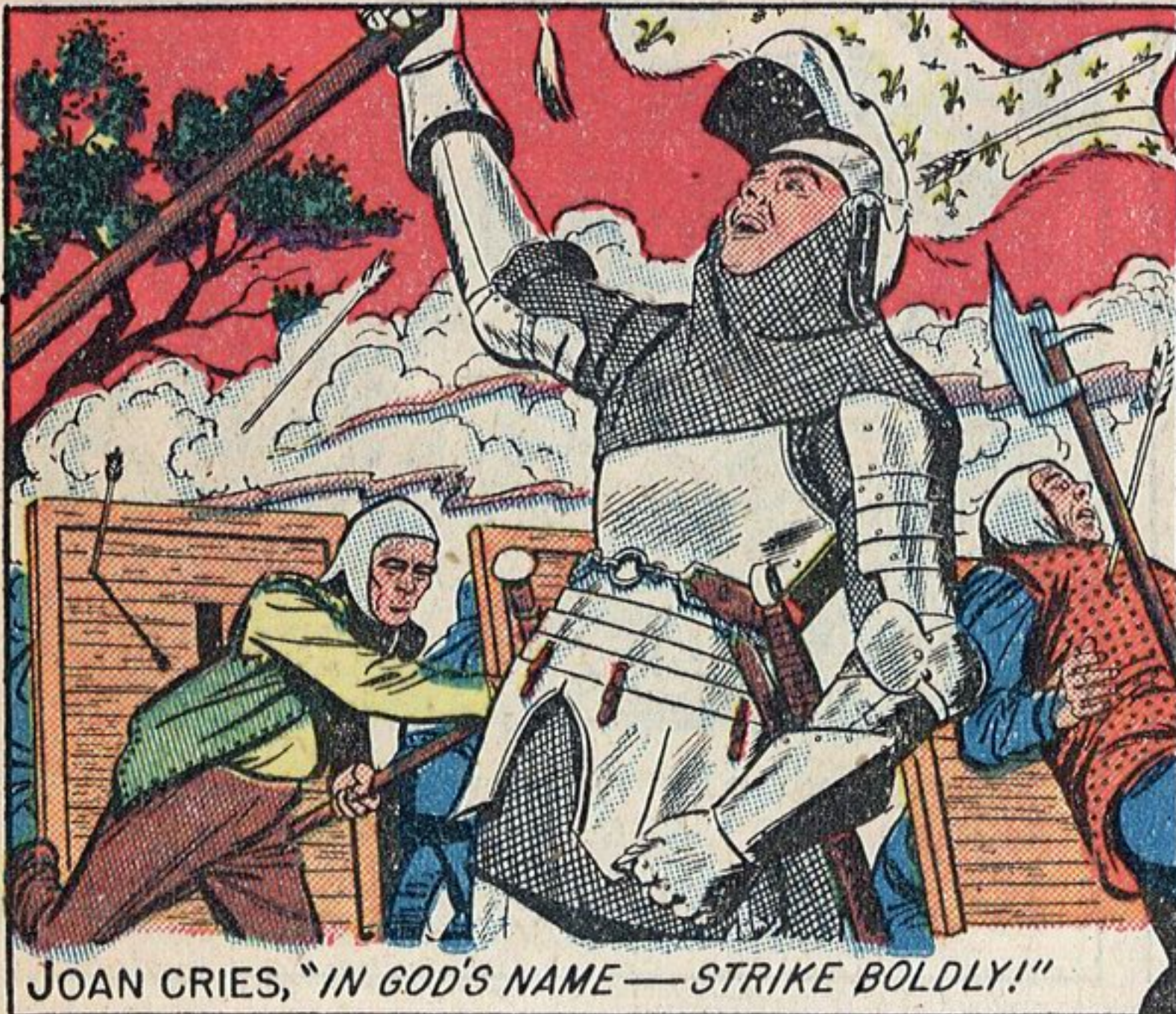
JOAN OF ARC



THE BATTLE JOINS! FRENCH CANNONFIRE ROARS AND RUMBLES. A SECTION OF THE BATTLEMENT GIVES WAY...



FLYING ARROWS FIND THEIR VICTIMS! A FLAMING SPEAR SOARS ACROSS THE SKY, THUDS INTO THE GUARDHOUSE ROOF!



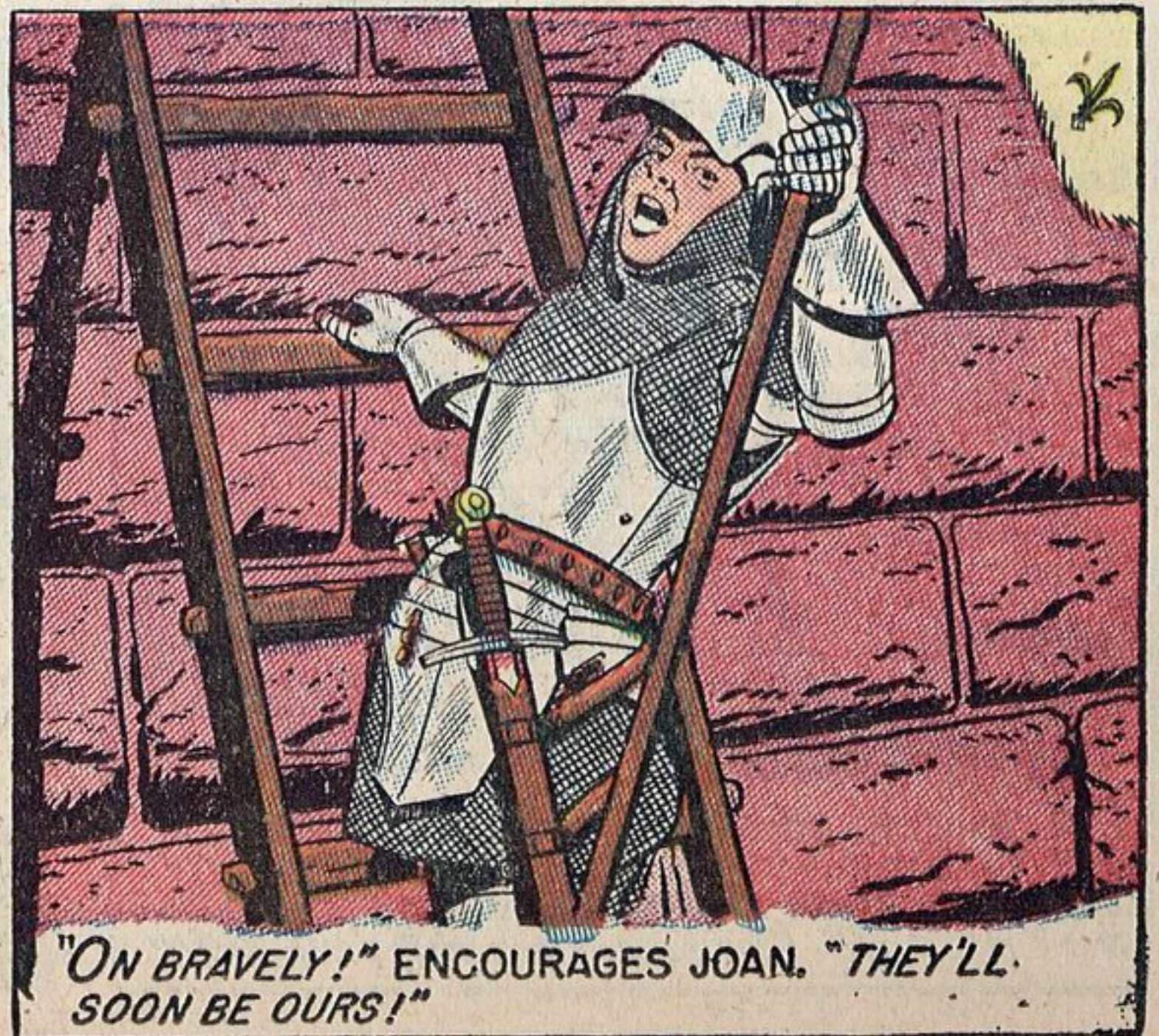
JOAN CRIES, "IN GOD'S NAME — STRIKE BOLDLY!"



LADDERS ARE BROUGHT FORWARD, SET AGAINST THE WALL! A HAIL OF ENGLISH ARROWS RAINS DOWN!

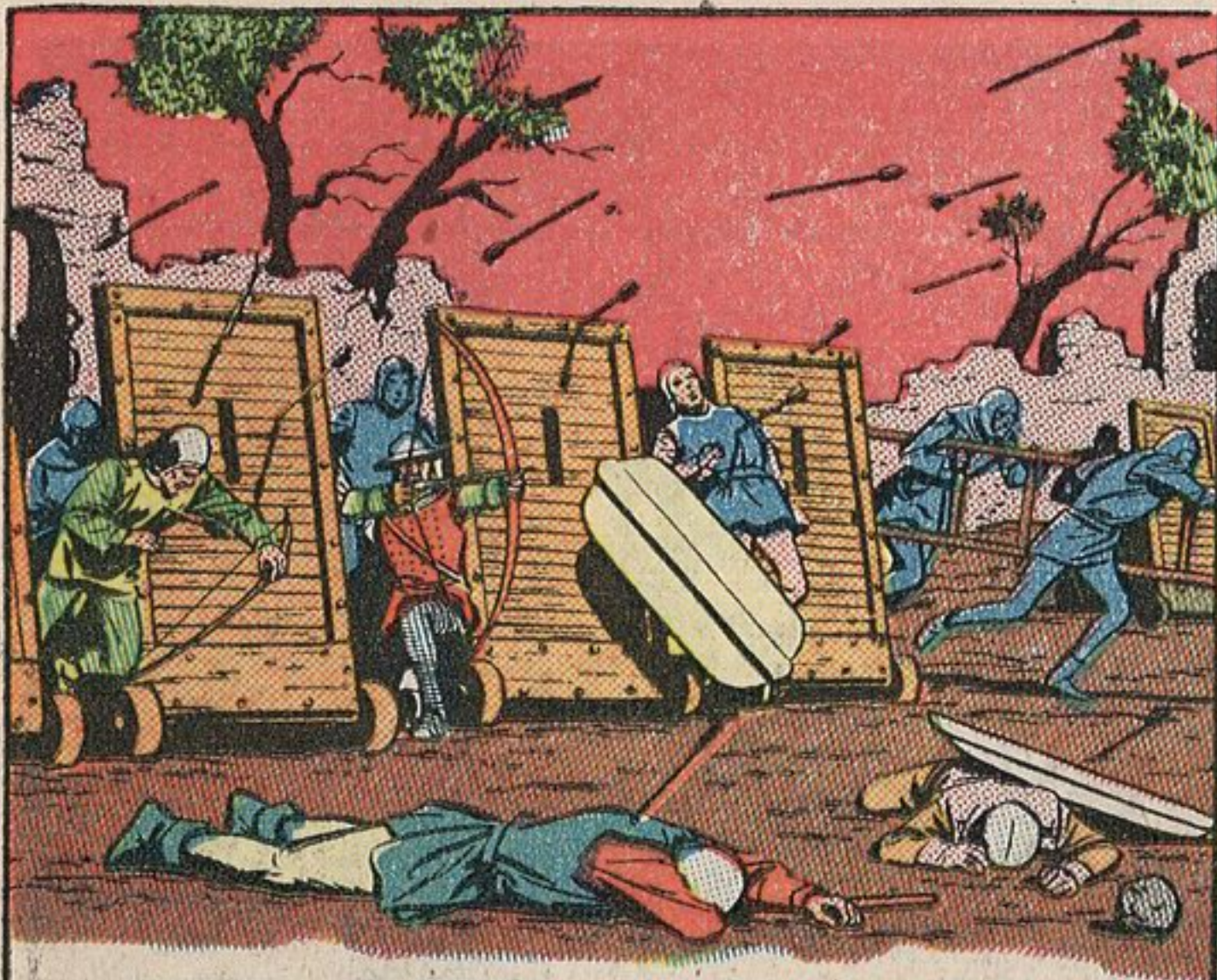


LIKE A BEACON, JOAN IN HER WHITE ARMOR CHEERS ON THE FRENCH. UNDAUNTED, SHE RUNS FOR THE LADDERS!

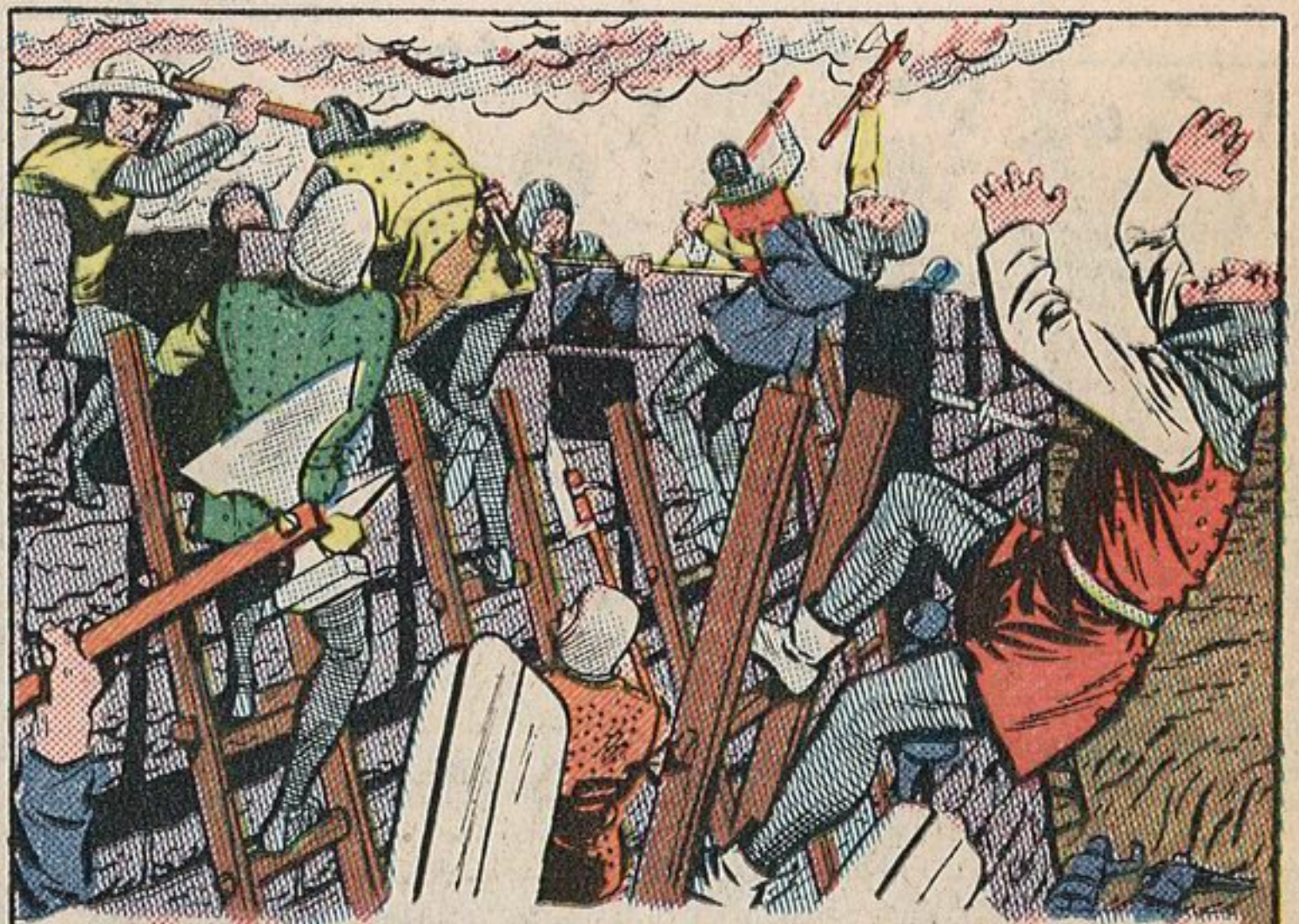


"ON BRAVELY!" ENCOURAGES JOAN. "THEY'LL SOON BE OURS!"

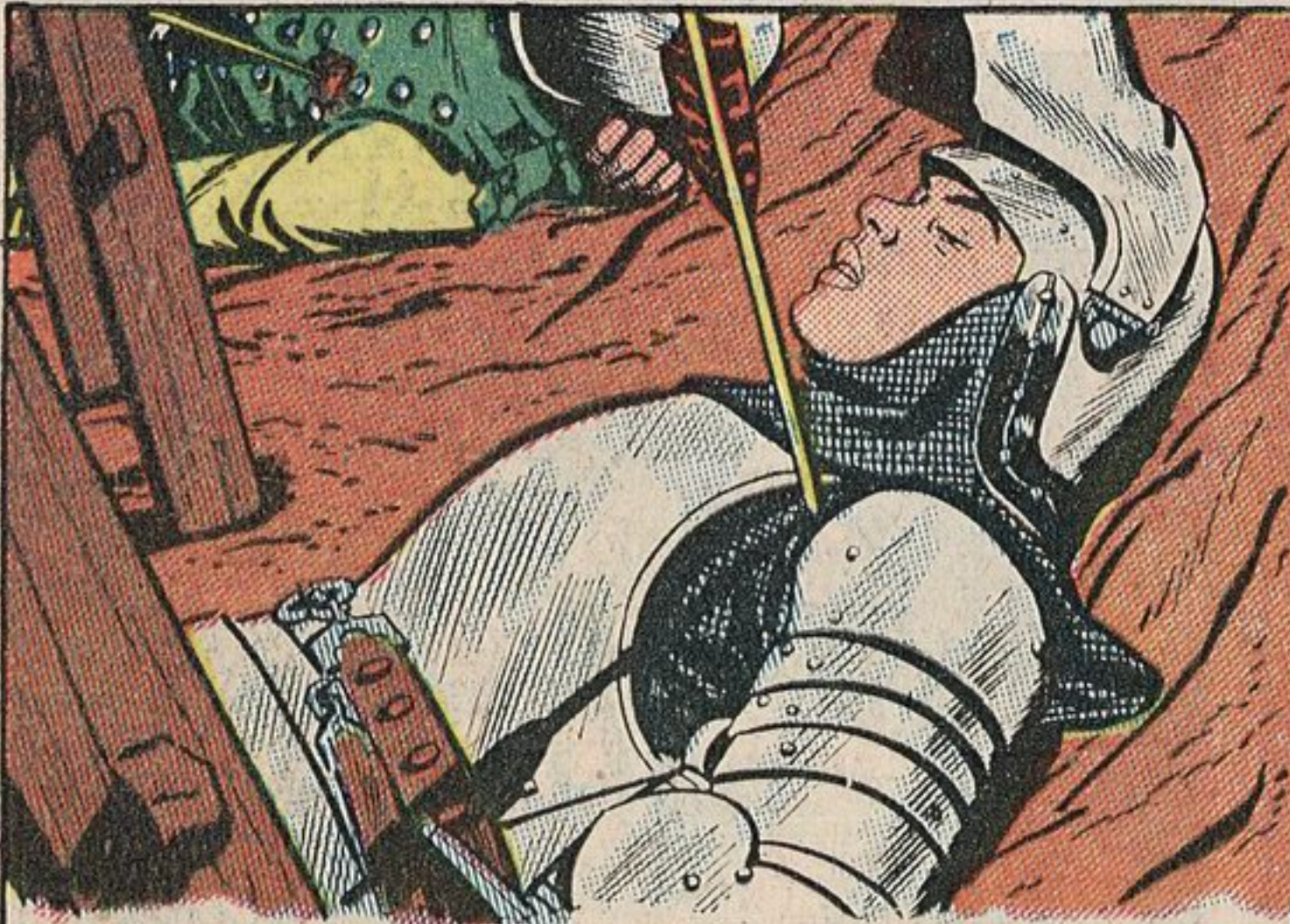
JOAN OF ARC



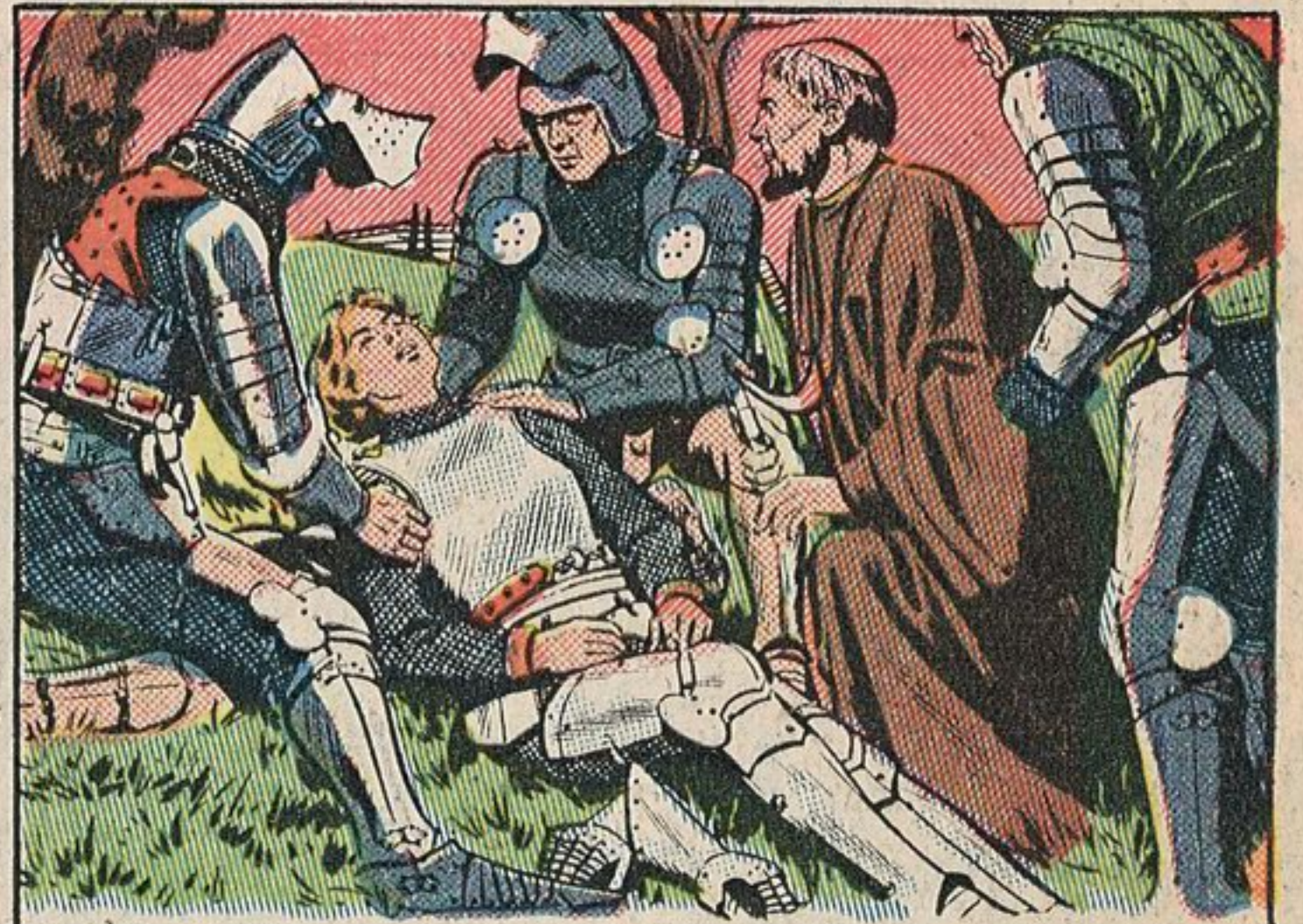
WAR ARROWS THUNK INTO THE WOODEN MANTELETS. FRENCH BOWS BEND, LET FLY THE STEEL-TIPPED BARBS!



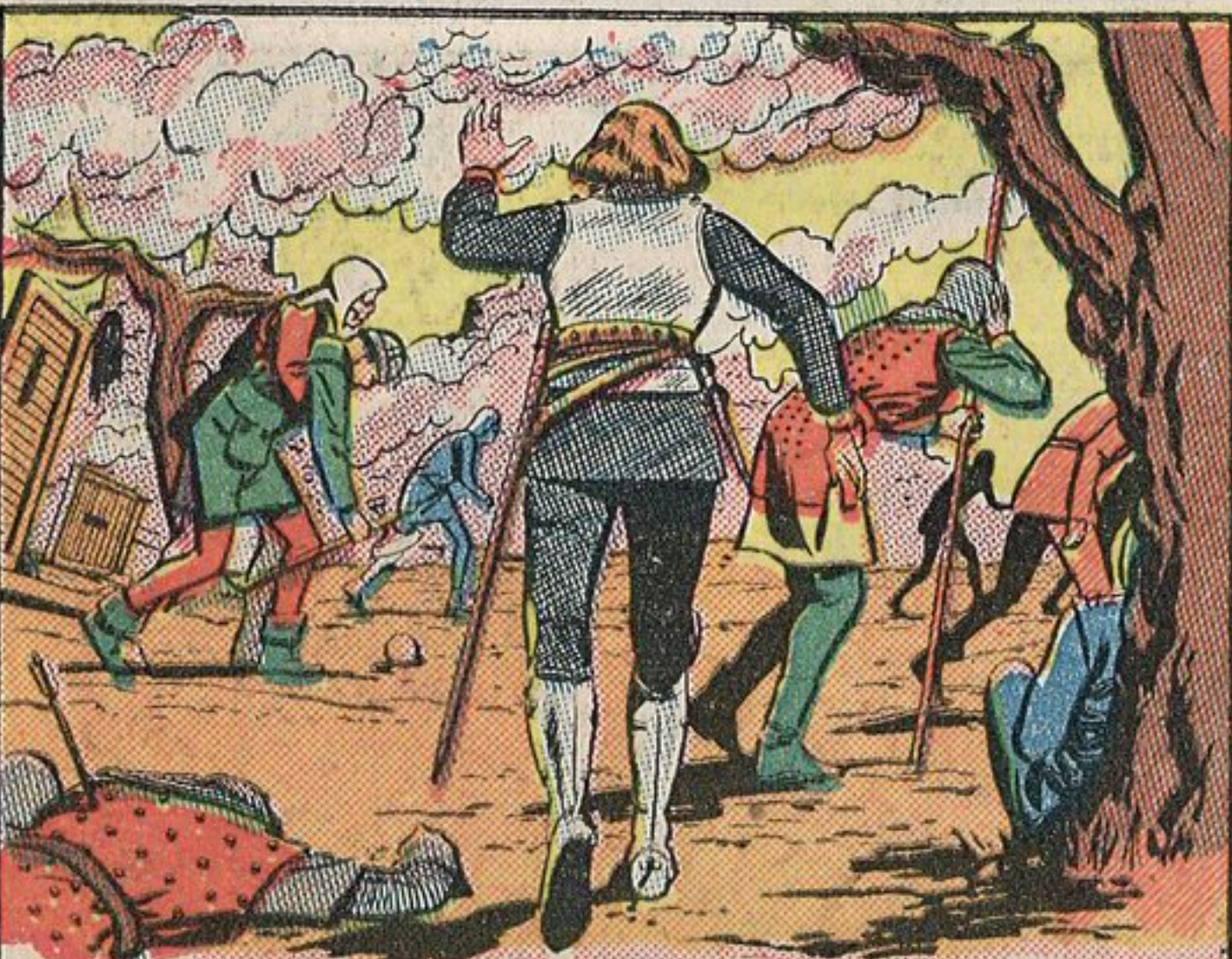
SOLDIERS AND ARCHERS FOLLOW JOAN TO THE LADDERS. WITH SWORD AND AXE THEY HACK THEIR WAY UP... ONLY TO MEET CUTTING STEEL AND SHARP SPEARHEAD!



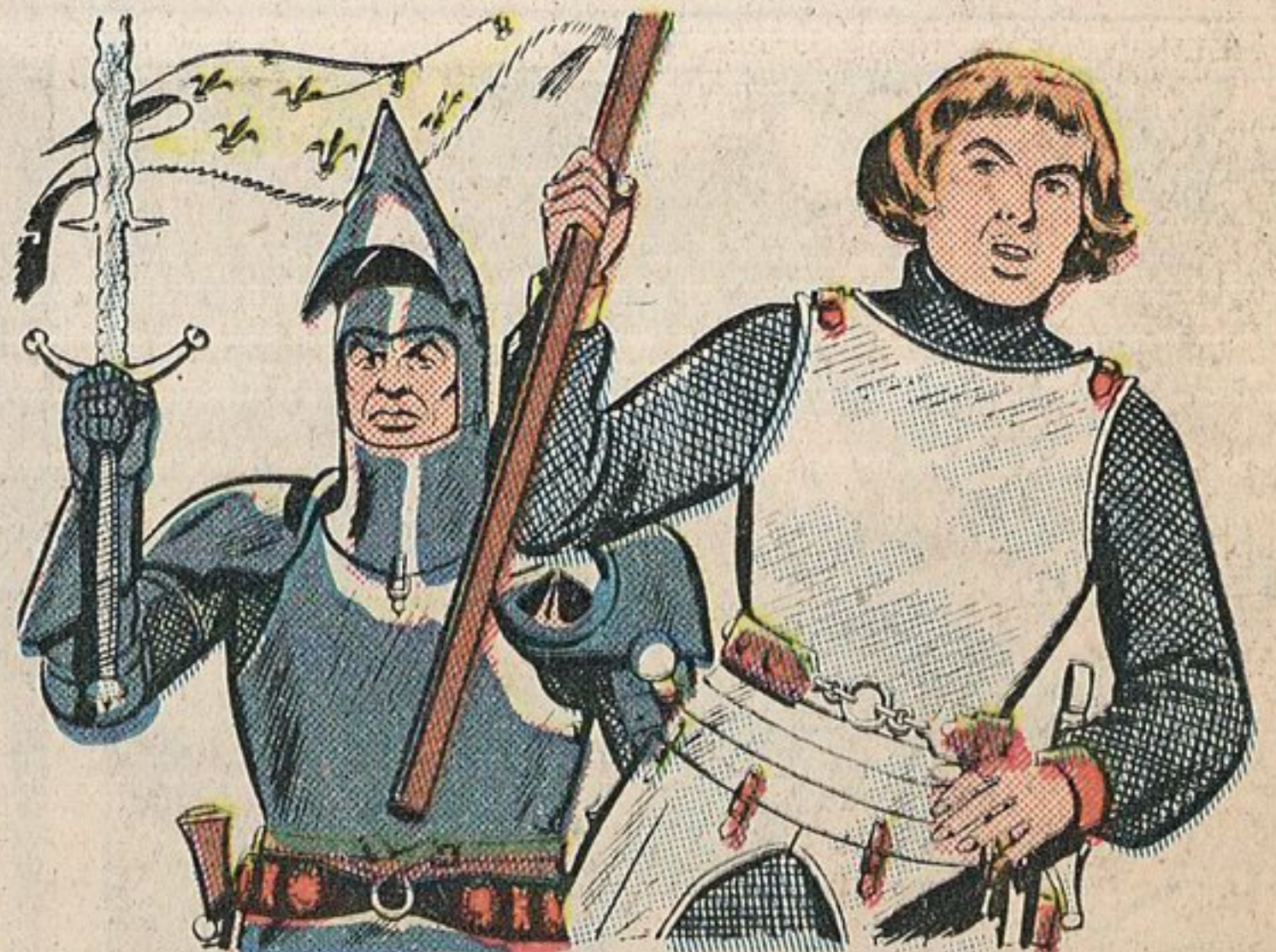
AND THEN, FROM ABOVE, A CROSSBOW-BOLT DIGS INTO JOAN'S MAILED SHOULDER. JOAN REELS! THE ENGLISH SHOUT, "THE WITCH IS DOWN!"



TENDERLY, JOAN IS LIFTED AND TAKEN BEHIND THE LINES. THE ARROW IS REMOVED AS JOAN WHISPERS, "BIND ME AND I'LL LIE HERE FOR A WHILE..."



THE BUGLE WAKENS JOAN. ALARMED, SHE SITS UP—SEES HER ARMY RETREATING! SHE RUNS FORWARD, CRYING, "NO, NO! MEN OF FRANCE! DO NOT GIVE UP!"



JOAN LIFTS HER BANNER HIGH, CRYING OUT, "WHEN MY BANNER TOUCHES THE WALL, WE SHALL HAVE VICTORY!" AND LA HIRE ECHOES, "FORWARD!"

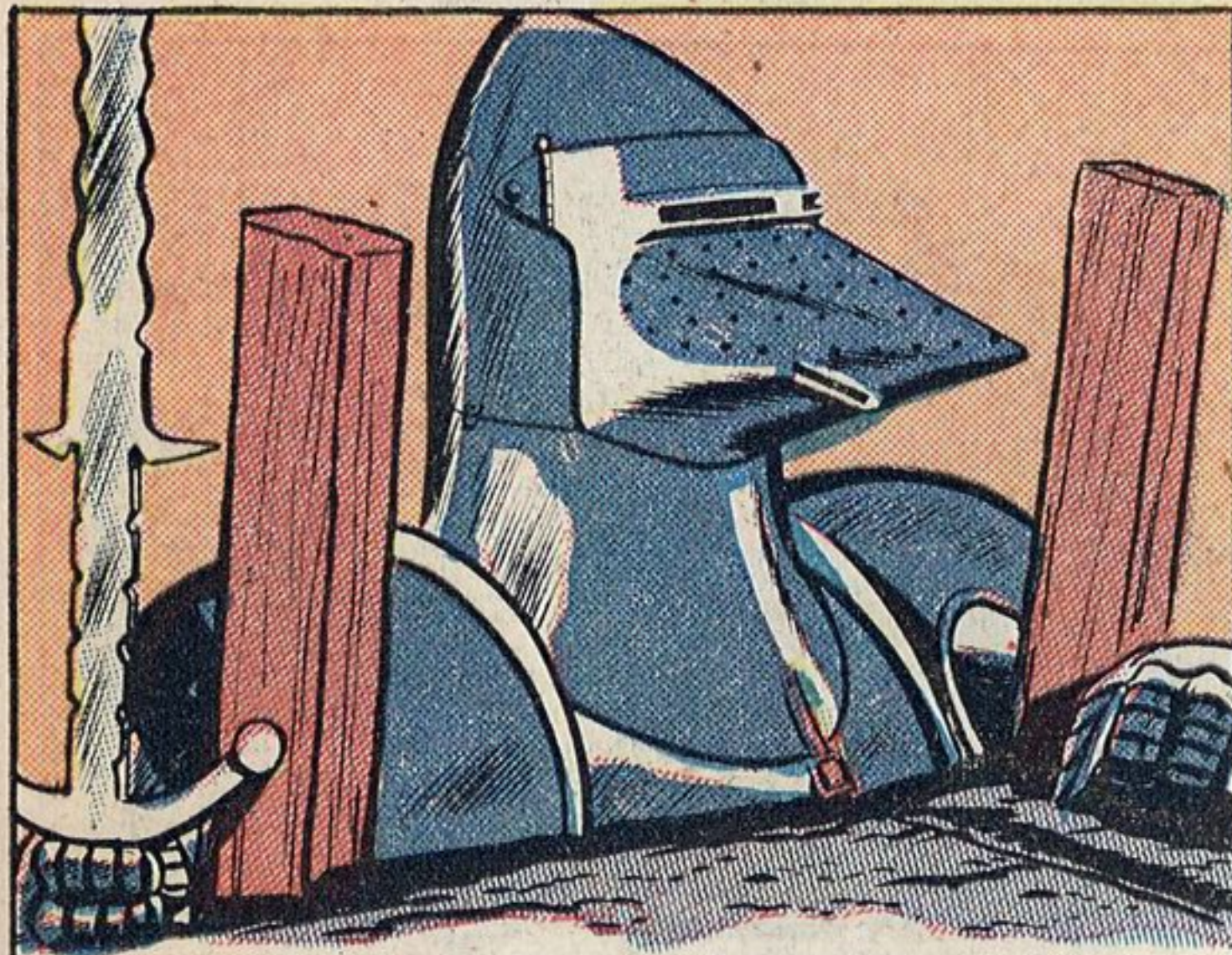
JOAN OF ARC



THE FRENCH HOST HALTS IN ITS FLIGHT. IT TURNS. WITH CHEERS AND RENEWED COURAGE IT SURGES FORWARD BEHIND JOAN'S BANNER!



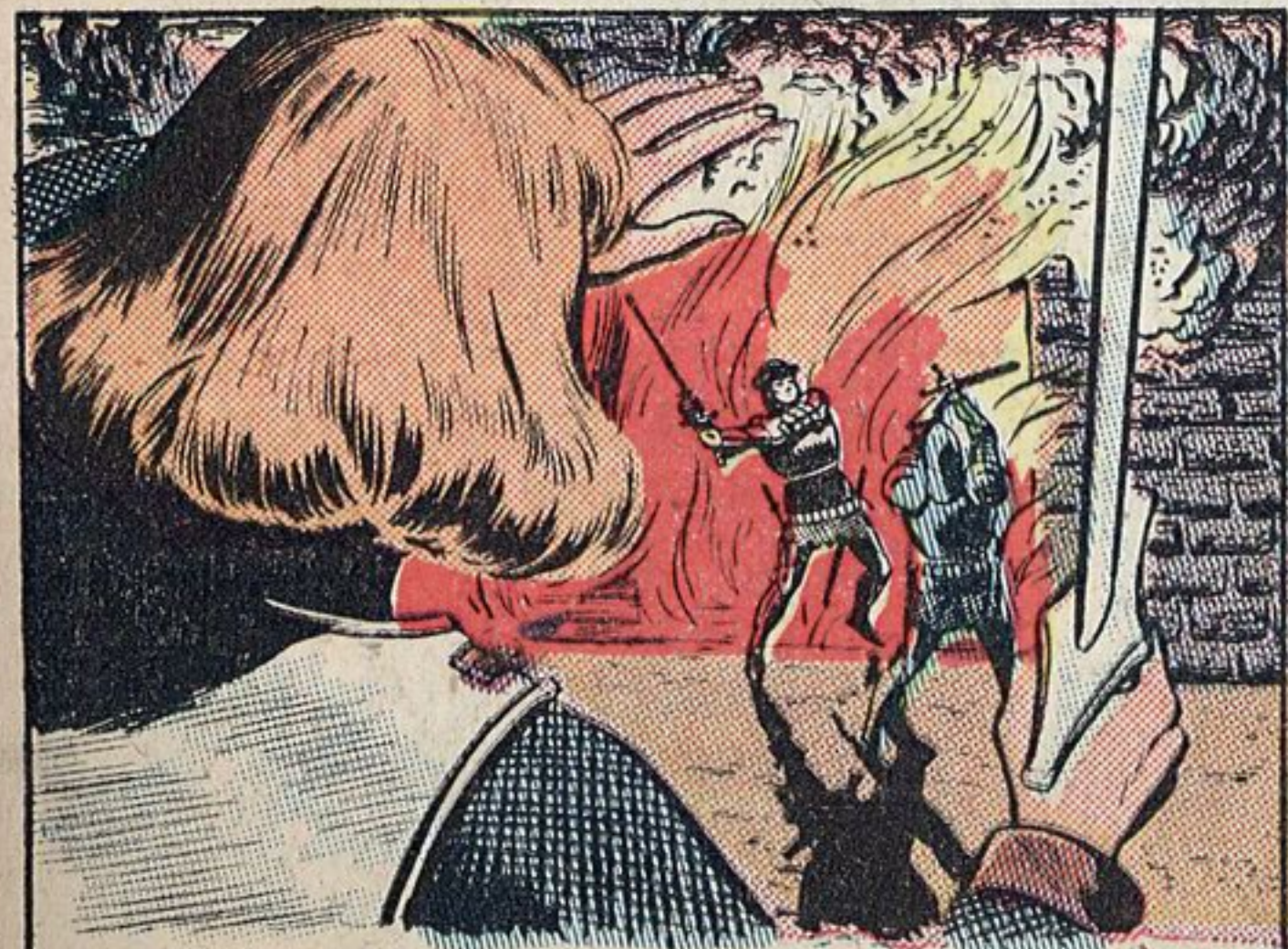
WITH STABBING SWORD AND CLEAVING AXE, THE MAID'S ARMY MOUNTS THE PARAPET!



THEN COMES LA HIRE, GIGANTIC IN HIS BATTLE ARMOR! HE LOOKS FOR THE ENGLISH COMMANDER; SHOUTS, "GLASDALE!"



THE TWO LEADERS MEET IN MORTAL COMBAT, THEIR GREAT TWO-HANDED SWORDS FLASHING IN THE LIGHT OF THE FLAMING DONJON!

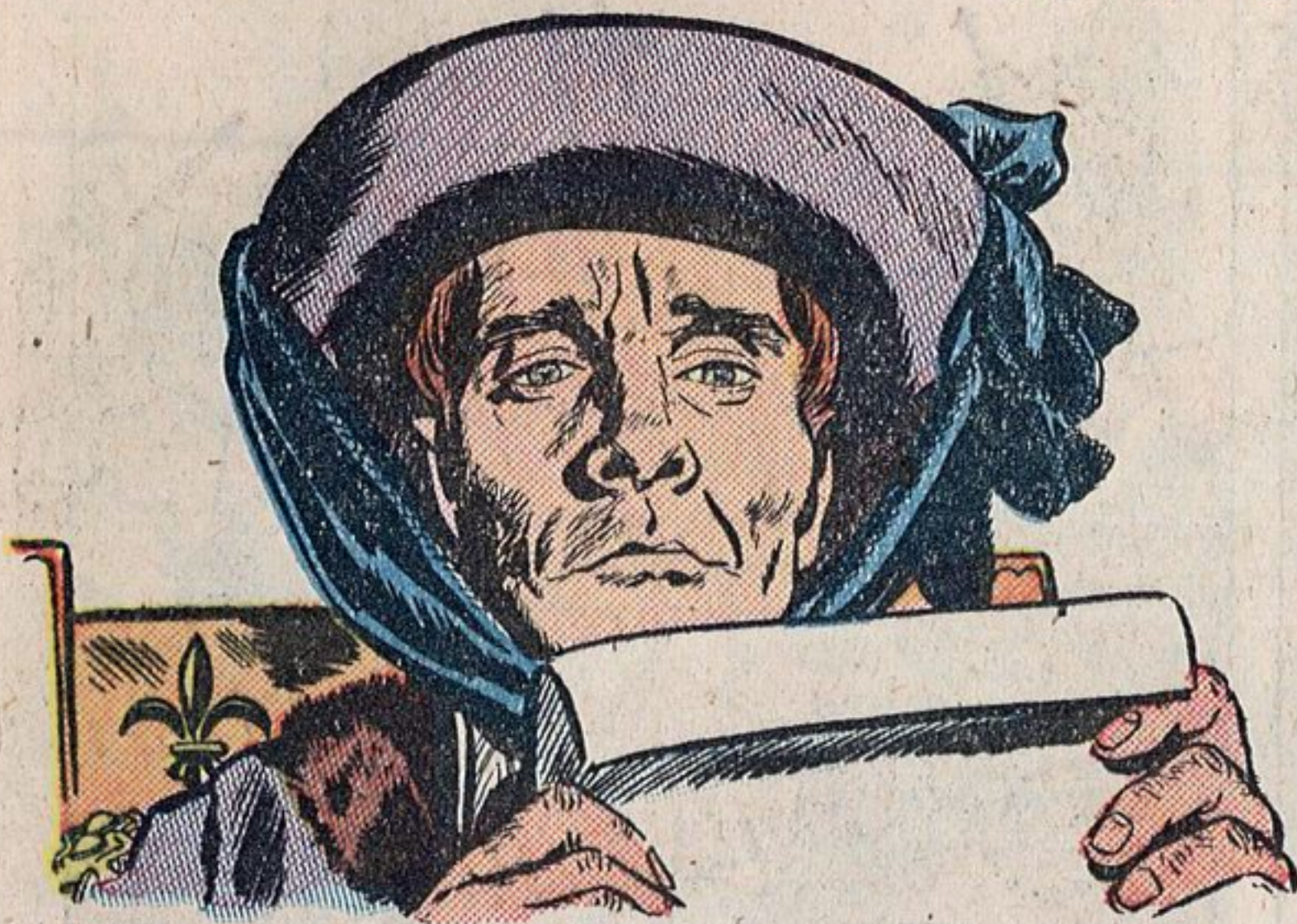


WITH HORRIFIED EYES, JOAN WATCHES THE GREAT FRENCH CAPTAIN DRIVE GLASDALE BACK AND BACK. FLAMES TOUCH HIS ARMOR. JOAN SOBS, "YIELD, GLASDALE! SAVE YOUR LIFE!"



GLASDALE, REFUSING TO YIELD, STEPS BACK. THE BURNING TIMBERS BREAK UNDER HIS WEIGHT. HE FALLS INTO THE BLAZING INFERNO. AND JOAN WHISPERS, "DEATH BY FIRE IS A HORRIBLE THING!"

JOAN OF ARC



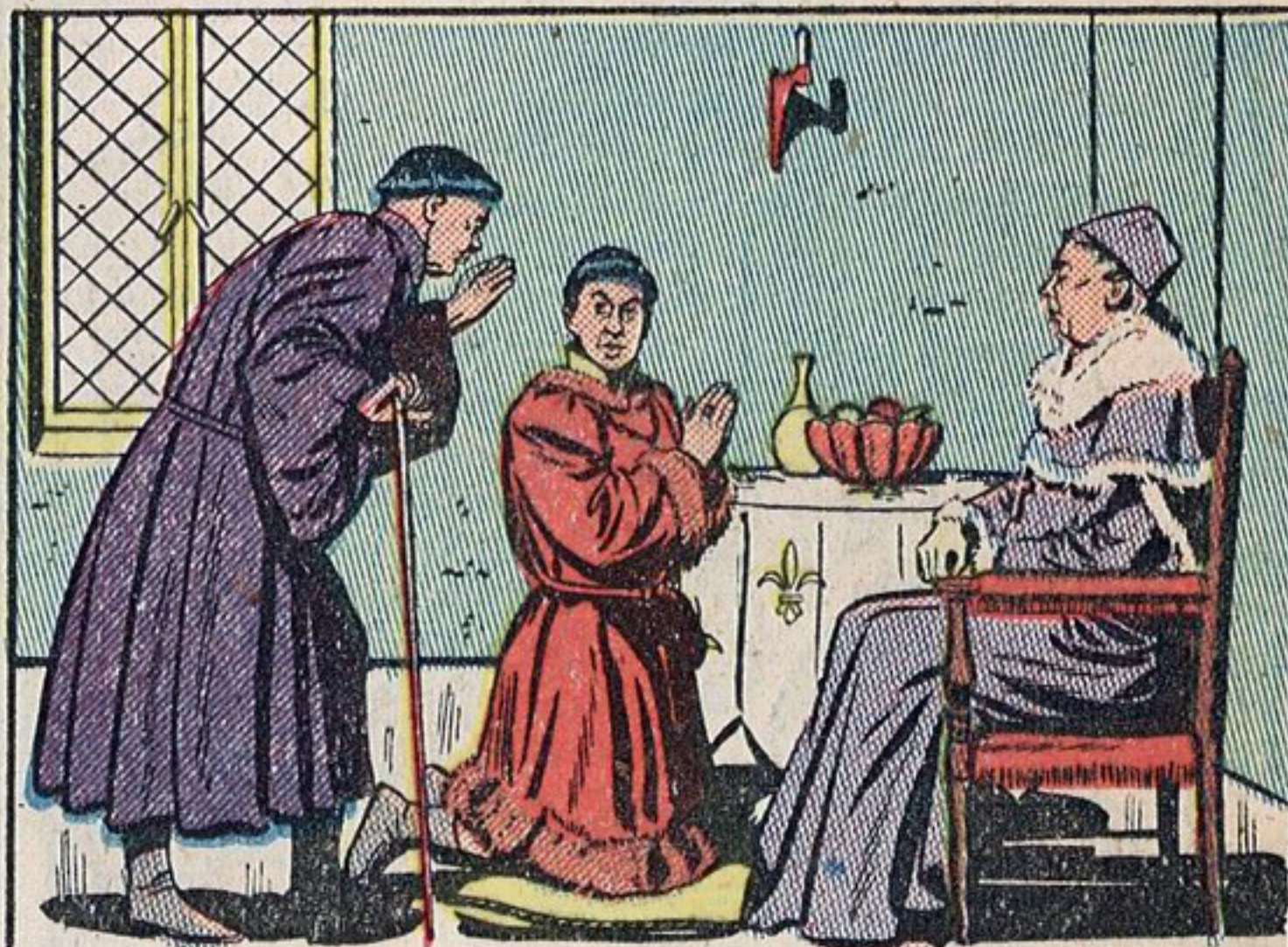
SOME DAYS AFTER HER STUNNING VICTORY AT ORLEANS, JOAN SENDS A LETTER OF INVITATION TO THE DUKE OF BURGUNDY, INVITING HIM TO ATTEND CHARLES' CORONATION...



THE DUKE OF BEDFORD MURMURS, "THE MAID IS ABOUT TO MAKE HER FIRST ERROR. CHARLES IS A FOOL! HE SOLD OUT TO US ONCE. HE MAY SELL OUT AGAIN!"



CAUCHON, BISHOP OF BEAUVAIS, MUTTERS, "TREMOUILLE IS WITH HIM. TREMOUILLE WOULD SELL ANYTHING!" BEDFORD NODS, AND ORDERS, "OFFER A HUNDRED THOUSAND GOLD CROWNS!"



AND SO, TO THE DAUPHIN IN THE ROBING ROOM, PRACTICING FOR HIS IMPENDING CORONATION, COMES TREMOUILLE TO WHISPER, "A MESSENGER IS SEEKING A TRUCE!"

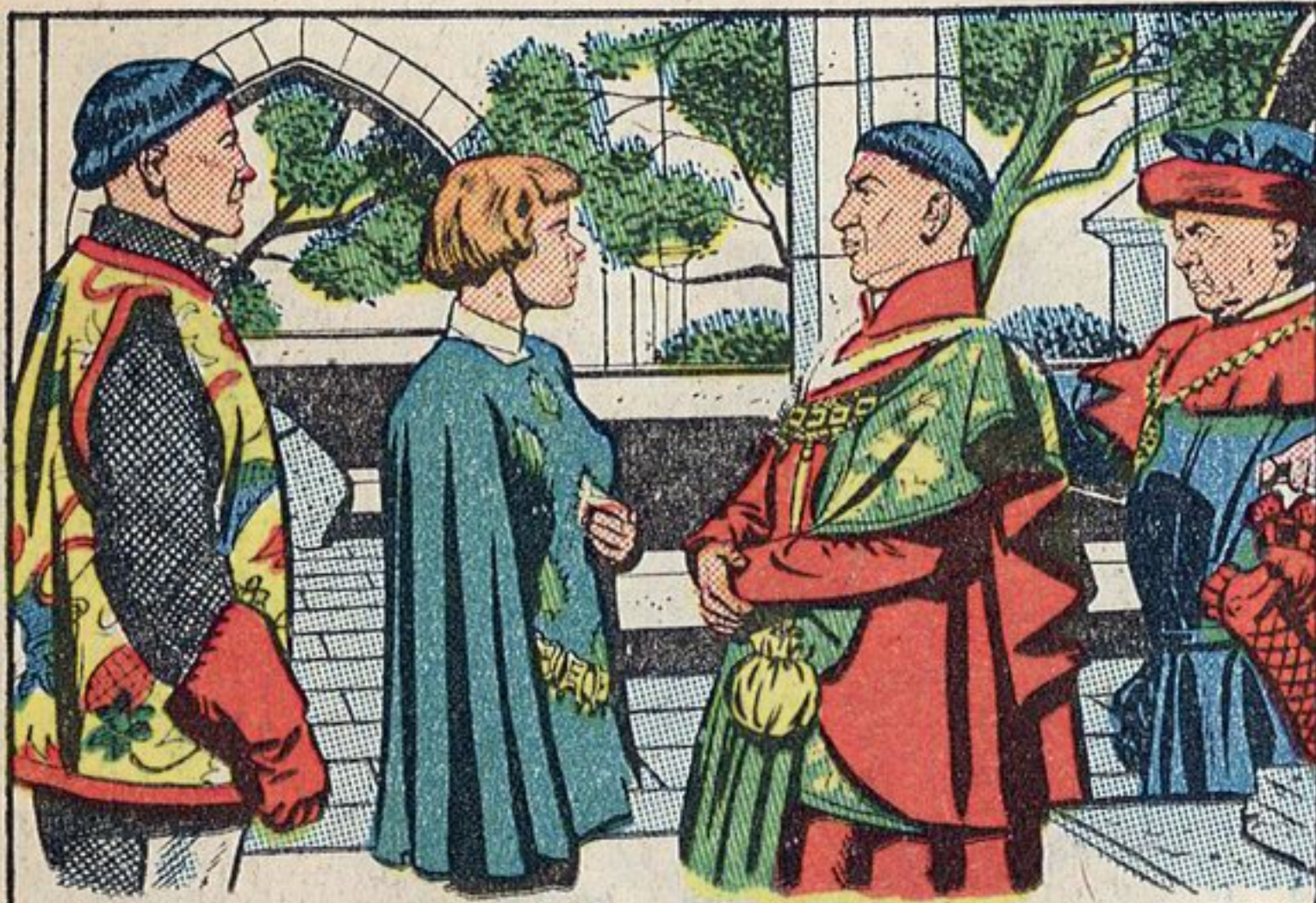


"HOW MUCH WILL THEY PAY?" ASKS CHARLES. "I WANT A HUNDRED THOUSAND IN MY HANDS! EVEN THEN—I'M NOT SURE I'LL TAKE IT."



WITH A FANFARE OF TRUMPETS, THE DAUPHIN IS CROWNED KING CHARLES VII, BUT THE PEOPLE CRY, "JOAN! JOAN THE MAID!" JEALOUS, CHARLES SIGNS AGREEMENT TO TREMOUILLE...

JOAN OF ARC



NEXT DAY JOAN AND THE DUKE D'ALENCON VISIT CHARLES. THEY FIND HIM PLAYING CROQUET. HE SCOWLS PETULANTLY AS JOAN CRIES, "RIDE WITH US AND PARIS SHALL BE OURS!"



JOAN STARES, NUMB WITH AMAZEMENT, AS CHARLES SHAKES HIS HEAD. "I'M SORRY, JOAN. I HAVE DECIDED UPON A TRUCE. I HAVE DECIDED!"



D'ALENCON WHISPERS, "HE HAS BETRAYED US, JOAN!" SICK AT HEART, JOAN PLEADS WITH CHARLES, CRYING OUT FROM HER SICKENED SOUL, "WE CANNOT HAVE PEACE UNTIL OUR LAND IS FREE!"



BUT CHARLES EXCLAIMS, "I ORDER THE DISMISSAL OF THE ARMY! FROM NOW ON, ALL COMMANDS COME FROM ME!" JOAN, HEARTSICK, HEARS HERSELF HONORED AND TOLD TO REMAIN AT COURT.



IN THE FIELD, WHERE JOAN HAS COME TO BID FAREWELL TO HER CAPTAINS, HER HANDS QUIVER WITH EMOTION AS SHE TAKES DOWN HER BANNER...

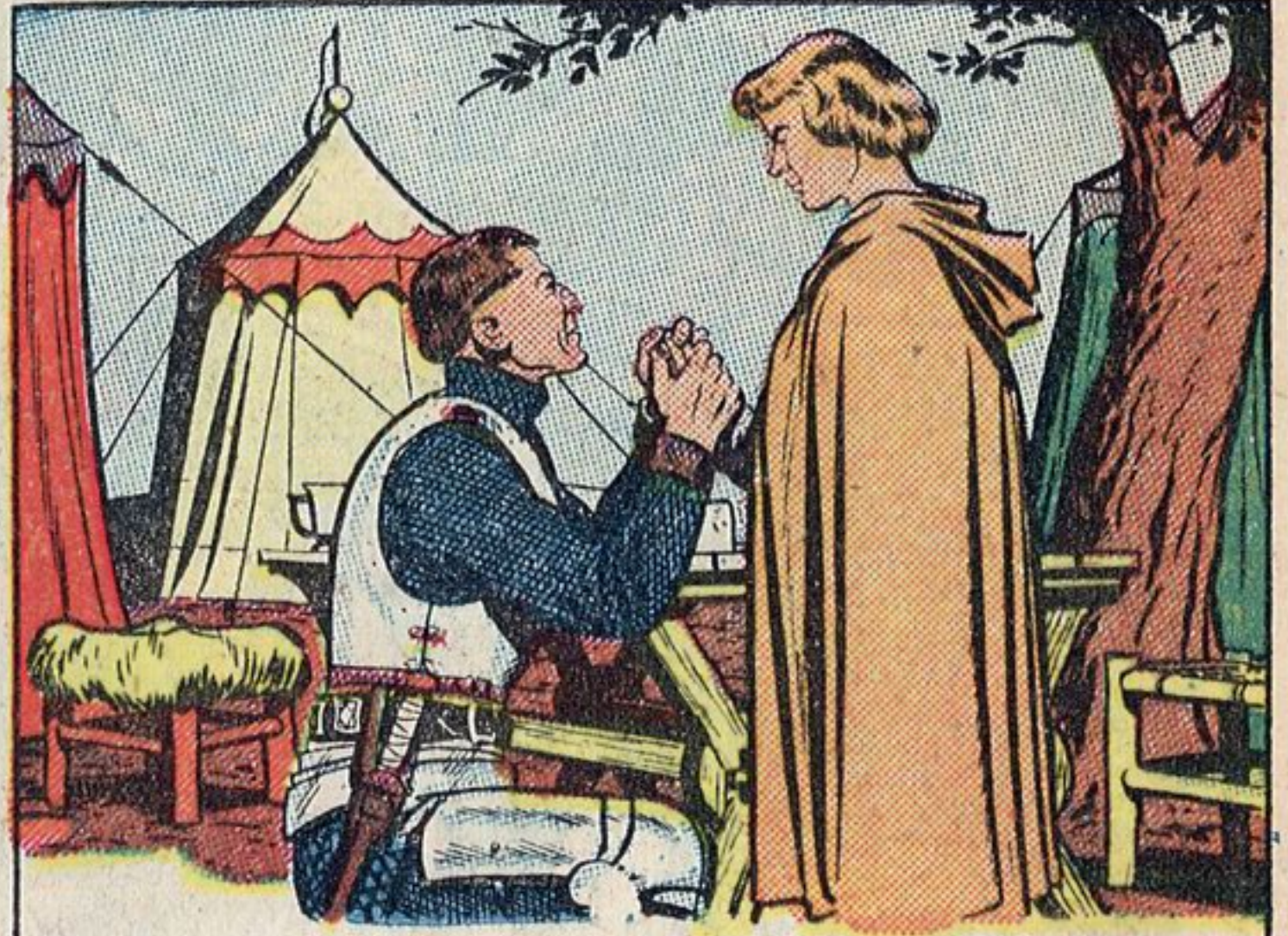


GRUFF LA HIRE BEGS JOAN "COME TO NORMANDY WITH ME, JOAN! WE CAN GO ON FIGHTING THERE!" BUT JOAN ANSWERS, "MY KING HAS ORDERED ME TO STAY WITH HIM."

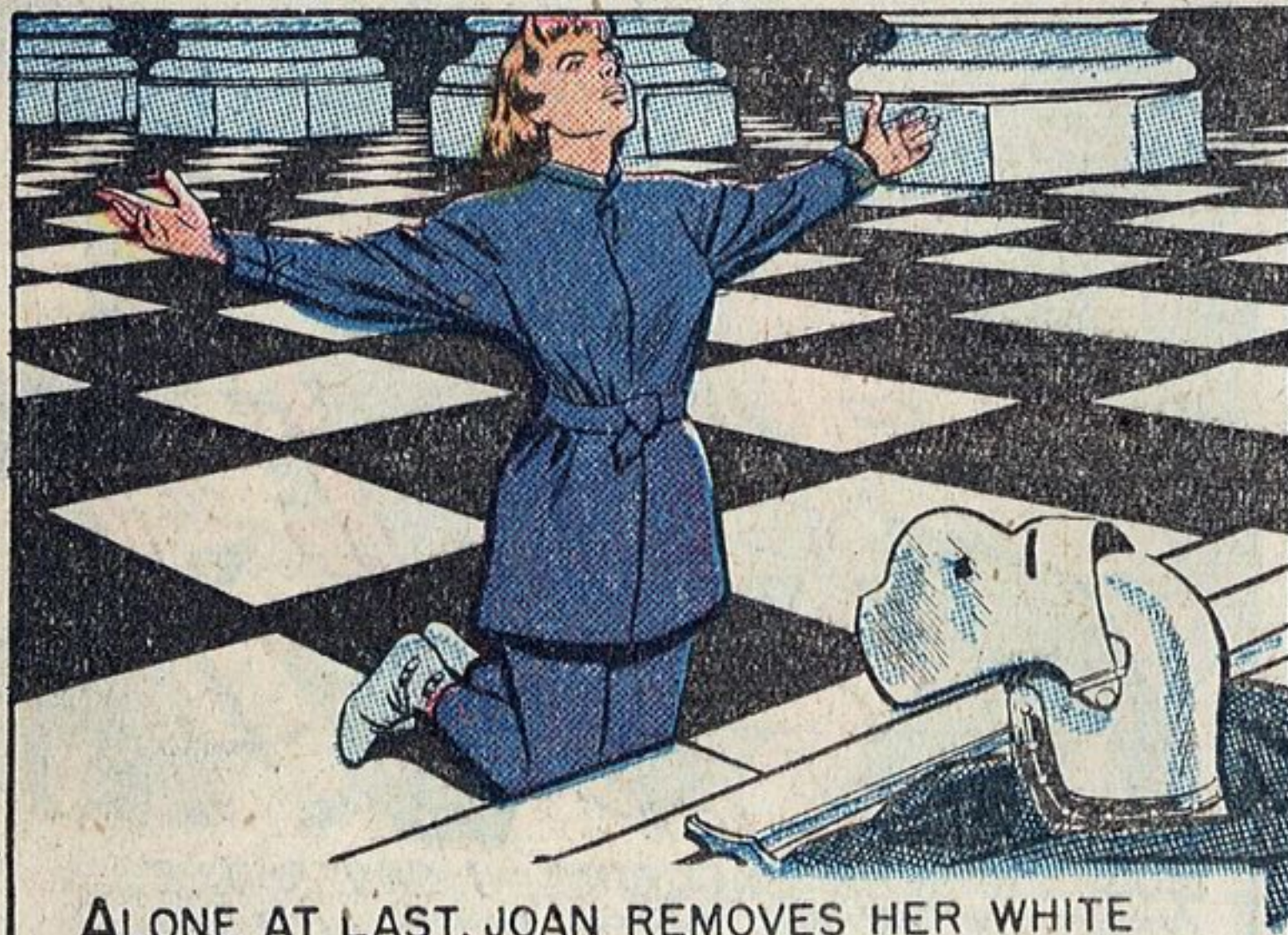
JOAN OF ARC



JOAN WHISPERS, "DID YOU SAY YOUR PRAYERS THIS MORNING?" AND LA HIRE, TO MAKE A LITTLE JOKE, SHAKES HIS HEAD. "THAT'S WHAT I FORGOT."



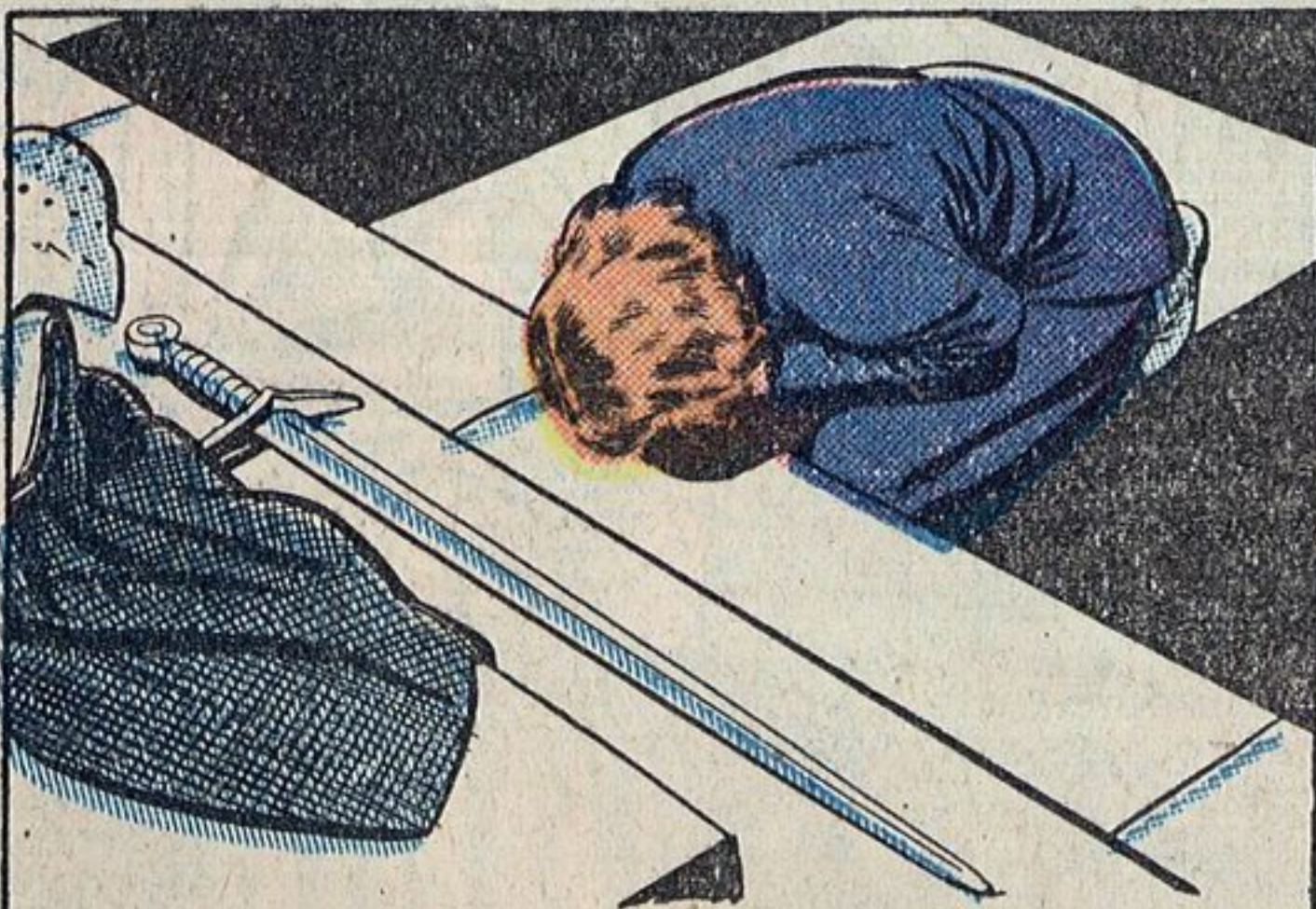
AND D'ALENCON KNEELS. HE CRIES, "TO ME YOU ARE FRANCE! YOU SET A CUP OF VICTORY TO HER LIPS. IT'S MADE A NEW NATION OF US..."



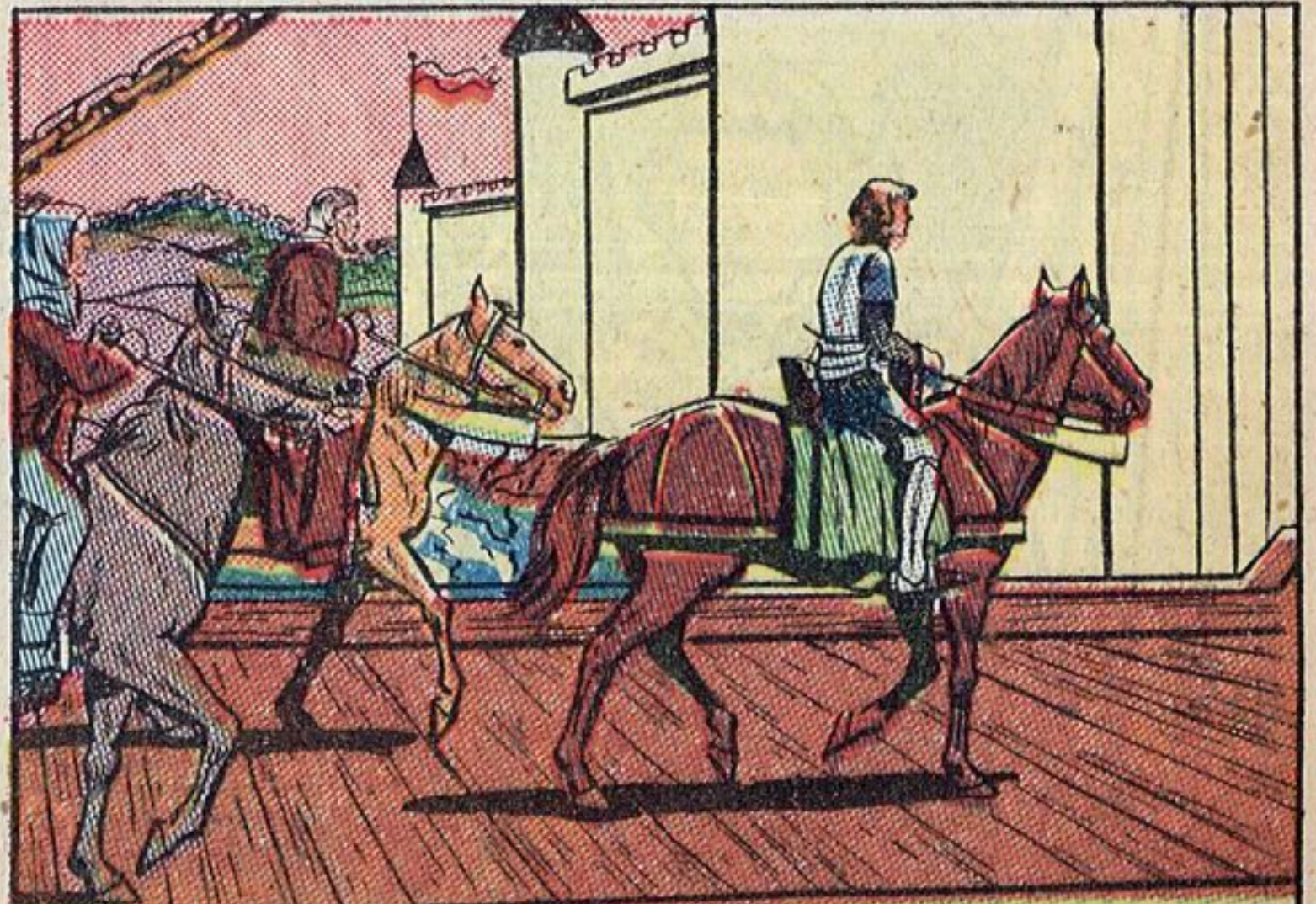
ALONE AT LAST, JOAN REMOVES HER WHITE ARMOR IN THE CHAPEL. SHE KNEELS AND PRAYS. "KING OF HEAVEN, I SHALL WEAR THIS ARMOR NO MORE"



"WE ARE AT PEACE, BUT NOT SUCH A PEACE AS I HAVE DREAMED. I WOULD RATHER FACE THE RANK OF ENGLISH SPEARS. IF ONLY MY VOICES WOULD SPEAK AGAIN..."

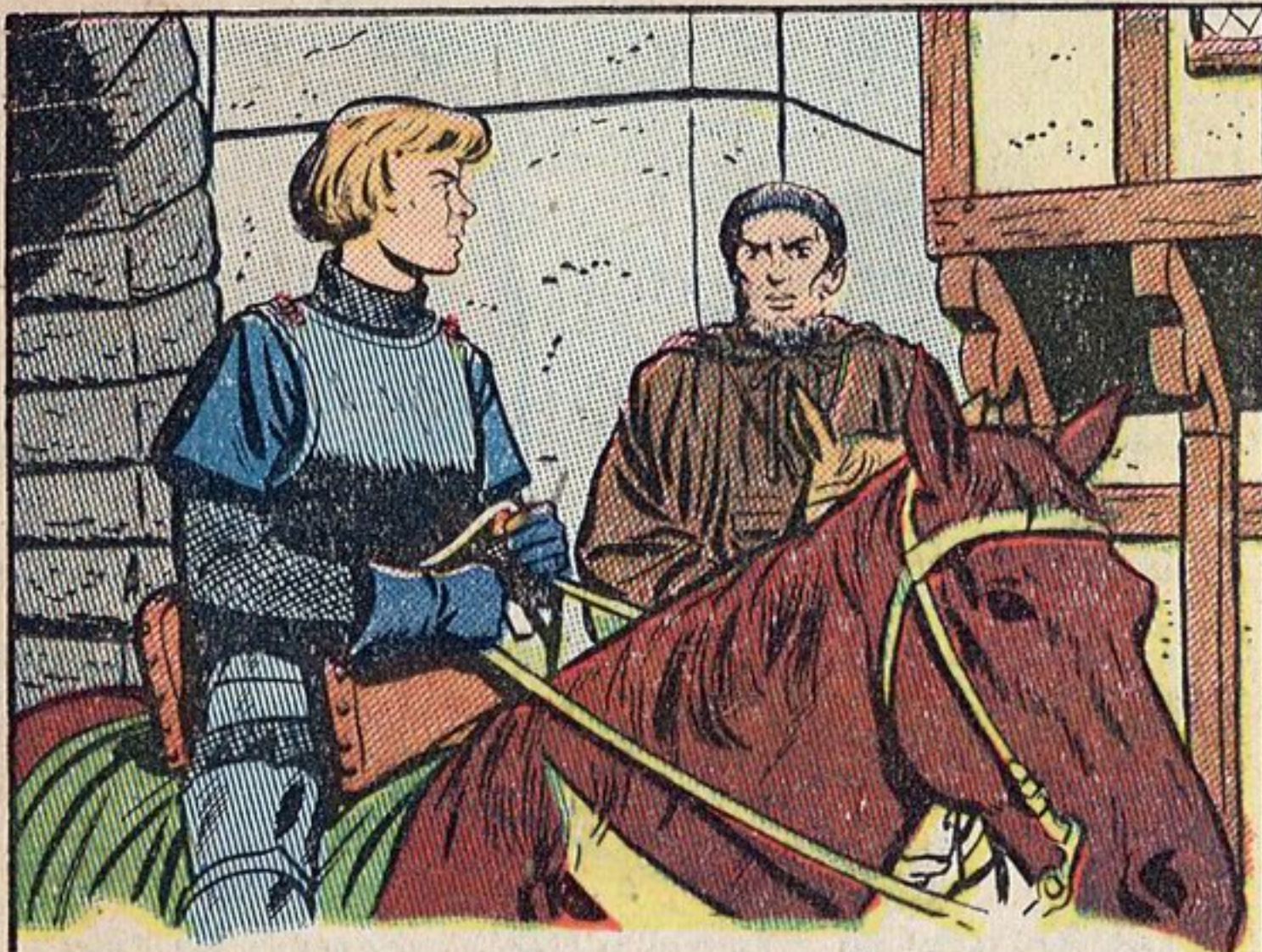


BUT NO VOICES ANSWER JOAN. IN DESPAIR SHE CRIES, "THERE IS STILL NO ANSWER. THEN I MUST GO AND FIGHT THE ENEMY. I HAVE COURAGE TO DIE... BUT NOT THUS, IN SMALL, SICK WAYS..."



DAYS LATER, AT COMPEIGNE, JOAN RIDES ACROSS THE DRAWBRIDGE, IN PLAIN ARMOR, AND AT THE HEAD OF A FEW TROOPS....

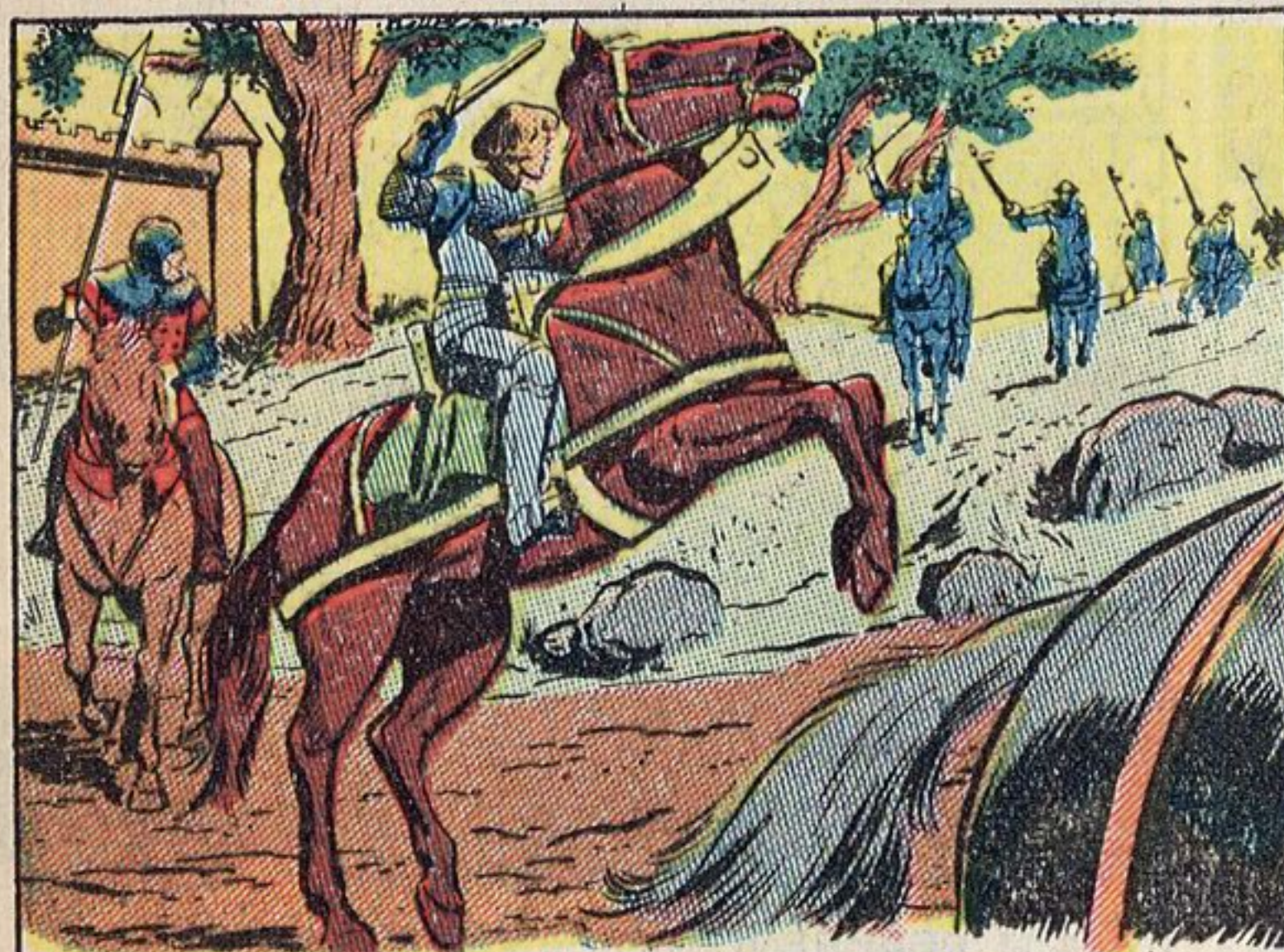
JOAN OF ARC



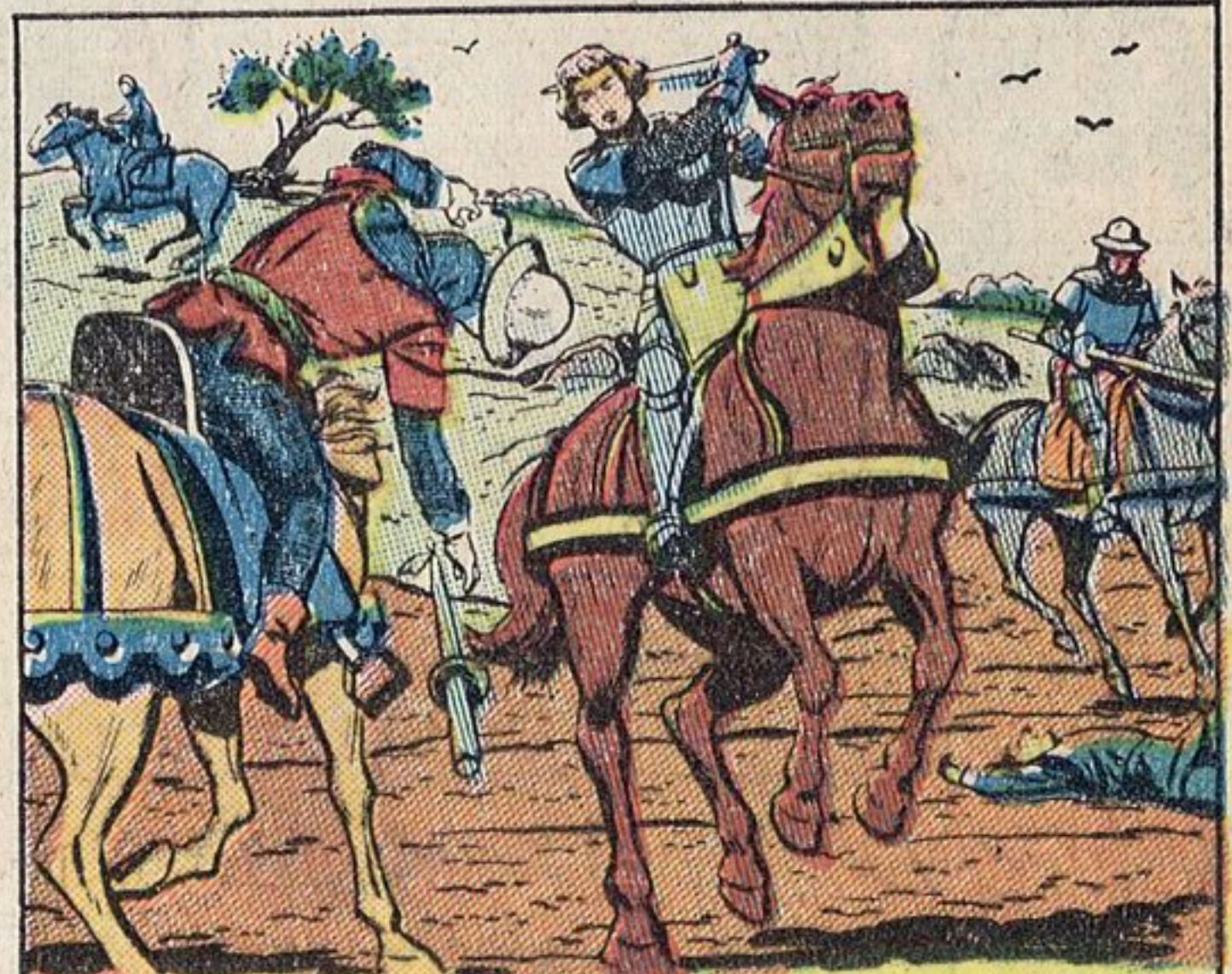
FATHER PASQUEREL CRIES OUT, "JOAN, THESE SALLIES ARE DANGEROUS. WE MAY LOSE YOU!" AND JOAN ANSWERS, "I KNOW I AM TO BE CAPTURED..."



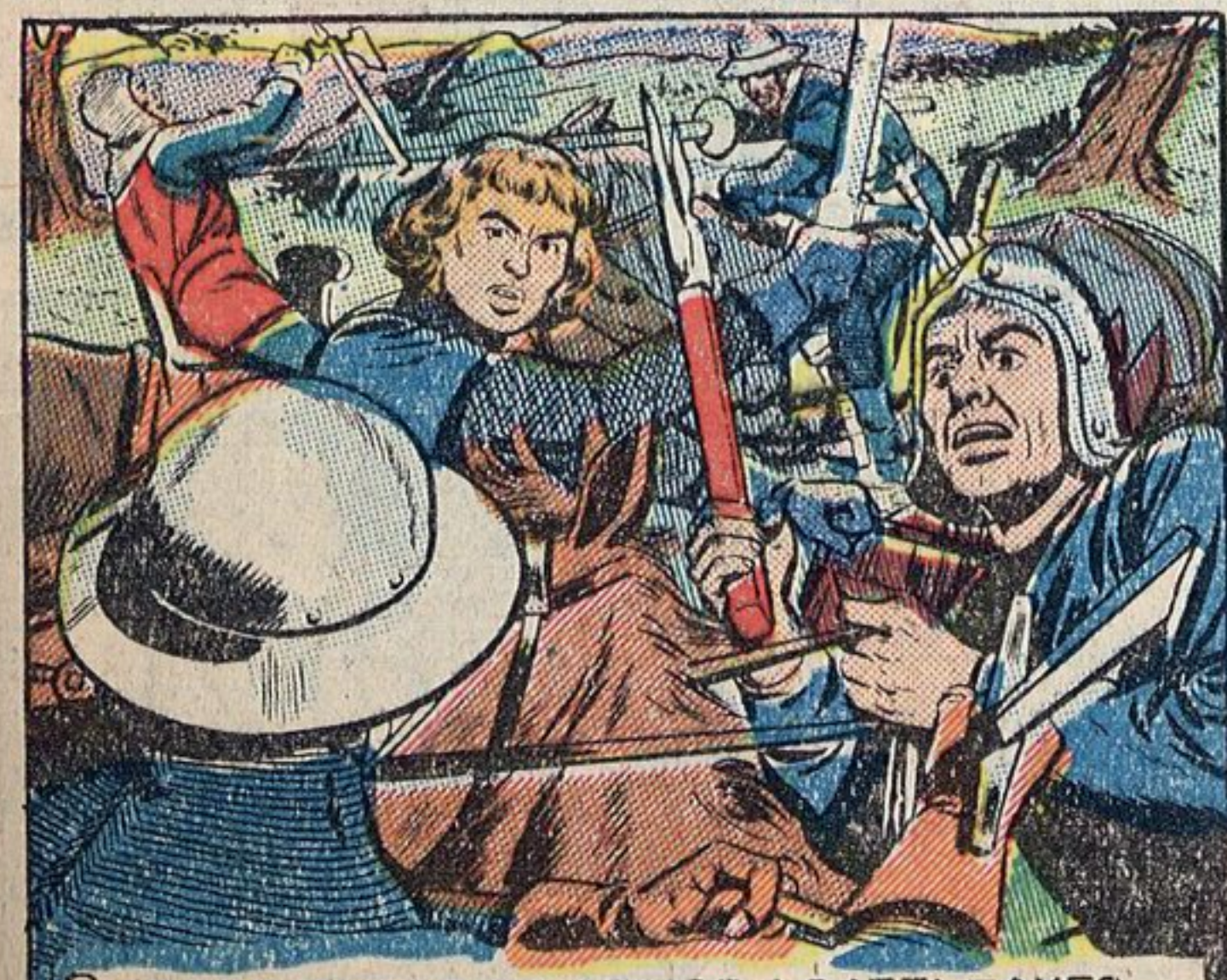
"... I WAS LISTENING TO THE CHURCHBELLS OF MELUN AND I HEARD MY VOICES AND THEY TOLD ME THIS."



A FEW DAYS LATER, IN A SALLY OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF COMPEIGNE, A DETAIL OF BURGUNDIAN CAVALRY SURPRISES JOAN...



JOAN'S MEN-AT-ARMS ARE BRUSHED ASIDE, EVEN THOUGH THE MAID FIGHTS FURIOUSLY, COURAGEOUSLY...



SWORDS CLANG ON ARMOR! BATTLEAXES REDDEN! VOICES SHOUT WITH FURY, OR SOB IN AGONY. AND EVER THE MAID CRIES OUT BRAVELY...

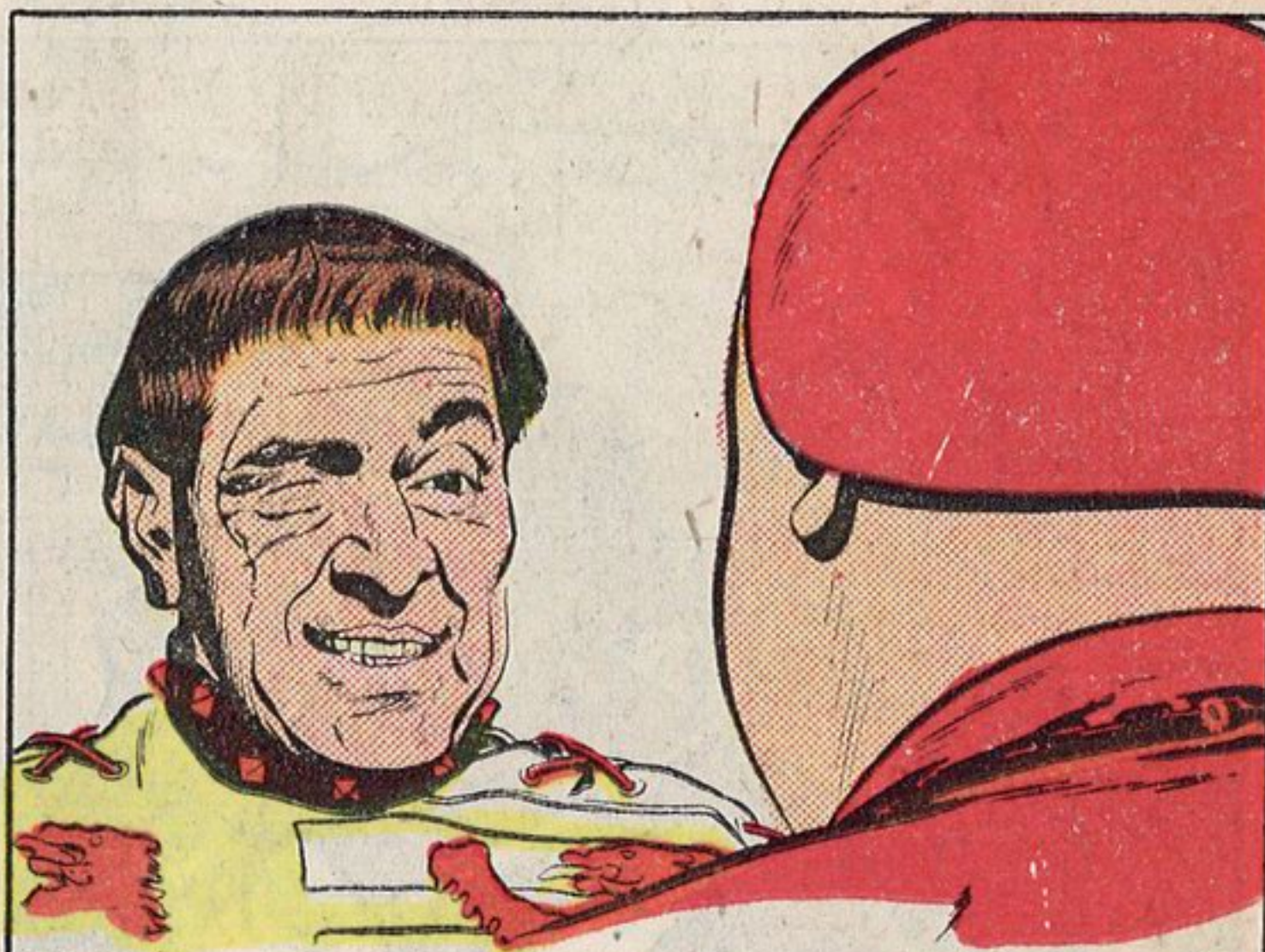


A BURGUNDIAN ARCHER PULLS JOAN DOWN, SHOUTING, "SHE'S DOWN! I'VE CAPTURED HER!"

JOAN OF ARC



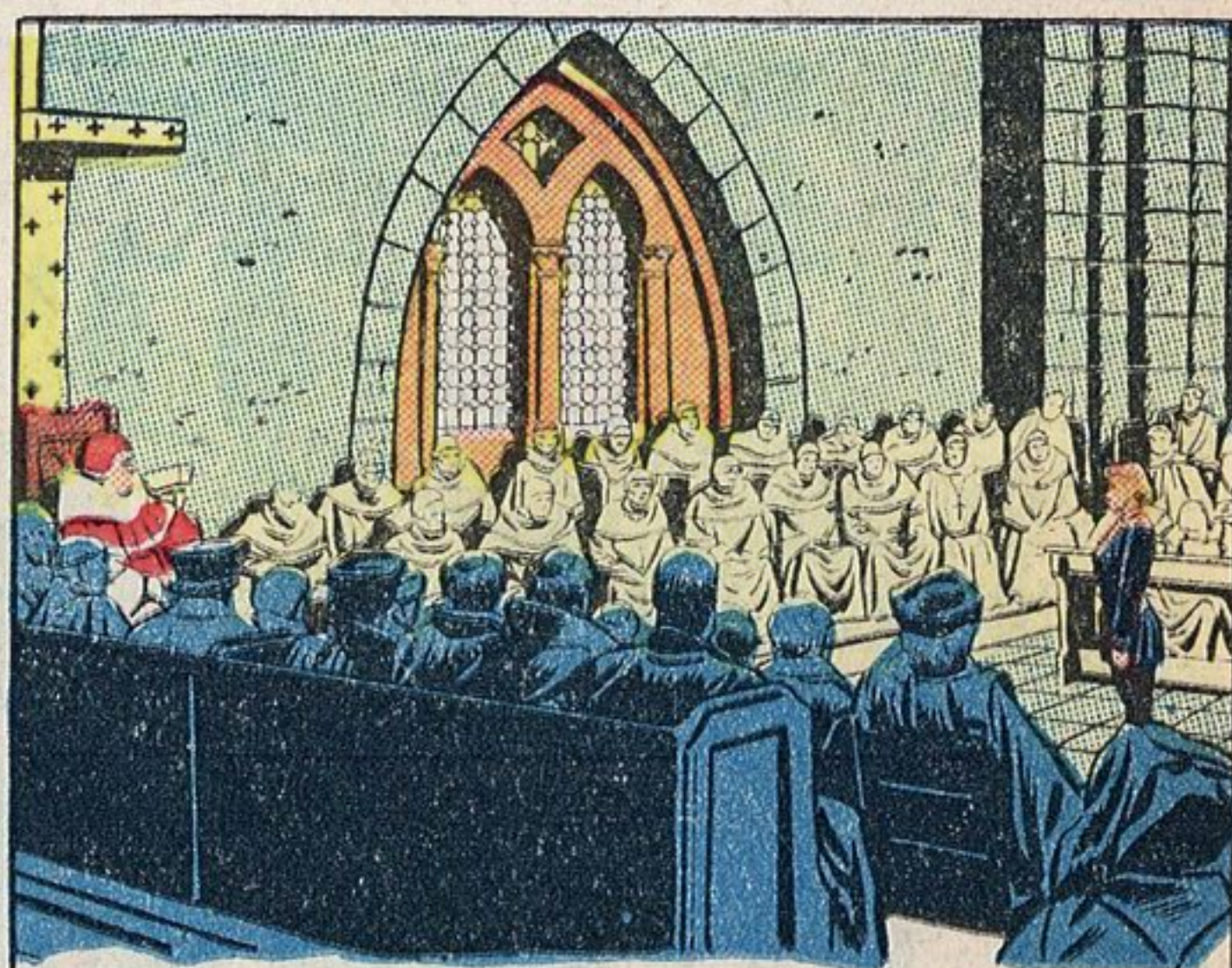
AT BEAUREVOIR, THE HOSTILE BISHOP OF BEAUVAIS VISITS THE COUNT OF LUXEMBOURG, WHOSE SOLDIERS HAVE CAPTURED JOAN. HE OFFERS FIVE THOUSAND POUNDS FOR HER.



THE COUNT MUTTERS "I'M ASHAMED TO THINK THAT I WOULD SELL HER... YES, EVEN FOR TEN THOUSAND POUNDS." CAUCHON NODS, "VERY WELL. TEN THOUSAND!"



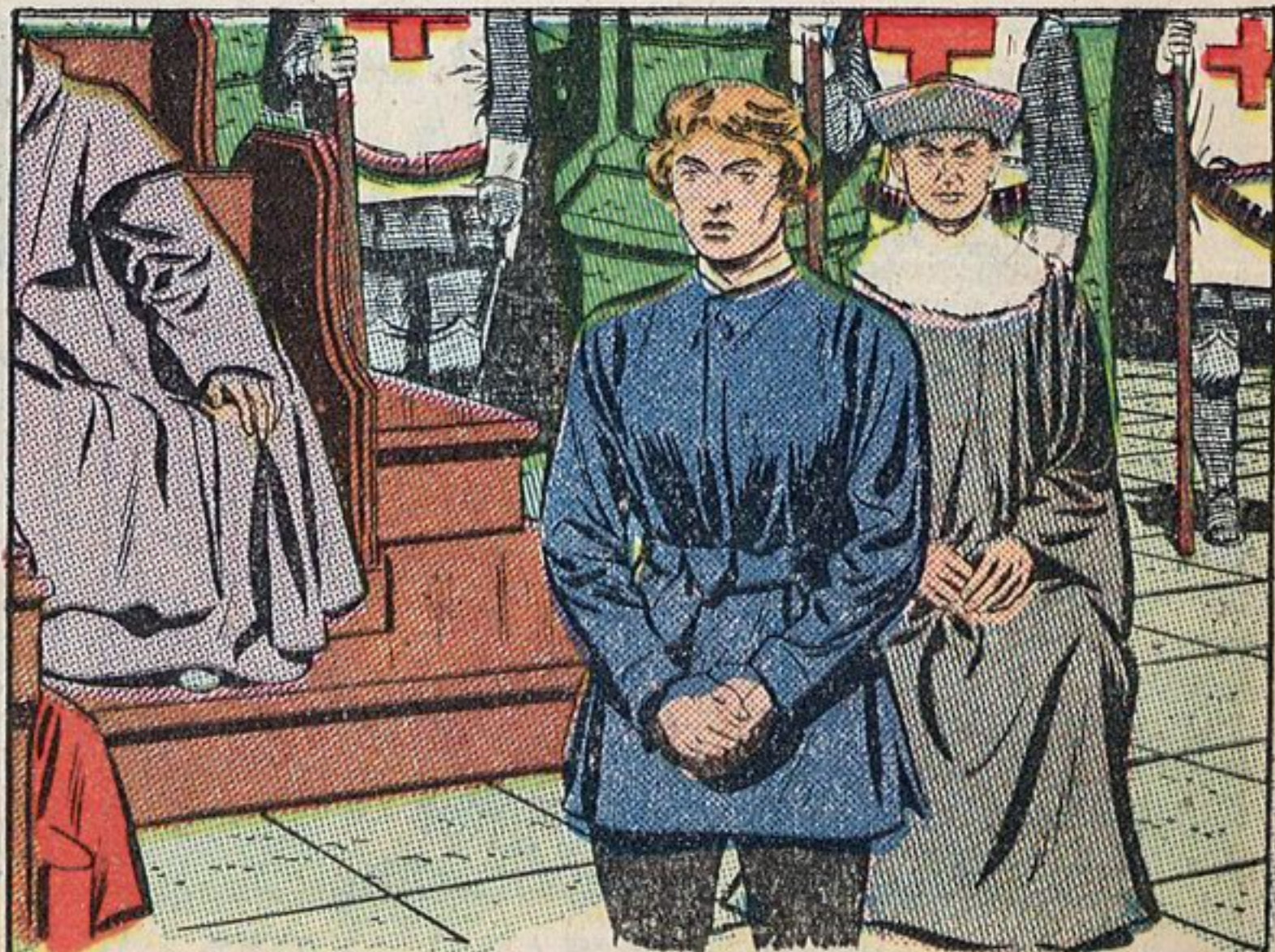
CHAINS CLANKING, JOAN WALKS INTO THE ROOM. SHE PAUSES, HORRIFIED, CRIES OUT, "THE ENGLISH!" AND LUXEMBOURG SAYS, "YOU MAY TAKE HER."



FROM BEAUREVOIR, JOAN IS TAKEN TO ROUEN IN CHAINS, ARMS TIED BEHIND HER... INTO THE PRESENCE OF THE BISHOP OF BEAUVAIS...



BEAUVAIS STATES, "WE HAVE SUMMONED YOU BEFORE US AS A SUSPECT OF HERESY AND SORGERY. WILL YOU SWEAR TO SPEAK THE TRUTH?"



JOAN REPLIES, "MY LORD, I DO NOT KNOW WHAT YOUR QUESTIONS WILL BE." BRUTALLY A MAN SHOUTS, "BURN HER AND HAVE IT DONE WITH!"

JOAN OF ARC



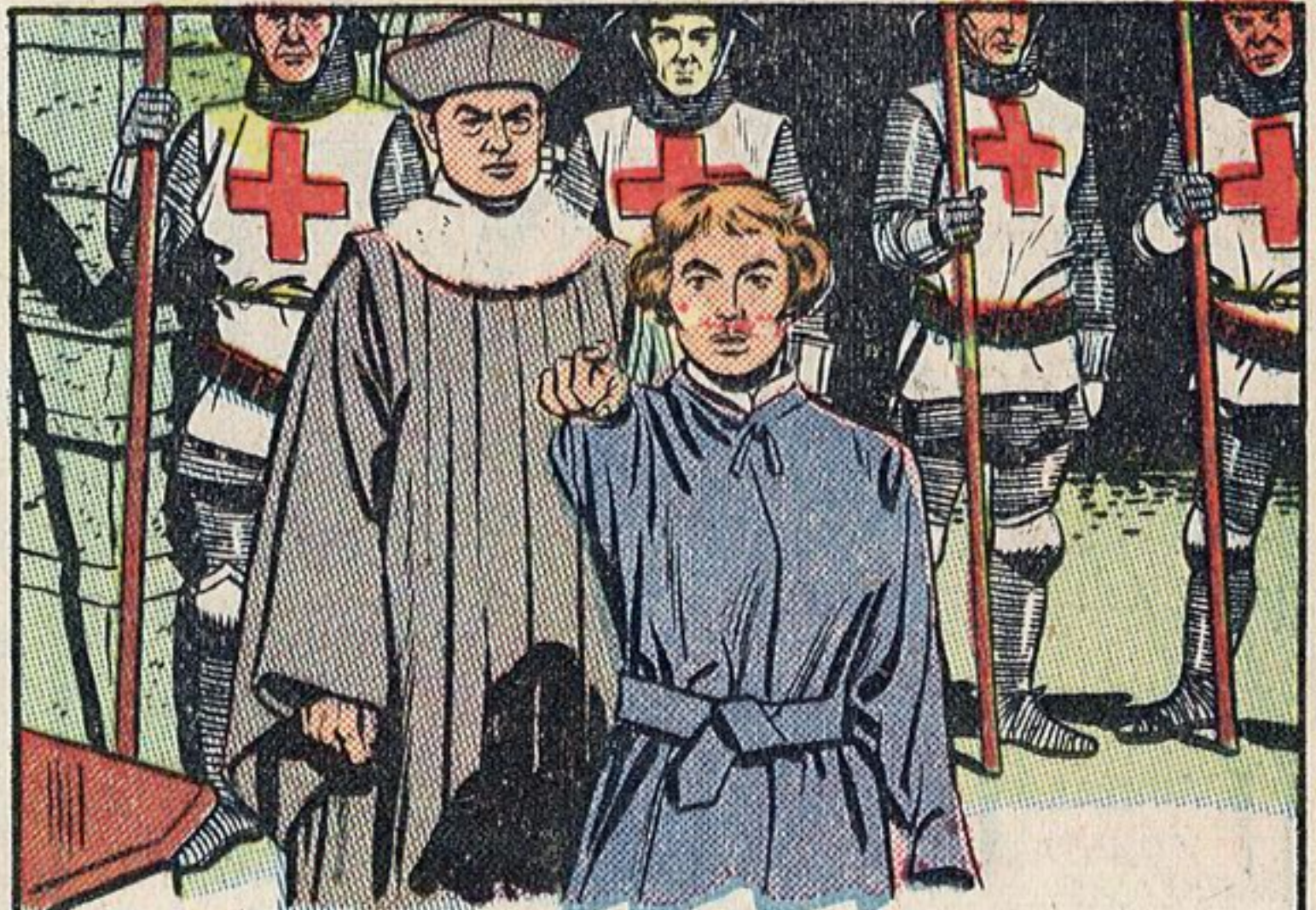
THE QUESTIONS FLY THICK AND FAST. "WHY SHOULD GOD MAKE REVELATIONS TO YOU?... WILL YOU SWEAR TO SPEAK THE TRUTH ON MATTERS CONCERNING THE FAITH?" JOAN LOOKS ABOUT...



COURAGEOUSLY, JOAN SPEAKS. "WHEN I WAS THIRTEEN, I HEARD A VOICE IN MY FATHER'S GARDEN... AT NOONTIME IN THE SUMMER... IT SAID TO ME, 'GO TO ORLEANS!'"



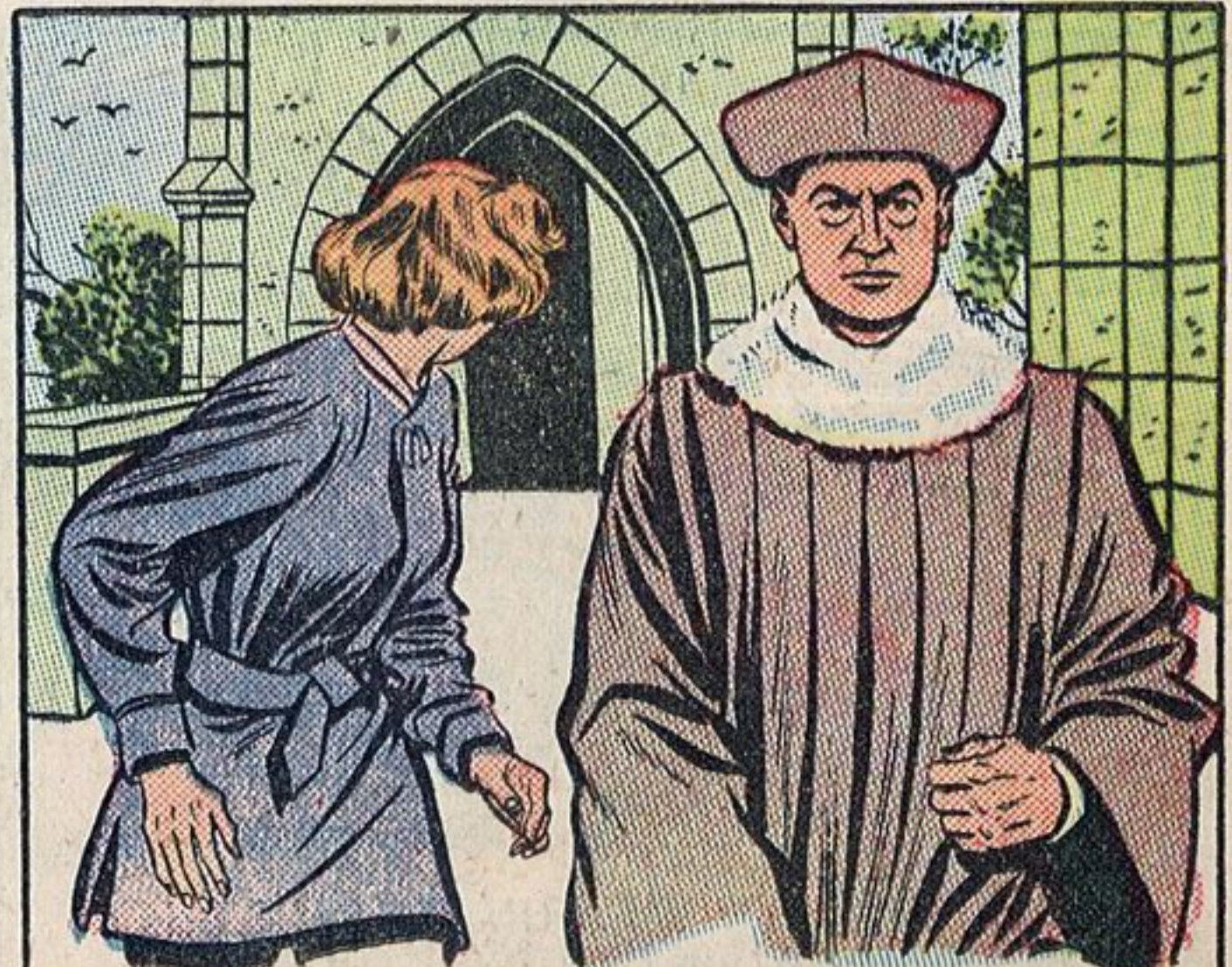
WHEN SHE SAYS, "IT SAID... DRIVE THE ENGLISH FROM FRENCH SOIL," SHRIEKS OF "BURN HER!" AND "WITCH! HERETIC!" DROWN OUT HER SOFT VOICE.



SUDDENLY JOAN CRIES, "YOU ARE NOT FITTED TO BE MY JUDGES. YOU ARE MY MORTAL ENEMIES, ENGLISH AND BURGUNDIANS. AND YOU ARE NOT THE CHURCH!"



AS JOAN IS LED BACK TO HER CELL, THE EARL OF WARWICK TELLS CAUCHON, "THE GIRL IS TOO CLEVER FOR YOU! YOU WILL CONTINUE THE TRIAL BEHIND CLOSED DOORS!"



WISTFULLY JOAN LOOKS AT THE SMALL CHAPEL, AS SHE IS LED FROM THE COURTROOM. SHE IS NOT ALLOWED TO ENTER AND PRAY...

JOAN OF ARC



DAY AFTER DAY THE TRIAL CONTINUES. ALWAYS, JOAN IS LED BACK TO HER COLD STONE CELL AND MANACLED TO HER BED.



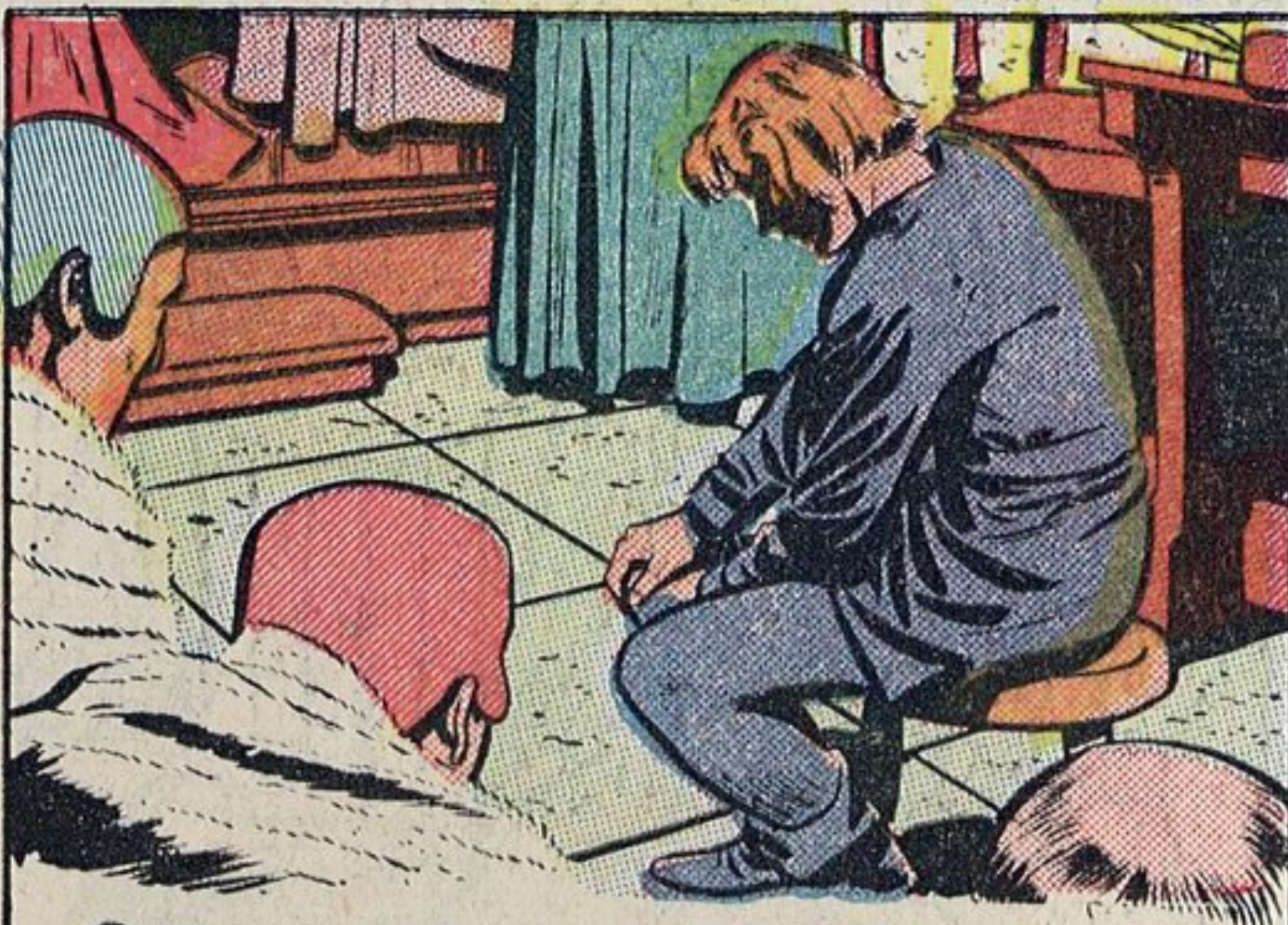
"I SHOULD BE IN A CHURCH PRISON, GUARDED BY WOMEN," SHE PROTESTS. BUT FATHER MASSIEU ANSWERS, "I AM COMMANDED TO LEAVE YOU HERE."



AND THEN CAME THE DAY WHEN JOAN IS ASKED, "HAVE YOU HEARD YOUR VOICES RECENTLY?" A HAPPY, DREAMY LOOK CROSSES JOAN'S FACE AS SHE WHISPERS, "YES."



"THEY TELL ME TO ANSWER YOU BOLDLY!" CRIES THE MAID. "ST. CATHERINE TOLD ME THAT I WOULD BE RESCUED. I WAS TOLD I WOULD BE FREED BY A GREAT VICTORY!"



OVERCOME BY WEARINESS AND SHOCK, JOAN SINKS DOWN ON HER SMALL STOOL. SHE WHISPERS, "I COME BEFORE YOU HALF MAD...WITH WHAT I MUST ENDURE IN MY CELL... WITHOUT REST..."



A JUDGE RISES, CRIES OUT, "IF YOU MAINTAIN THAT YOUR VOICES ARE RIGHT YOU REJECT THE CHURCH!" JOAN REPLIES, "I WILL NOT REJECT THE VOICES OF MY LORD OR THE CHURCH!"

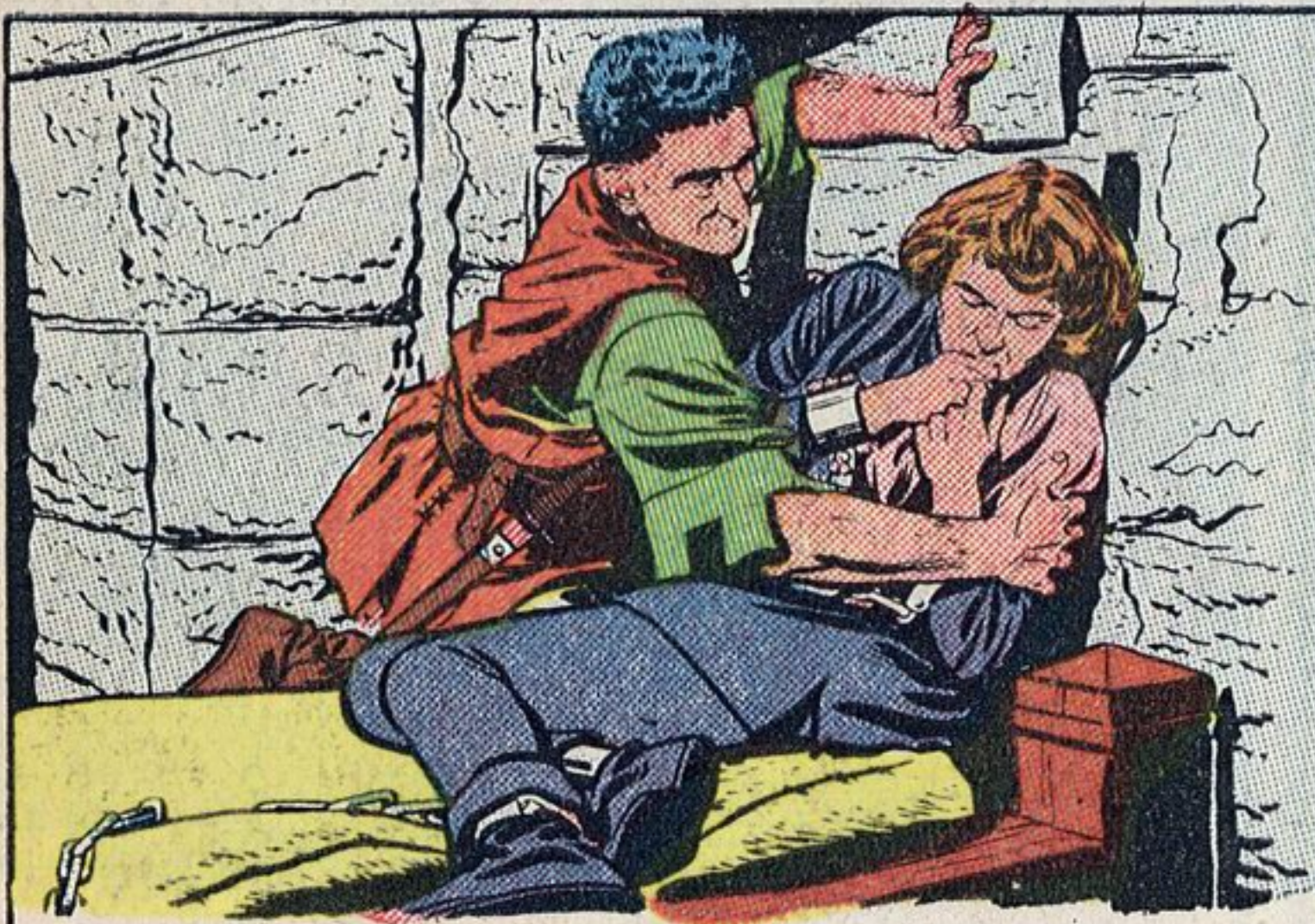
JOAN OF ARC



IN AN ANTEROOM, THE EARL OF WARWICK, REPRESENTATIVE OF THE KING OF ENGLAND, LISTENS AS THE BISHOP OF BEAUVAIS SAYS GRIMLY, "SHE MUST GO TO THE STAKE!"



WHILE HER ENEMIES PLOT HER DEATH BY FIRE, JOAN IS TORMENTED BY A BRUTAL GUARD, WHO SPEAKS OF FREEDOM...



"I COULD UNLOCK YOUR CHAINS...GIVE YOUR FLESH A CHANCE TO HEAL... LET YOU WALK ABOUT THE CELL...GIVE YOU CHEESE AND WINE! BUT YOU PREFER TO BE BURNED..."



AT THE ENTRANCE OF FATHER MASSIEU, THE GUARD DESISTS. FATHER MASSIEU SAYS, "WE KNOW A WAY TO SAVE YOU, JOAN." IN HER AGONY OF SPIRIT, JOAN WHISPERS, "I WILL NOT DENY MY VOICES TO SAVE MY LIFE!"

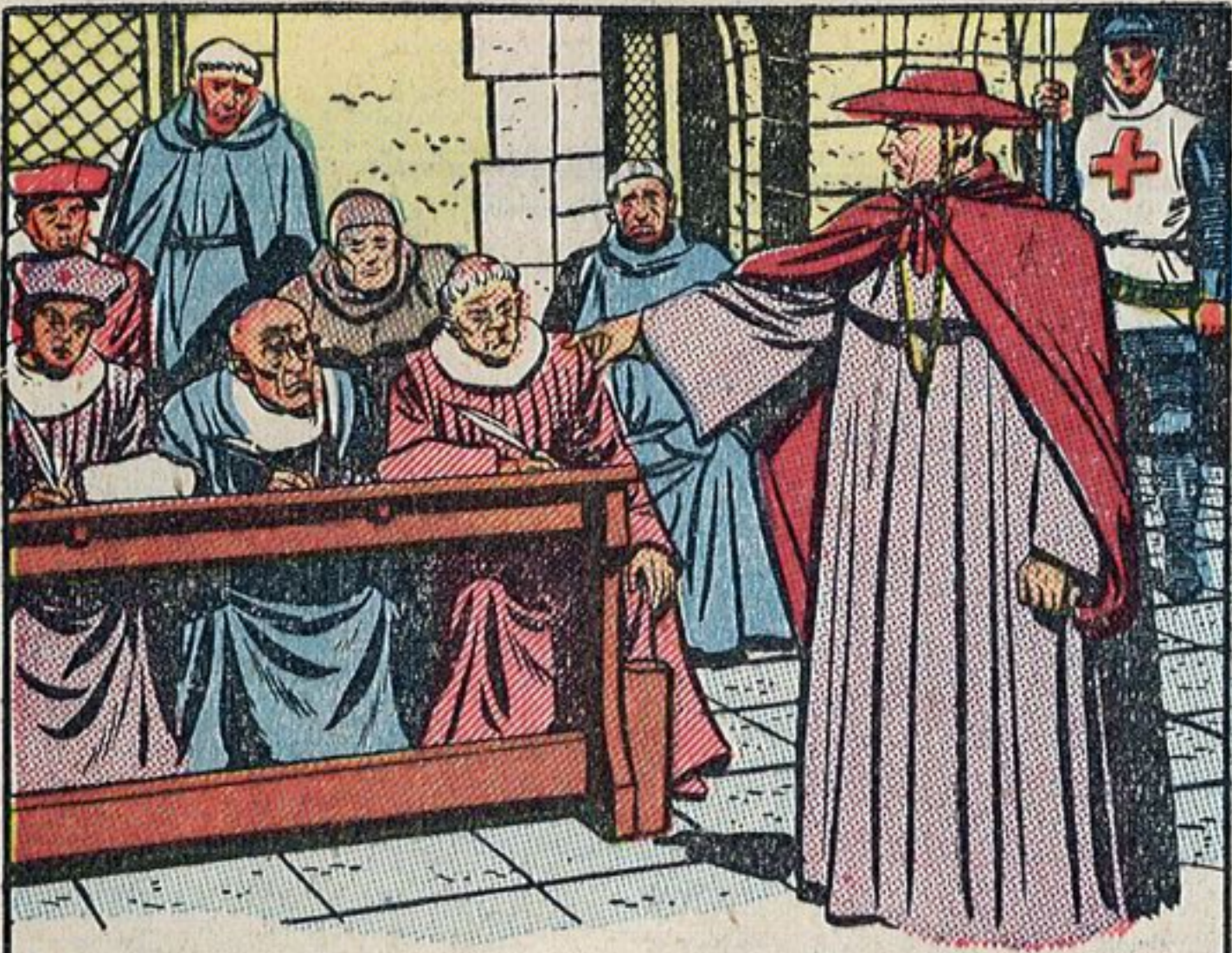


NEXT DAY IN THE COURTROOM, JOAN CRIES OUT, "I APPEAL TO THE POPE WHO IS IN ROME!" THE JUDGES ARE STARTLED, FRIGHTENED...

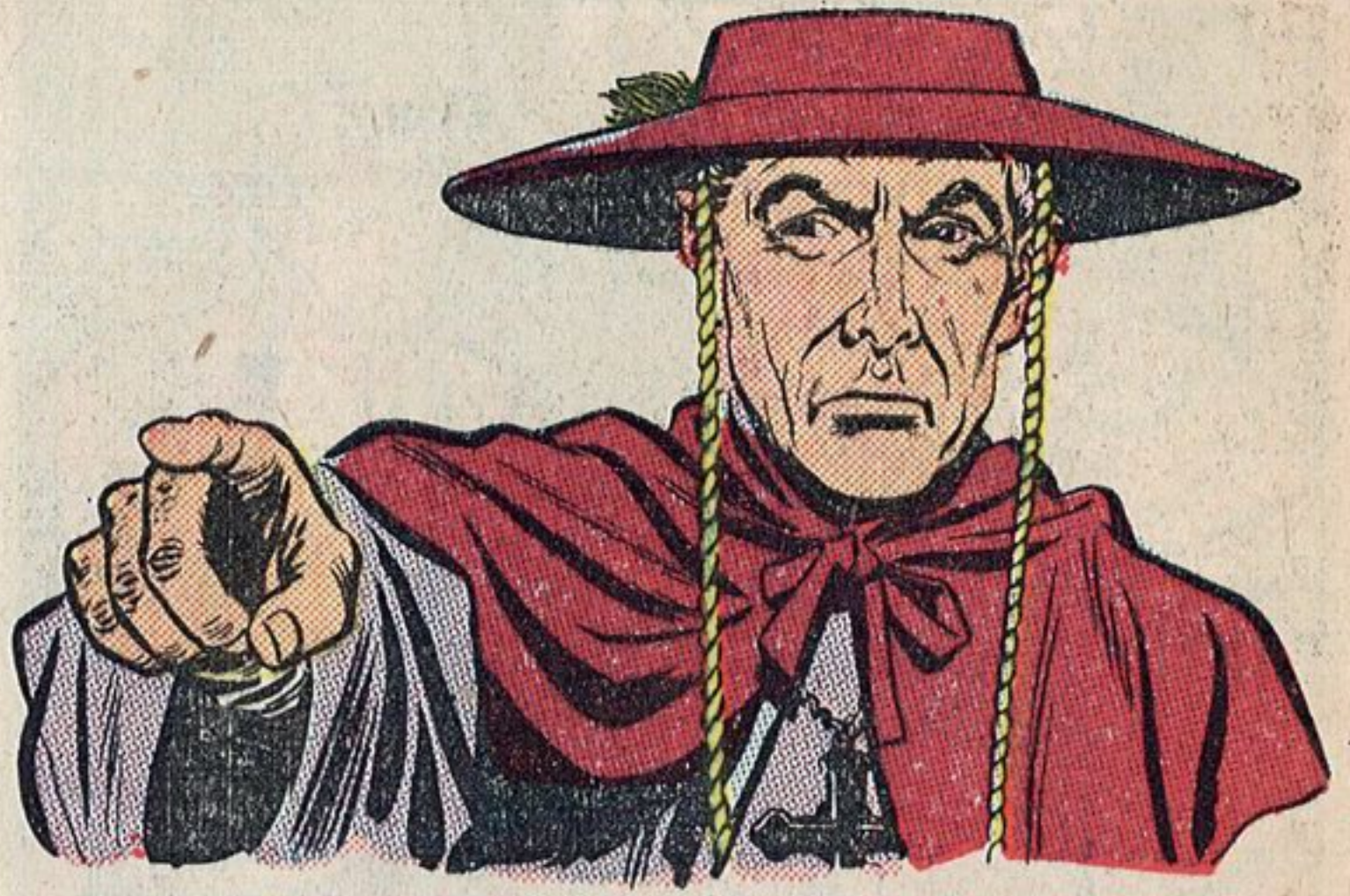


THE EARL OF WARWICK RISES. HE SNARLS: "THE KING COMMANDS HERE, NOT THE POPE! I REFUSE TO ALLOW IT!" CAUCHON CONCURS AND JOAN'S APPEAL TO ROME IS DENIED.

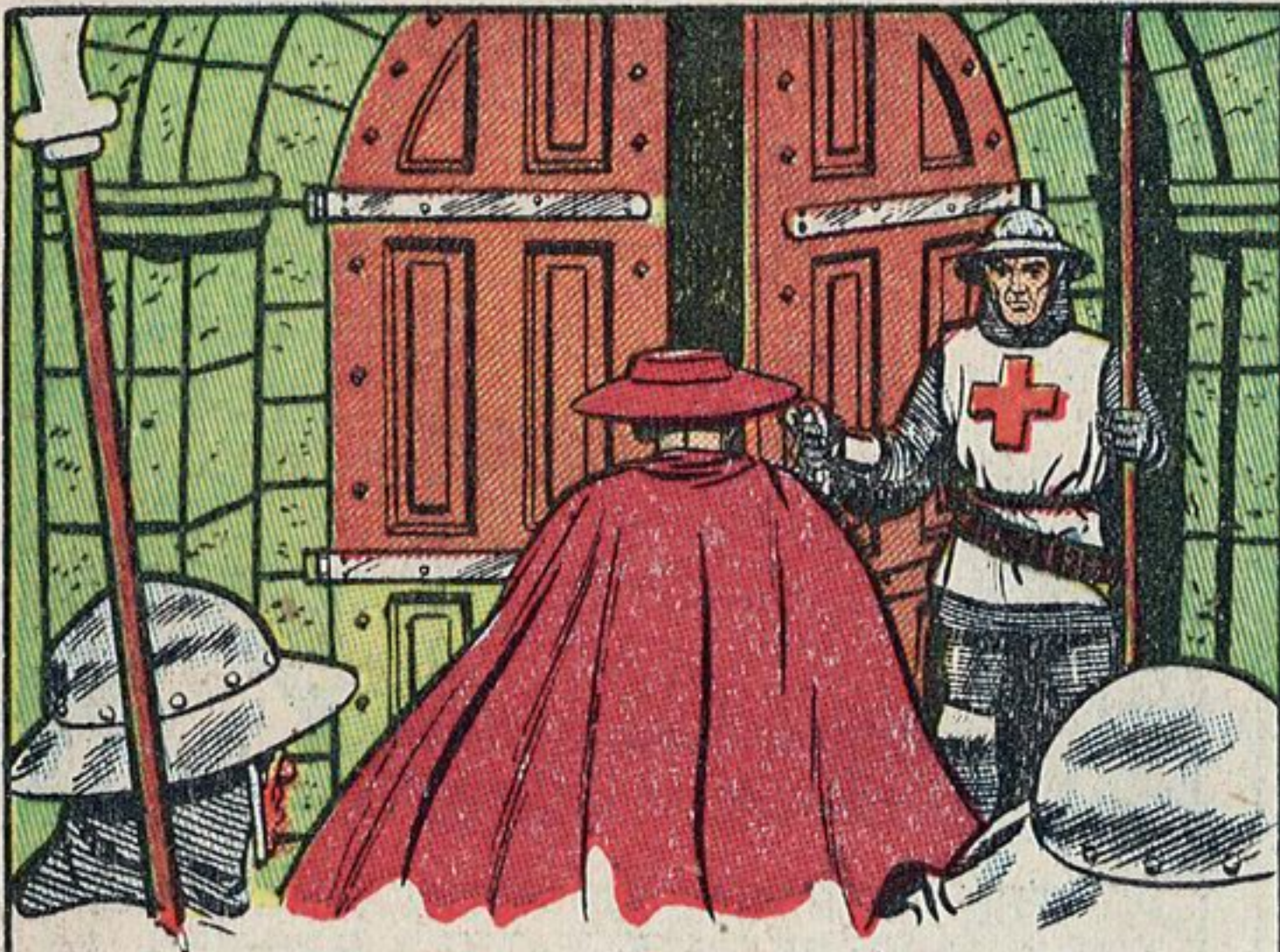
JOAN OF ARC



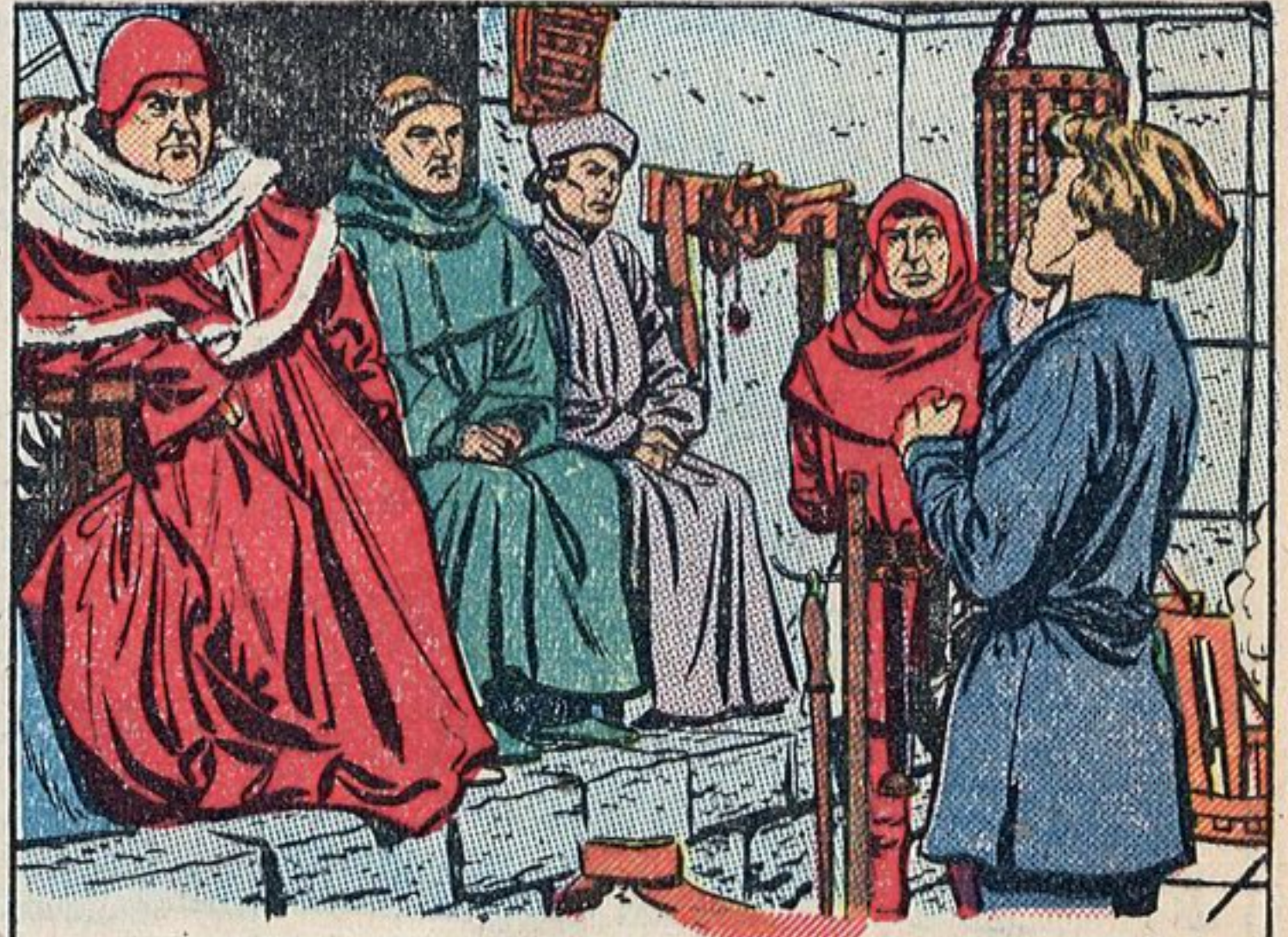
AS JOAN DEPARTS, THE BISHOP OF AVRANCHES STRIDES FORWARD ANGRILY. HE CALLS THE SCRIBE TO WRITE DOWN HIS WORDS, AND DECLARES THE TRIAL UNLAWFUL!



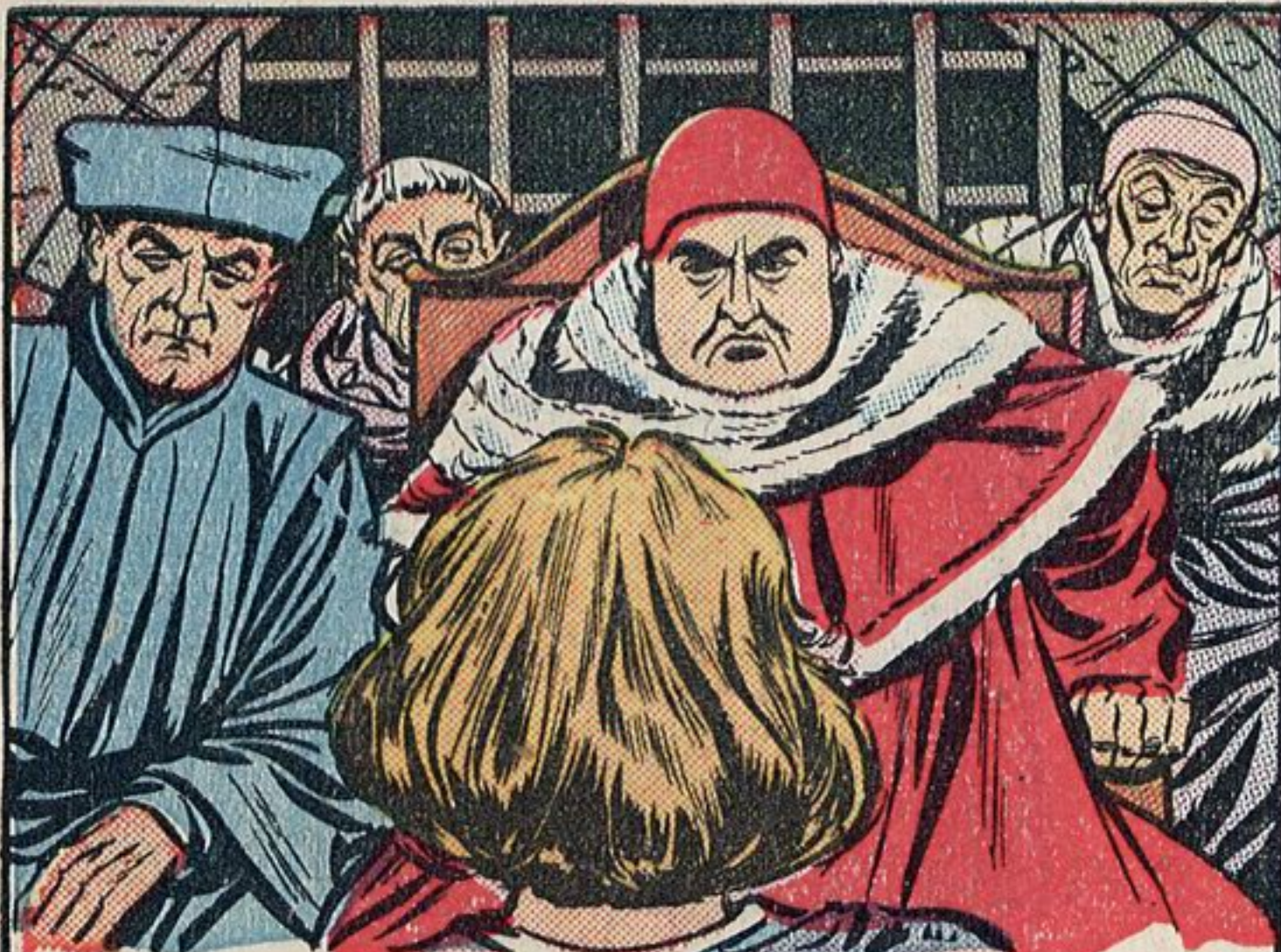
THE BISHOP STATES, "ONE DAY... ROME WILL DECLARE THE TRUTH ABOUT THIS GIRL! FRANCE WILL PRAISE THE MAID FOR ITS BIRTH AS ONE NATION! I DECLARE YOU, PIERRE CAUCHON, A TRAITOR!"



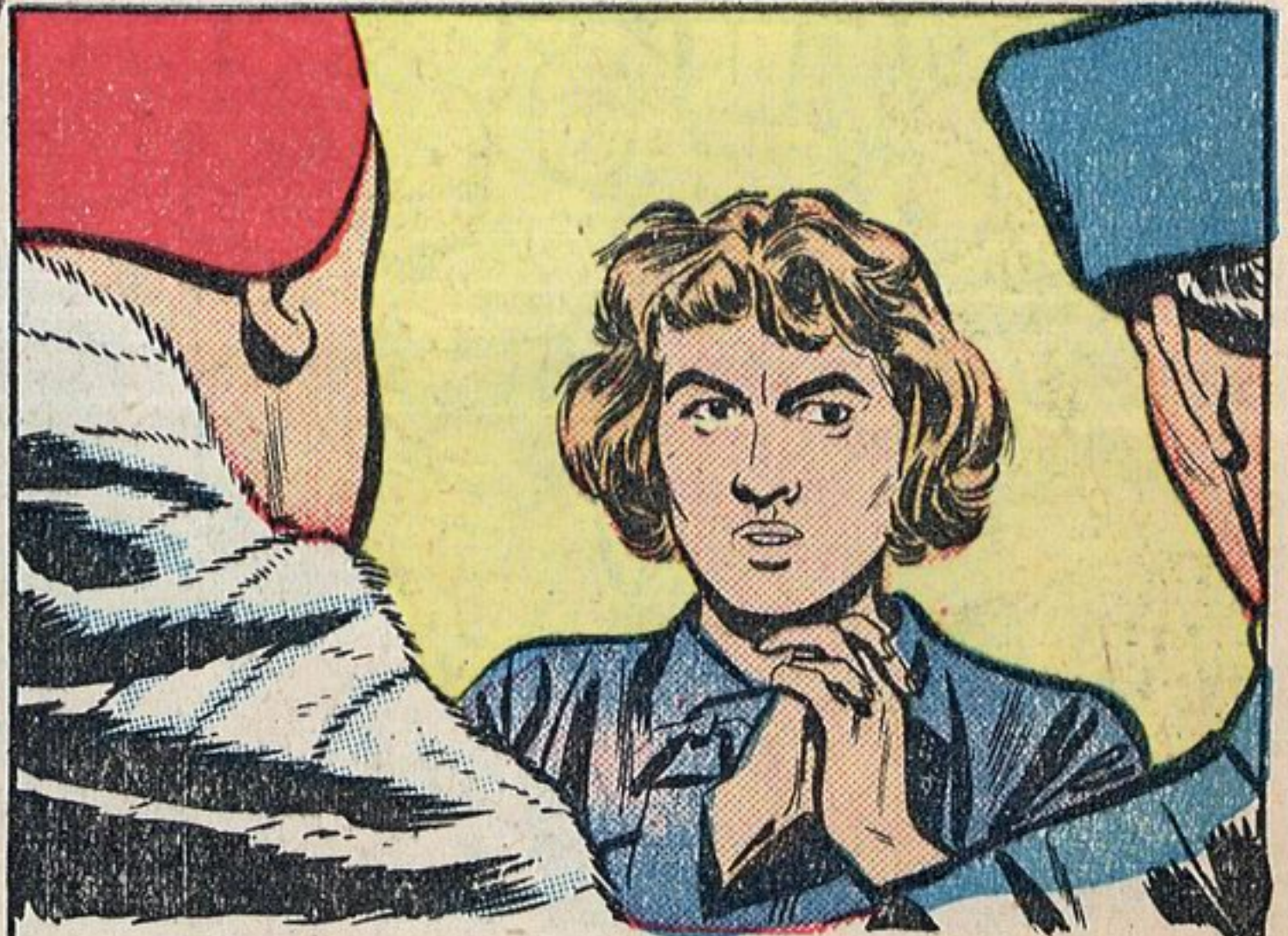
IGNORING THE ANGRY WORDS OF THE EARL OF WARWICK, THE BISHOP OF AVRANCHES TURNS HIS BACK ON THE ILLEGAL TRIBUNAL AND WALKS OUT...



THE MONTHS PASS. JOAN, PALE AND WEAK FROM HER LONG IMPRISONMENT, IS LED INTO THE TORTURE CHAMBERS OF THE CASTLE... AND SCREAMS IN FRIGHT!

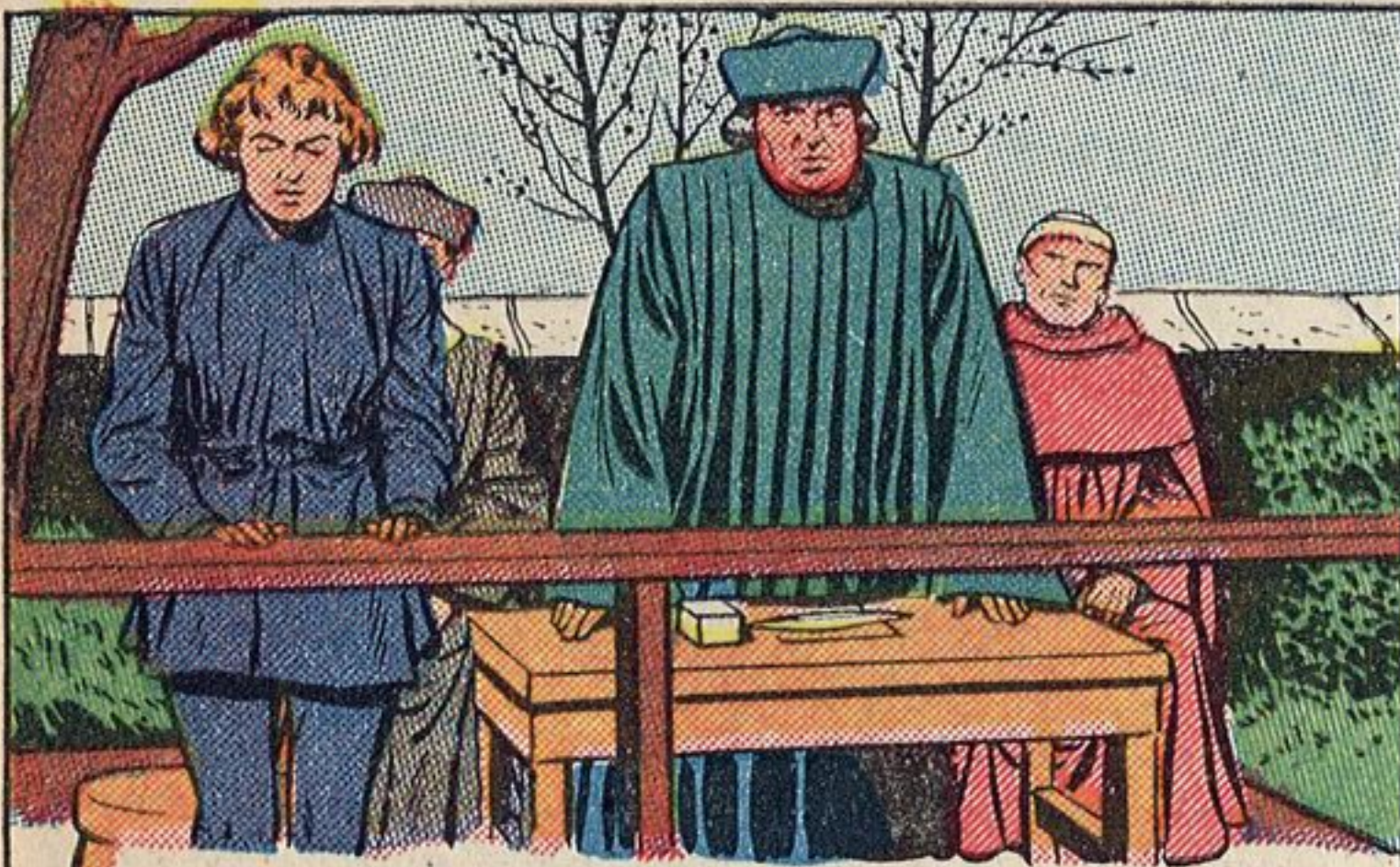


SEATED ON A RAISED DAIS, THE BISHOP OF BEAUVAIS GROWLS, "IF YOU PERSIST IN YOUR HERESY, YOU WILL BE PUT TO THE TORTURE! ADMIT THAT YOUR VOICES ARE EVIL!"



"IF YOU TEAR ME LIMB FROM LIMB, I WILL NOT DENY MY VOICES," MURMURS JOAN. "MY VOICES HAVE TOLD ME TO RELY ENTIRELY UPON GOD."

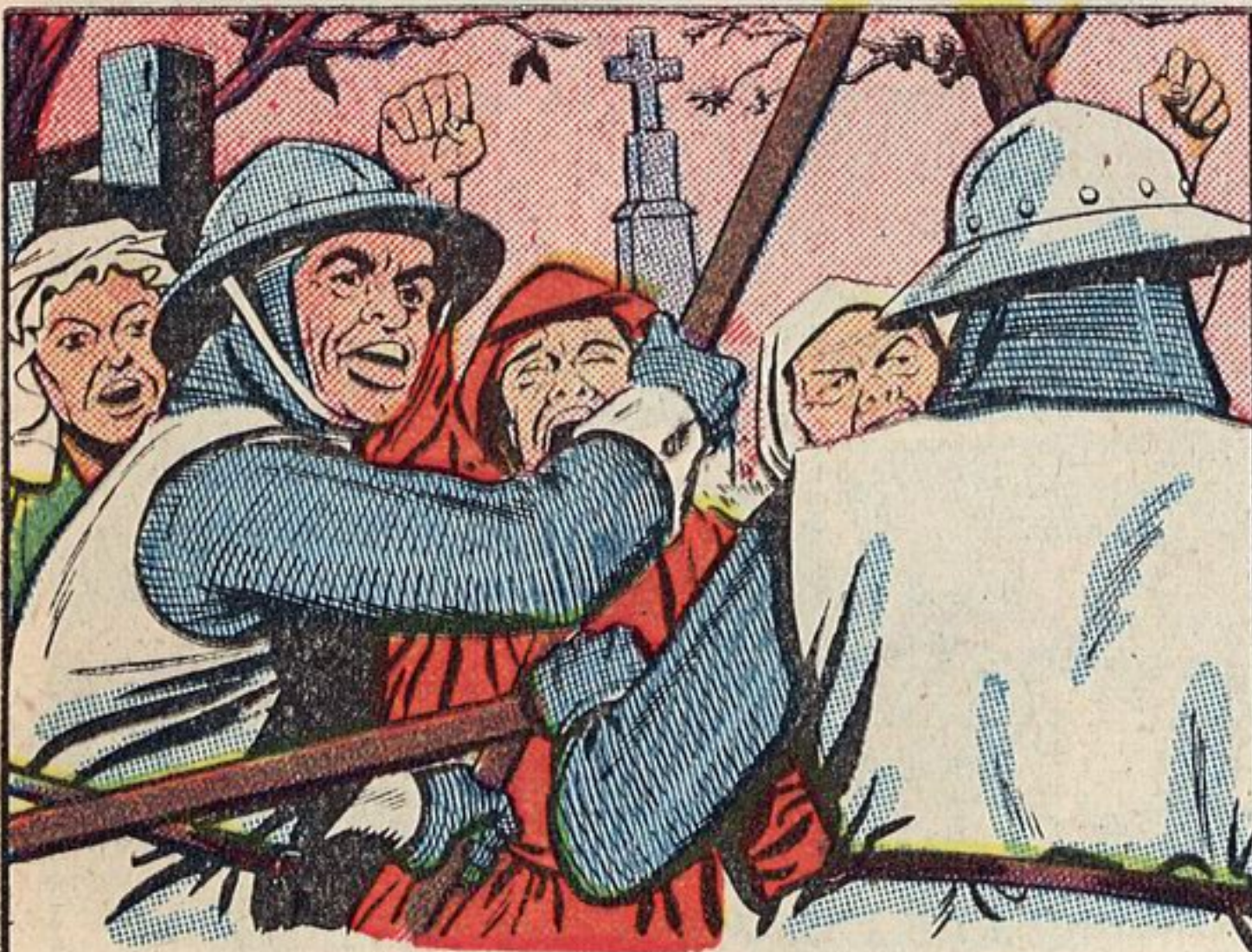
JOAN OF ARC



THE FOLLOWING MORNING IN THE CEMETERY OF ST. QUEN, JOAN IS ONCE AGAIN CONFRONTED BY THE JUDGES. STRICKEN DUMB WITH SHOCK, SHE LISTENS APATHETICALLY AS WORDS THUNDER ABOUT HER EARS....



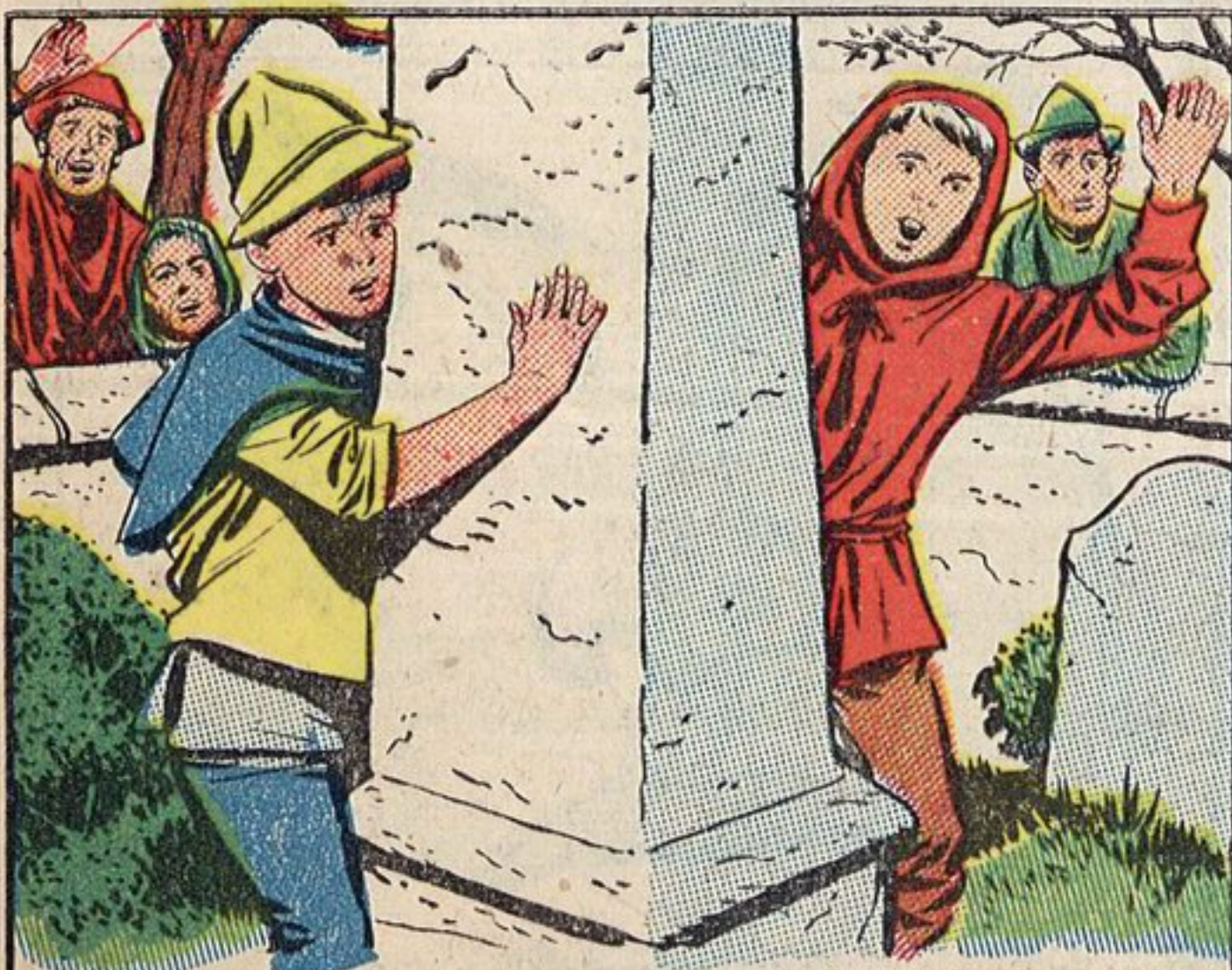
"...THIS JOAN HAS FALLEN FROM CRIME INTO CRIME. NEVER HAS THERE BEEN SUCH A MONSTER! SHE IS A WITCH, A HERETIC, A SCHISMATIC!"



SOLDIERS ROAR ANGRILY, "LET'S BURN THE WITCH!" AND OTHERS SCREAM, "BURN THE WITCH! BURN! BURN!"



"SUBMIT TO US OR DIE!" ROARS ERARD. JOAN WHISPERS, "I WILL SUBMIT TO GOD AND THE POPE." BUT THE JUDGES CRY, "SUBMIT TO US!"

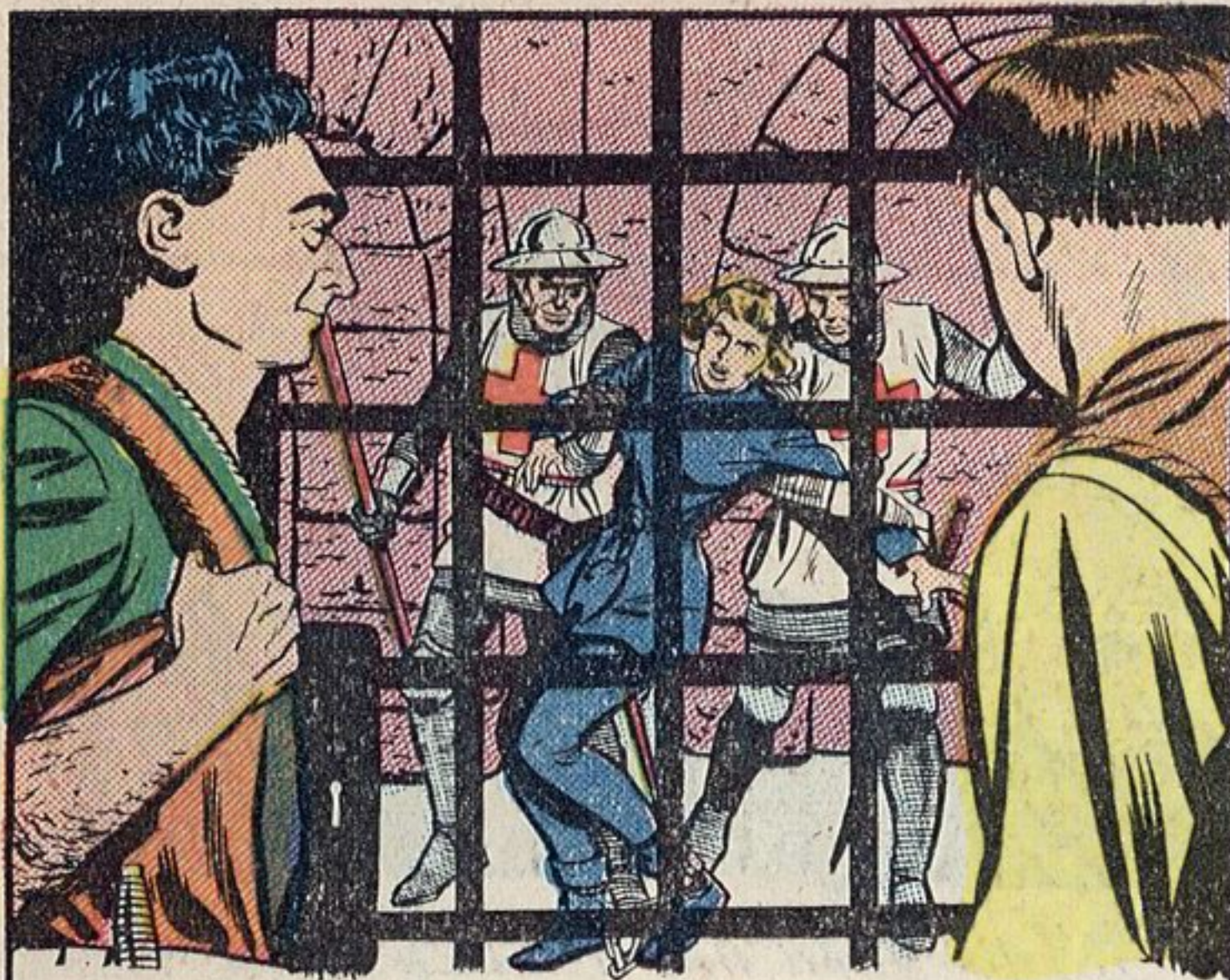


"ABJURE, JOAN. SUBMIT!" RING OUT THE VOICES OF THE CROWD. "SAVE YOURSELF, JOAN," WEEP THE LITTLE CHILDREN.

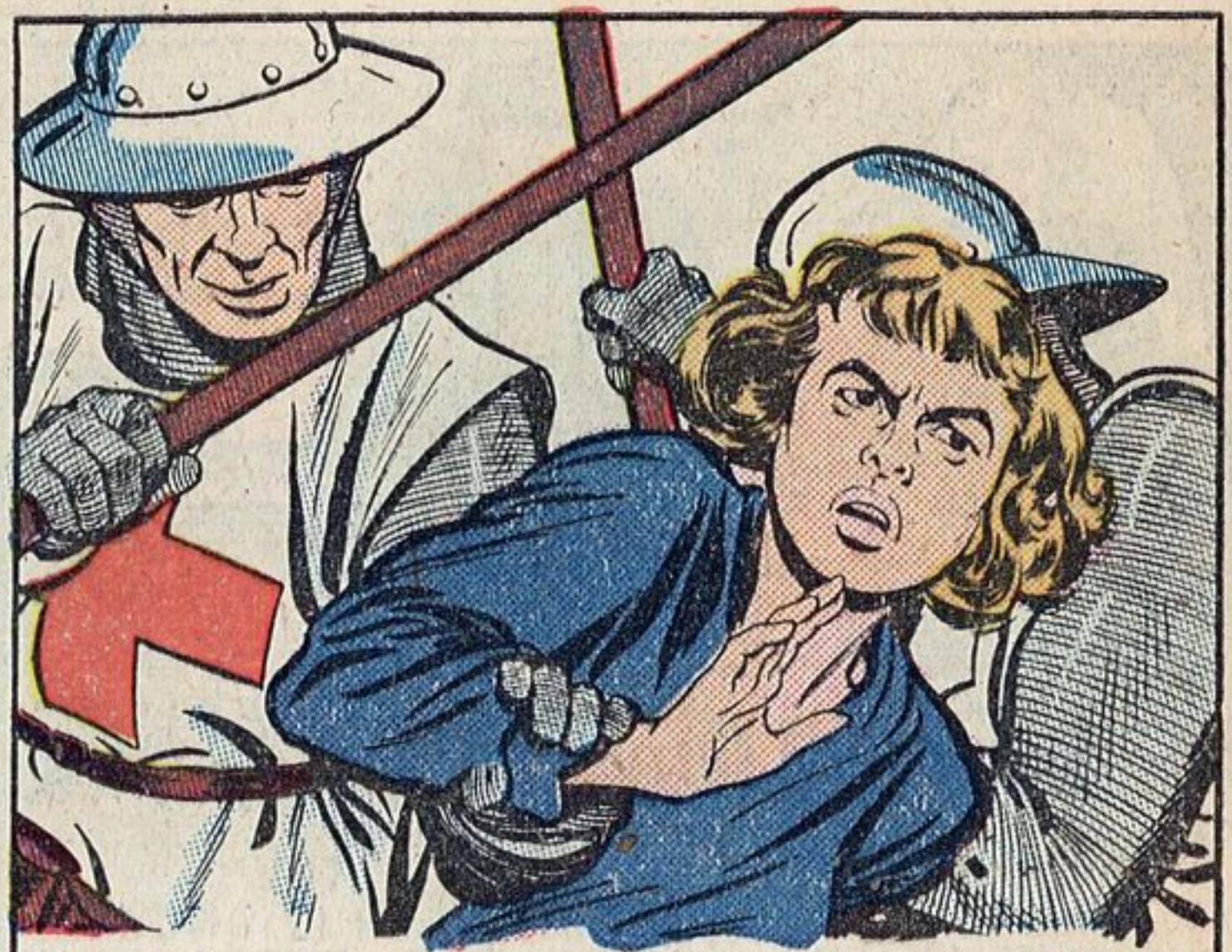


FINALLY PROMISED A CHURCH PRISON, JOAN LETS HER HAND BE GUIDED AS SHE SIGNS THE SUBMISSION PAPERS.

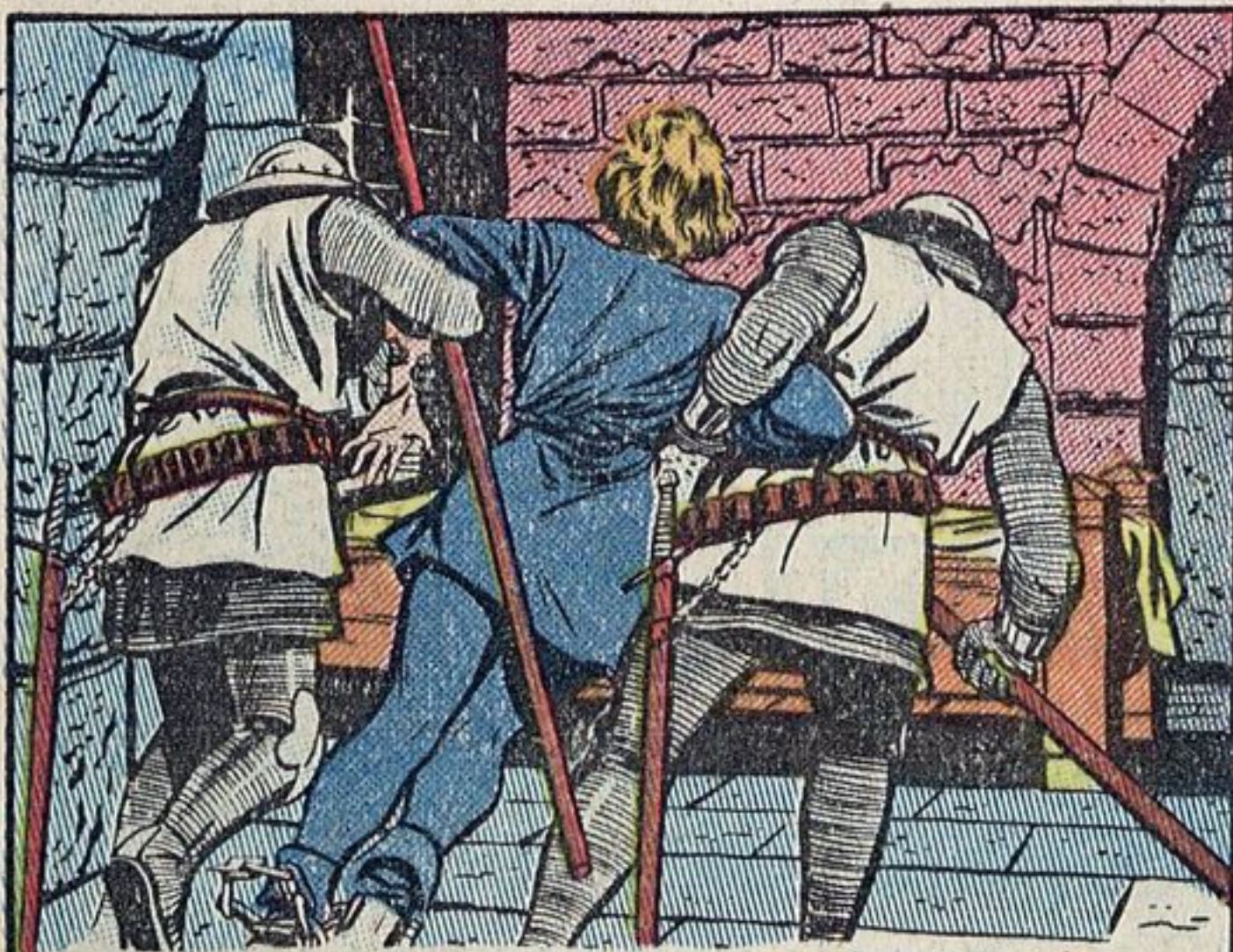
JOAN OF ARC



JOAN IS LED AWAY-- BACK TO HER CELL, WHERE THE GRINNING GUARDS WATCH HER STRUGGLE HELPLESSLY...



WEAKENED BY IMPRISONMENT AND HER FAST, JOAN IS NO MATCH FOR THE BURLY SOLDIERS WHO HURRY HER ROUGHLY TOWARD HER PRISON...



"NO, NO. I WON'T GO BACK IN THERE. THEY LIED TO ME. THEY TOLD ME THEY WOULD TAKE ME TO A CHURCH PRISON. OH, THEY LIED..."



THAT NIGHT AS THE MOONLIGHT STREAMS DOWN ON HER, JOAN AWAKENS, SITS UP. TEARS STREAK DOWN HER CHEEKS AS SHE SEES THE WOMAN'S DRESS HER JUDGES HAVE ORDERED HER TO WEAR...

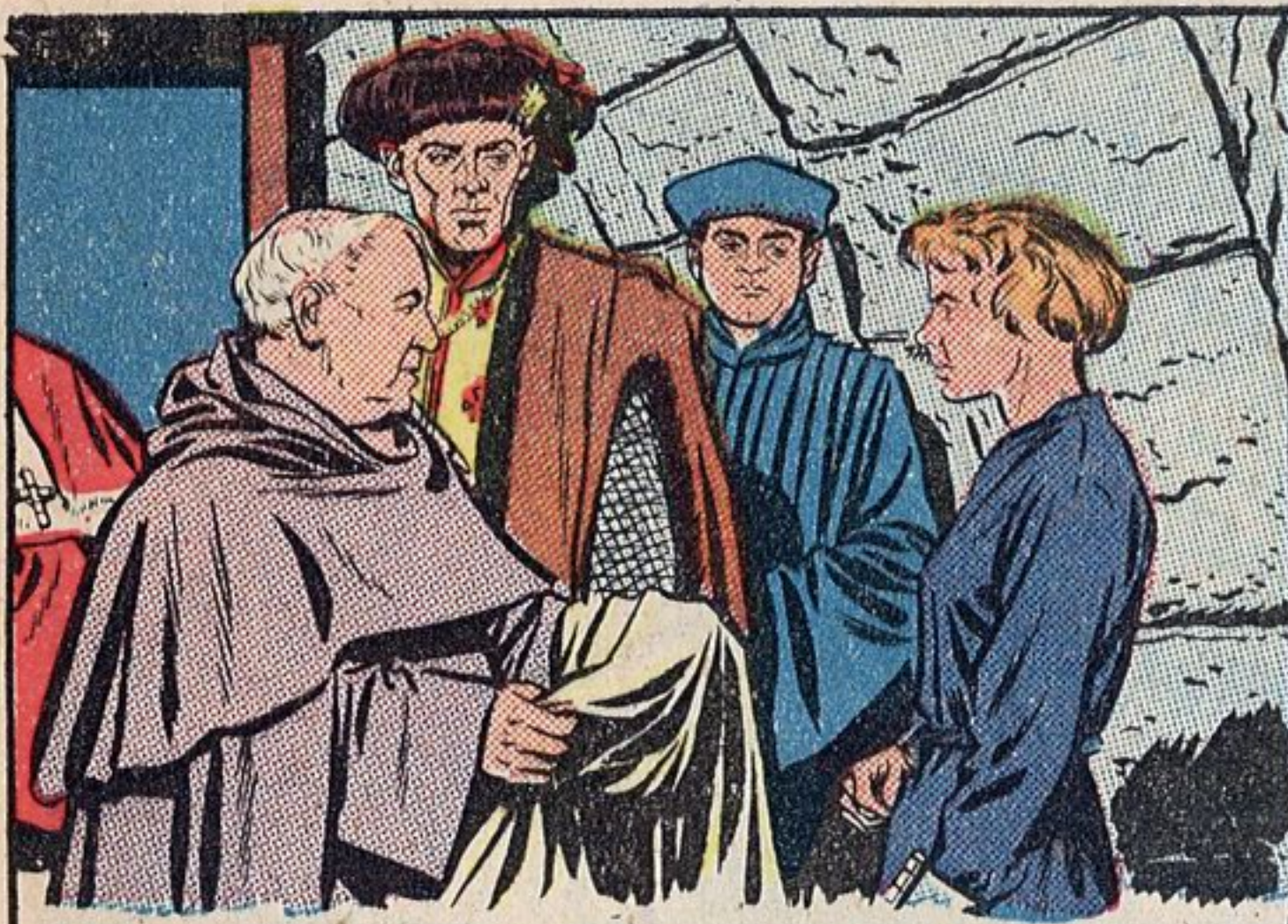


SOBBING IN REMORSE, JOAN CRIES, "OH, SWEET GOD, FORGIVE ME! I WAS AFRAID OF THE FIRE! I HAVE DAMNED MY SOUL TO SAVE MY LIFE!"

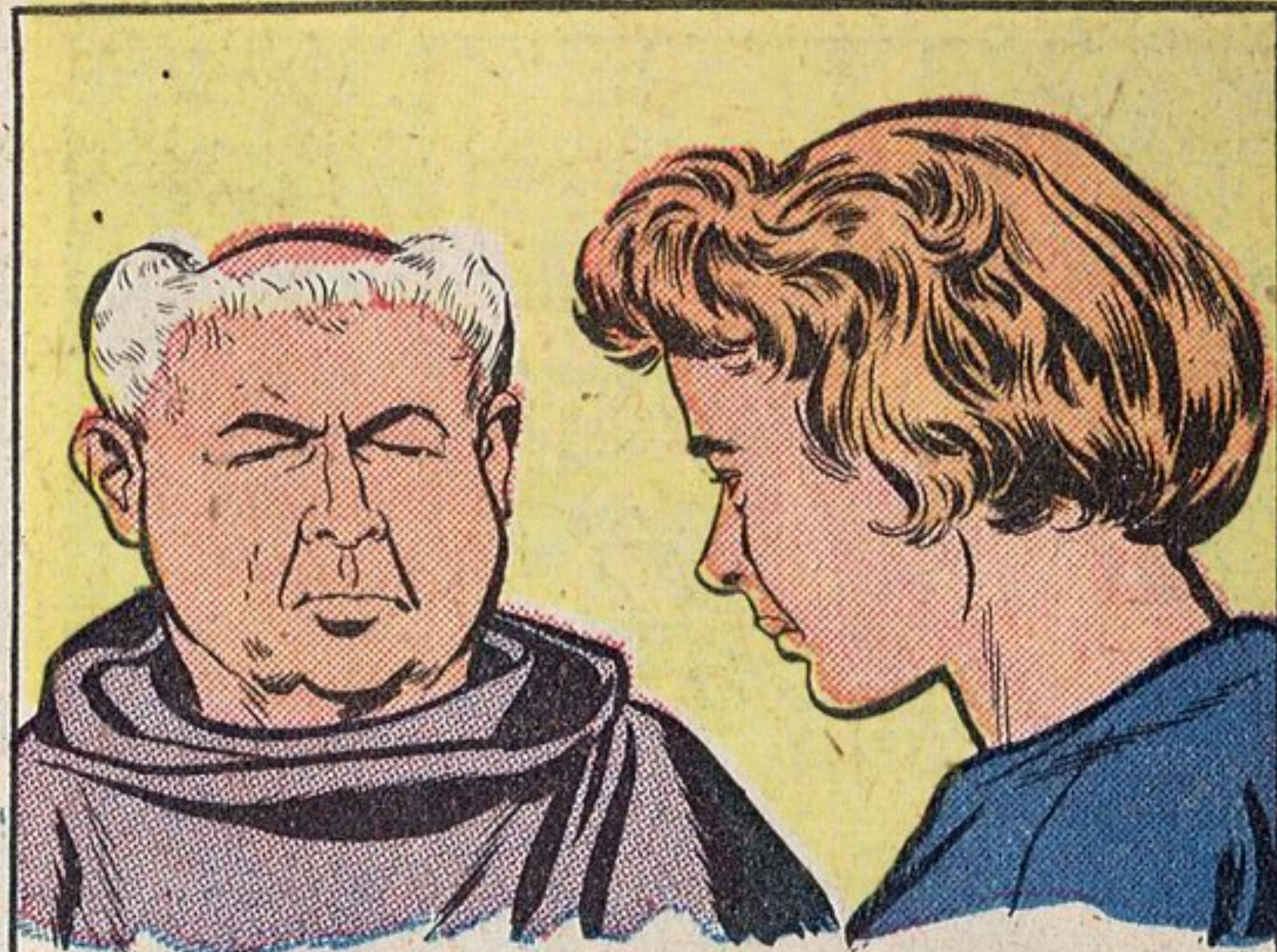


WITH TEARS STREAMING DOWN HER CHEEKS, JOAN SMILES AND NODS, LISTENING... LISTENING...

JOAN OF ARC



NEXT MORNING, THE DRESS REMAINS UN-USED. IN ANGRY VOICES, CAUCHON AND LEMAISTRE DENOUNCE JOAN. INVITED TO DON HER DRESS FOR THE LAST TIME, SHE SHAKES HER HEAD...



JOAN SAYS BRAVELY, "I HEARD MY VOICES AGAIN. THEY TOLD ME I DID A WICKED THING IN DENYING THEM, BUT THEY HAVE FORGIVEN ME."



AGHAST, FATHER MASSIEU CRIES IN HORROR, "JOAN! DO YOU KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS? IT MEANS THE FIRE!"



THE BISHOP OF BEAUVAIS DRAWS THE EARL OF WARWICK ASIDE. "BE OF GOOD CHEER MY LORD. IT IS ALL OVER." THE EARL NODS, "THE EXECUTIONER WILL SEE TO THE REST!"

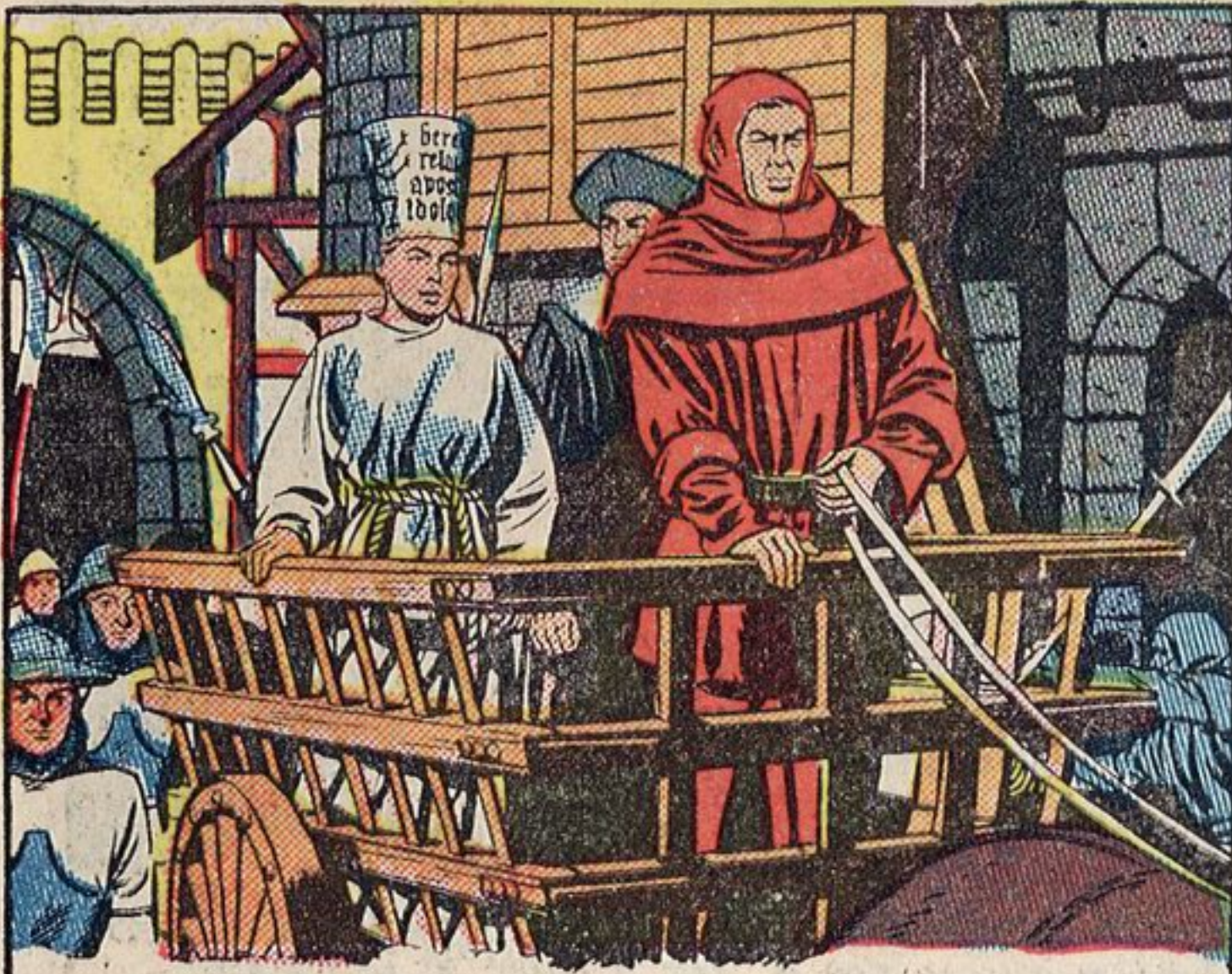


JOAN WHISPERS, "IT CANNOT TAKE LONG TO DIE. THERE WILL BE A LITTLE PAIN! THEN IT WILL END. NO, THE PAIN WON'T BE LITTLE... BUT IT WILL END."



AS THE PRIEST COMES TO GIVE HER HOLY COMMUNION, JOAN MURMURS, "I SEE IT SO CLEARLY NOW. MY VICTORY IS MY MARTYRDOM... MY ESCAPE—MY DEATH!"

JOAN OF ARC



A DUNCECAP ON HER HEAD, JOAN IS TRUNDLED THROUGH THE STREETS OF ROUEN IN A WOODEN CART...



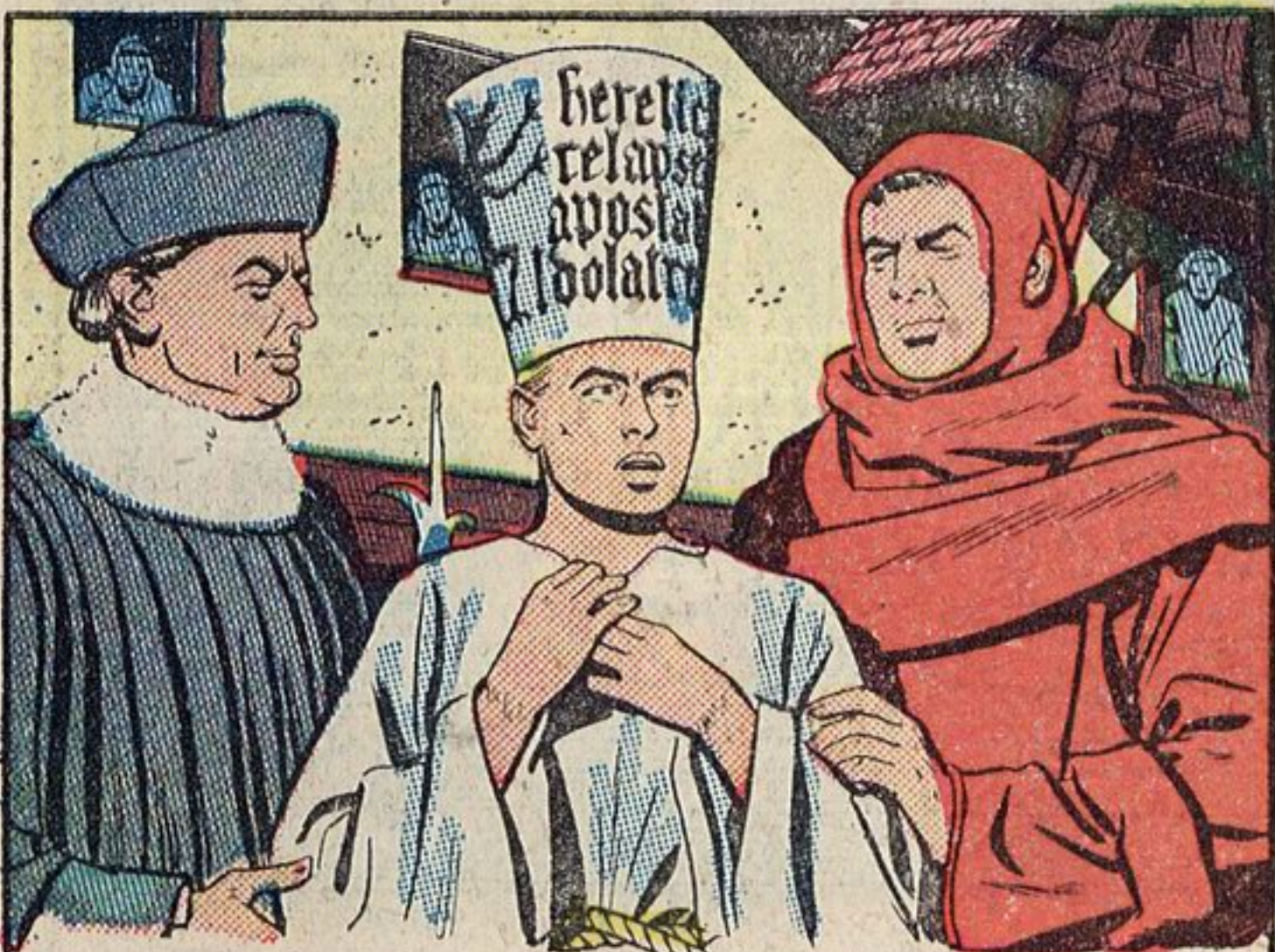
THE CROWD SURGES ANGRILY ABOUT THE GUARDS. THERE IS FIGHTING!



THERE IS DANGER OF A RIOT AS THE PEOPLE WHO LOVE JOAN FIGHT TO FREE HER!



AMID SCREAMS OF "MURDERER!" THE EXECUTIONER THRUSTS AWAY THE PEOPLE AND THE CART MOVES ON...



BUT EVEN AS THE CART PROCEEDS, THE ROAR OF THE THROG GROWS MORE SULLEN AND DANGEROUS. AT LAST JOAN STANDS BEFORE THE STAKE...



"FORGIVE ME!" CRIES A PRIEST AS GUARDS ROUGHLY DRAG HIM AWAY. "FORGIVE ME!"

JOAN OF ARC



JOAN IS LED UP THE HIGH MOUND OF TWIGS AND BRANCHES TOWARD THE GRIM, FRIGHTENING STAKE. A GUARD BEGINS TYING HER...



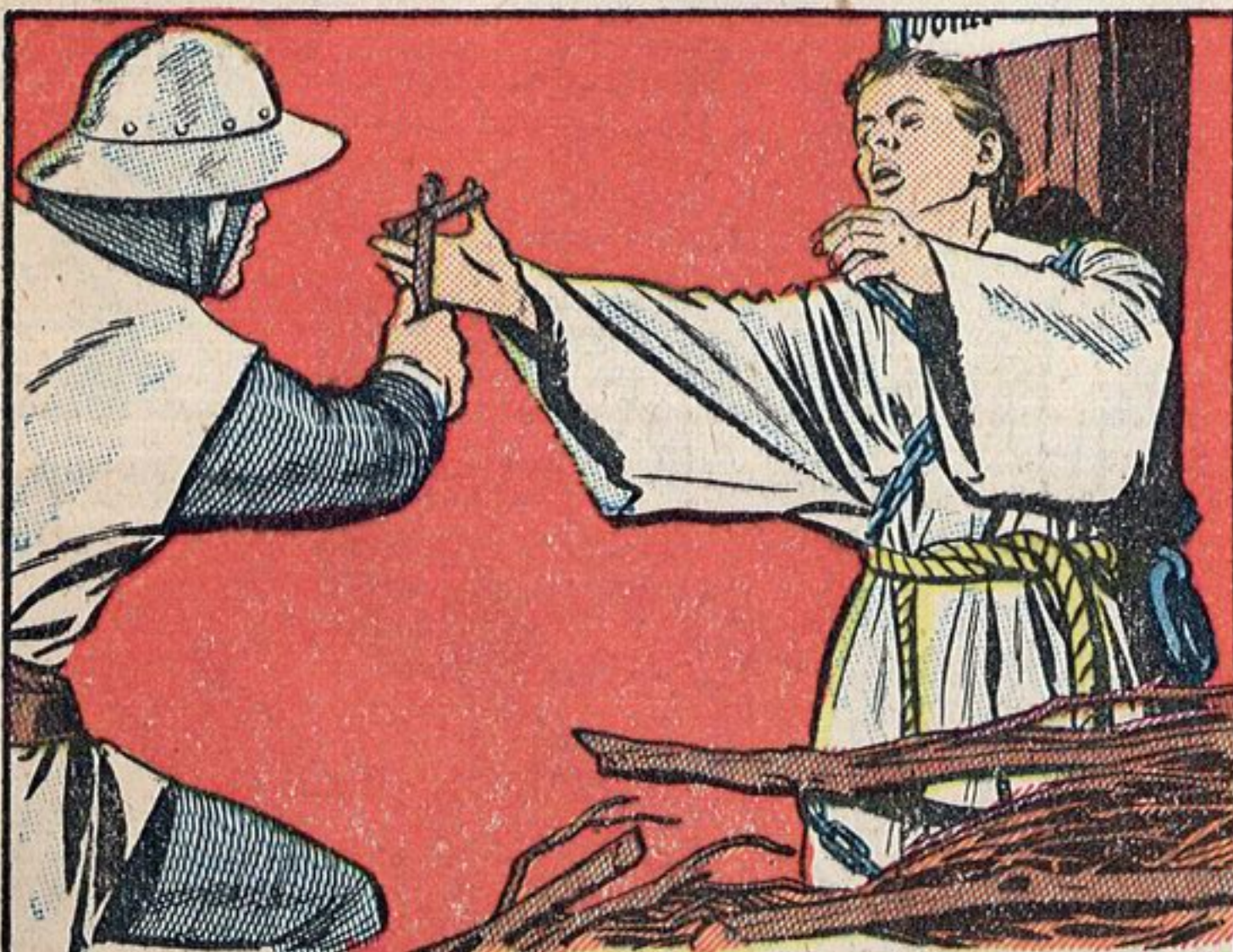
"SAVE HER! SAVE HER!" SHOUT THE PEOPLE AS THEY SURGE FORWARD...



BLOOD FLOWS! CRIES OF AGONY ARE HEARD! GRIMLY, SOMETIMES FIGHTING FOR THEIR VERY LIVES, THE GUARDS BATTLE THE GREAT MOB...



AS THE FIGHTING SURGES BELOW, JOAN IS BEING CHAINED TO THE GRIM, THICK STAKE...

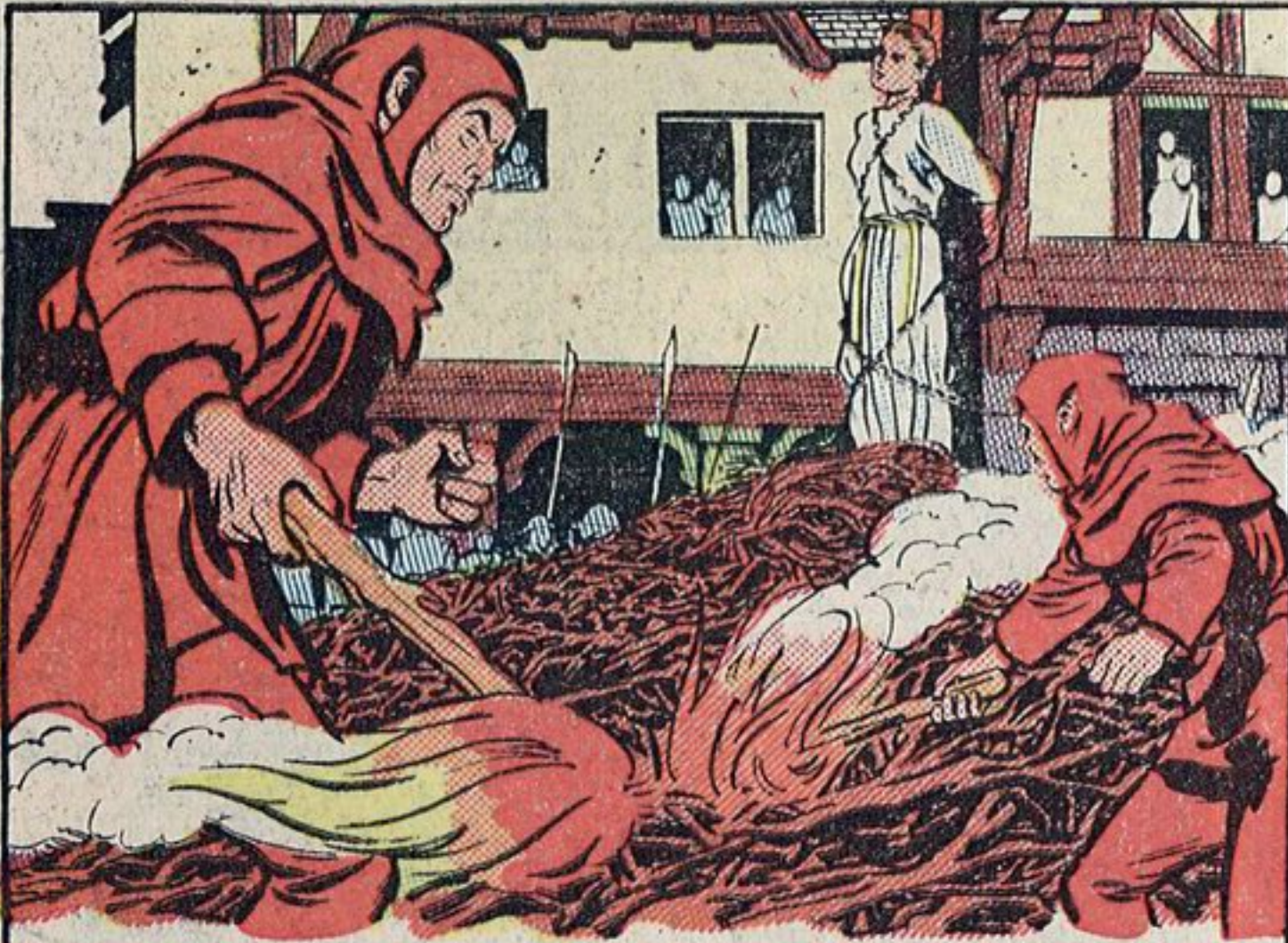


THE MAID BEGS, "COULD I HAVE A CROSS IN MY HANDS?" A ROUGH SOLDIER FASHIONS A TWIG CRUCIFIX AND THRUSTS IT TOWARD HER...

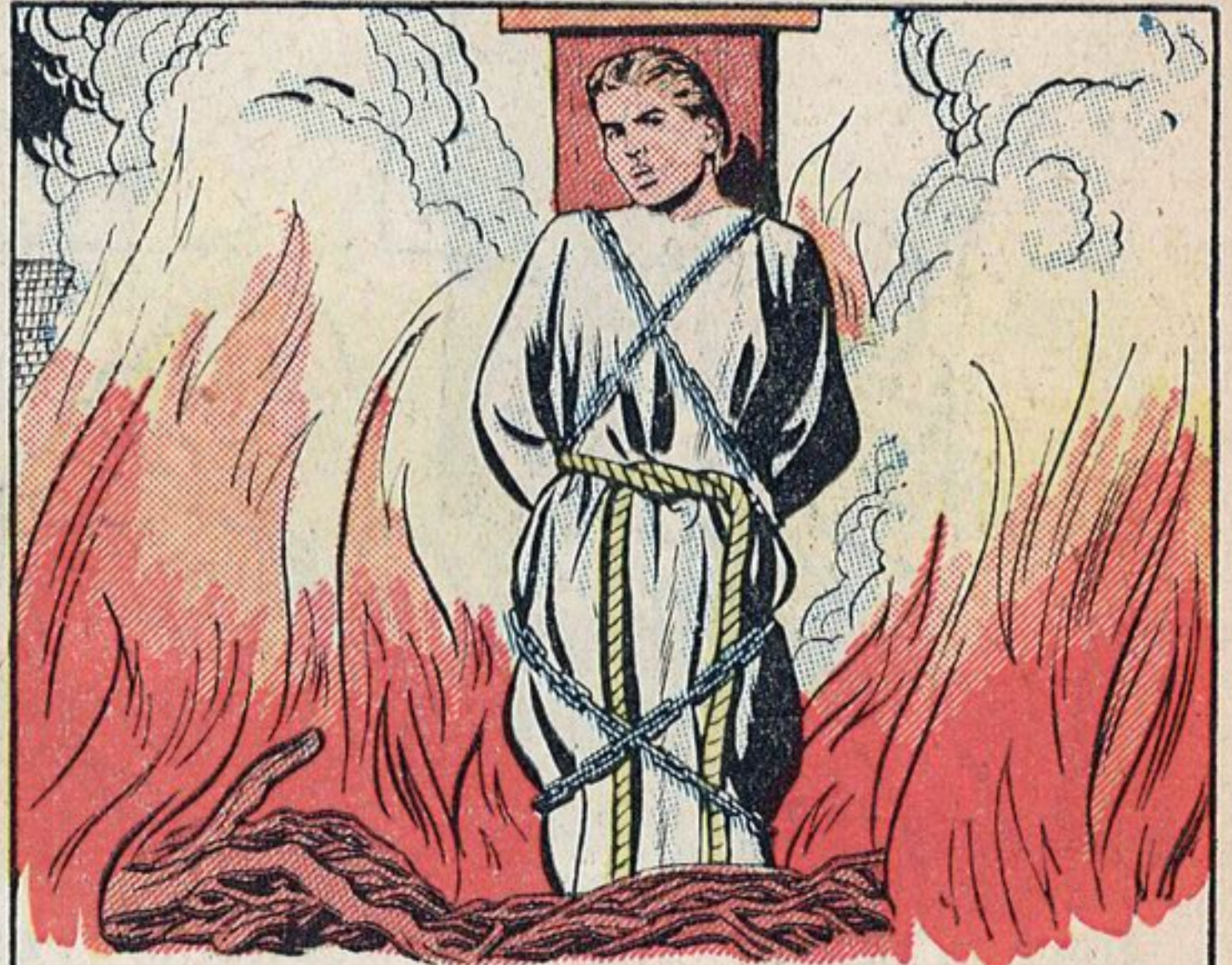


AGAIN THE CROWD MOVES FORWARD IN A MIGHTY WAVE! AGAIN THE GUARDS DRIVE THEM BACK!

JOAN OF ARC



AS THE EARL OF WARWICK SHOUTS, "EXECUTIONER, DO YOUR DUTY!" LIGHTED TORCHES ARE RUSHED FORWARD AND THRUST AMONG THE DRY TWIGS AND BRANCHES!



IN HORROR, JOAN WATCHES THE WOOD FLAME UP AND UP! HIGHER LEAP THE FLAMES! LOUDER THEY ROAR!



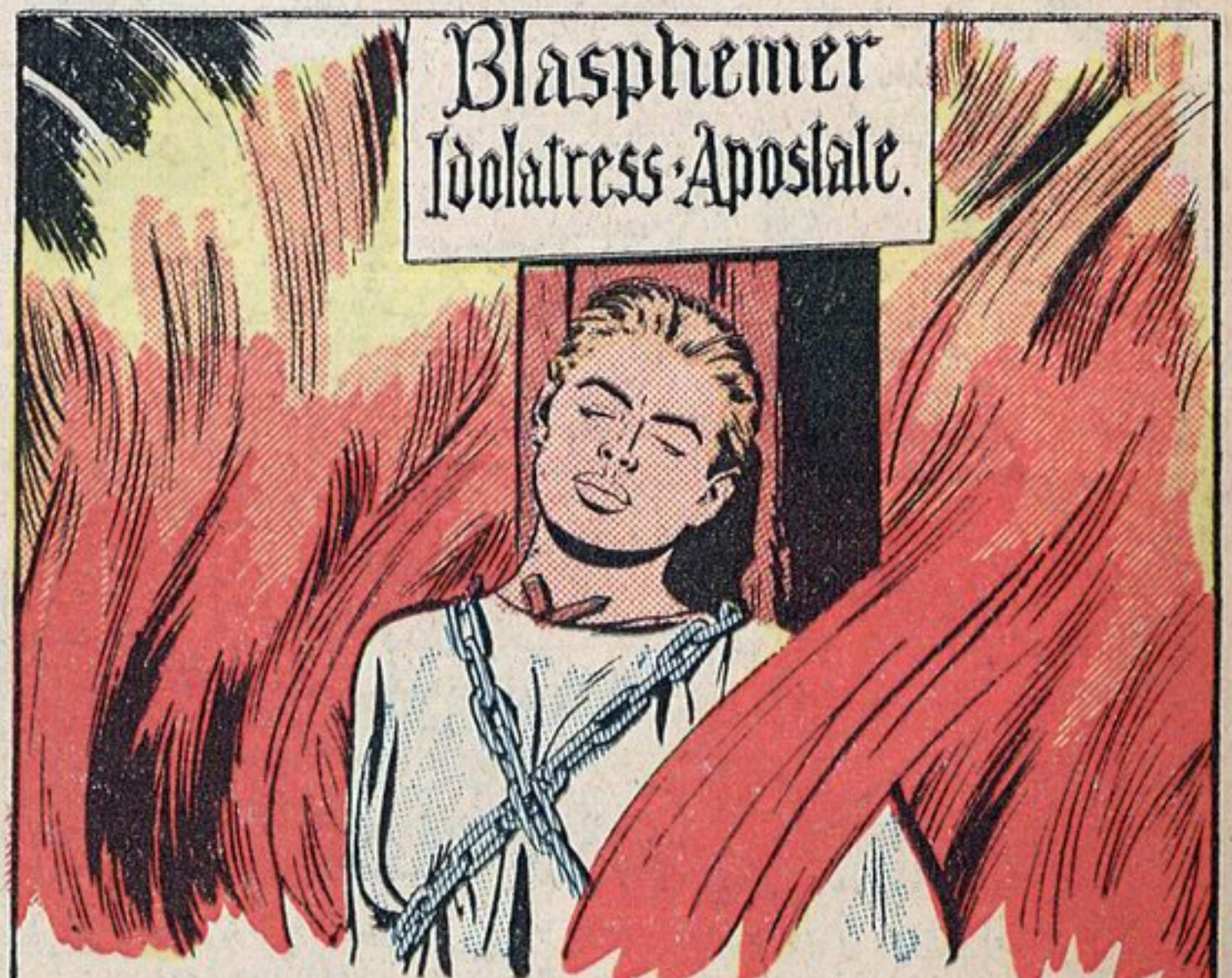
A PRIEST RUNS FORWARD WITH A CRUCIFIX AND HOLDS IT STEADY, THOUGH THE TERRIFIC HEAT SEARS HIS FLESH!



THE VOICE OF FATHER MASSIEU RINGS OUT "OH, MISTAKEN MEN, TRAITORS TO YOURSELVES AND TO YOUR COUNTRY. YOU THRUST GREATNESS AND AN UNDYING NAME UPON YOUR CHIEF ENEMY!"

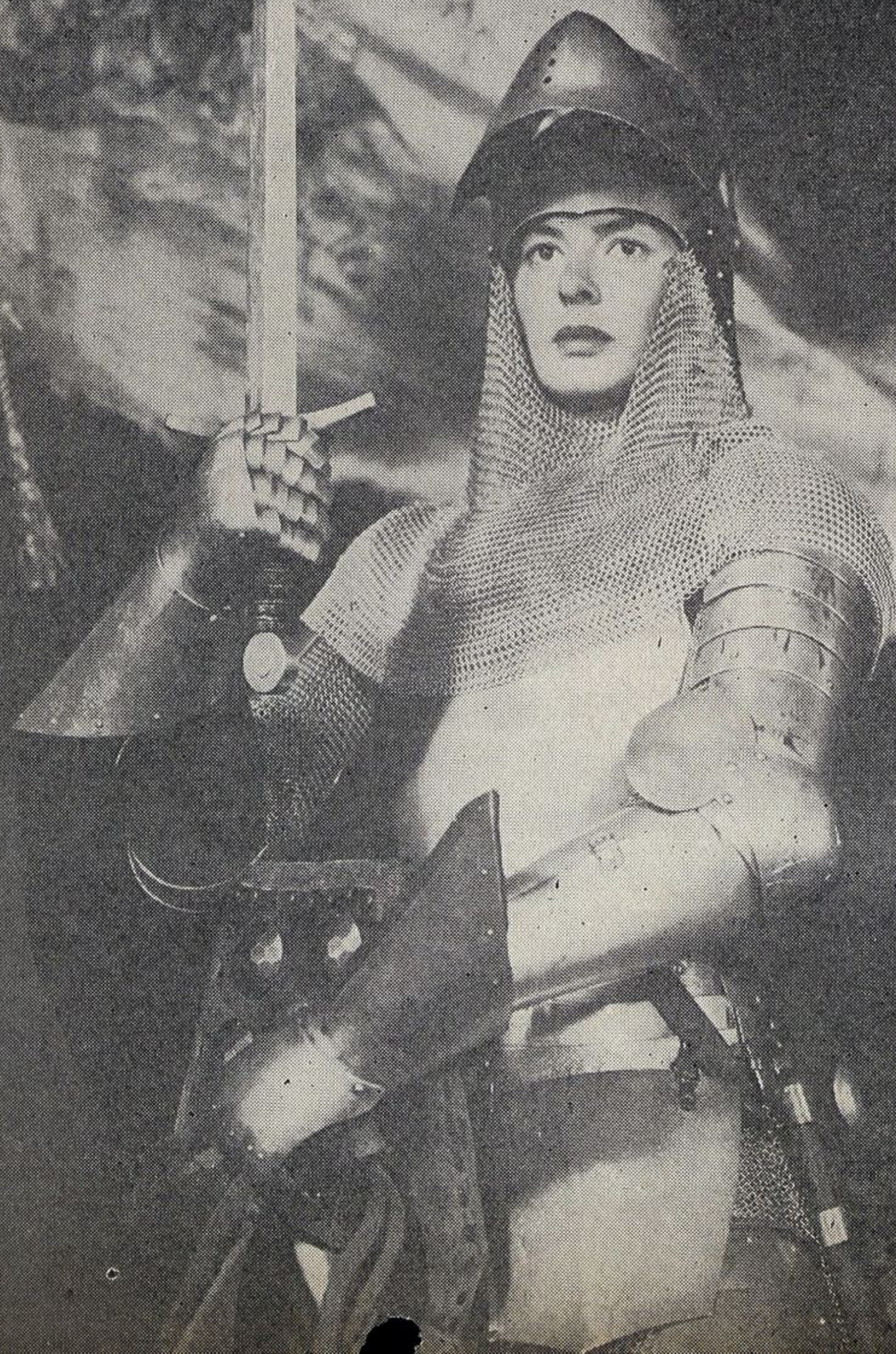


"THE WINNING OF A FEW VICTORIES COULD BE PUT ASIDE AS A NINE DAYS WONDER. BUT YOU'VE MADE HER A SYMBOL. THIS WILL BE HER AGE, HER CENTURY. ALL THE REST OF US WILL BE MINOR FIGURES IN HER TRAGEDY!"



AS JOAN SOBS, "JESUS!... JESUS!" THE RED FLAMES LEAP UP ALL AROUND HER... AND FREE HER VALIANT SOUL...

AFTER her death, Joan's ashes were thrown into the Seine, and her enemies thought themselves triumphant. Twenty-four years later, however, a revision of her trial was opened at Paris with the consent of the Holy See. After an extended inquiry and examination of witnesses, the appellate court constituted by Pope Callistus III reversed and annulled the sentence pronounced by the local tribunal of Cauchon. A Beatification appeal was made in 1869, and in 1909 Joan was decreed Blessed. Finally, in 1920, she was canonized a saint. Her feast day is May 30.





INGRID
BERGMAN
AS
JOAN OF ARC